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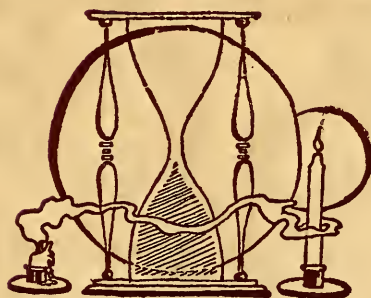


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# The St. Mary's Muse

October, 1915

Opening Number



Raleigh, N. C.

Saint Mary's School Library

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With this Opening Number of the 20th Volume of the Muse is combined the Summer Number, including the account of the 1915 Commencement and the Notes of the Summer.

The next number of the Muse—The Autumn Number—may be expected October 30th.

# The St. Mary's Muse.

OPENING NUMBER

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1915.

No. 1

O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray Thee, this School with Thy love and favor; enlighten our minds more and more with the light of the everlasting Gospel; graft in our hearts a love of the truth; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom, with the Father and the Son, together, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. Amen.

## Alma Mater

(Tune: "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms")

St. Mary's! wherever thy daughters may be  
They love thy high praises to sing,  
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree  
Around which sweet memories cling;  
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name,  
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,  
But the thought of St. Mary's aye kindles a flame  
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!  
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;  
They can never thy happy instructions forget,  
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.  
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;  
An experience wholesome and sweet.  
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;  
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

May the future unite all the good of thy past  
With the best that new knowledge can bring.  
Ever onward and upward thy course! To the last  
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.  
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still  
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove  
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—  
Or earnestness, wisdom, and love.

H. E. H., 1905.

### The Seventy-third Opening

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On Thursday morning, September 16, with the Chapel Service at 9.00 o'clock, followed by Assembly in the School Room, the Seventy-third Session of St. Mary's was simply and auspiciously opened.

The preparations for the Opening had been complete for some days and the preceding week had been busy with the preliminaries. Miss Thomas joined those who were already on the ground on the 10th, the other teachers came in from their widely scattered summer homes, and the girls were on hand promptly. A number of teachers were back for Sunday and by Monday night it seemed that School had actually started.

The non-resident students registered Monday morning, and Tuesday the new girls had their day, though there were enough of the Seniors back to aid the teachers in getting them properly introduced. Wednesday while the new girls were enjoying the "entrance test in English" the old girls were registering, and by Wednesday night all were practically ready for work.

Bishop Cheshire, President of the Trustees of St. Mary's as well as Bishop of the Diocese, was with the Rector in the opening Chapel Service and welcomed the members of the School back in brief and well-chosen words. In the School Room the Rector spoke briefly and pointedly, and putting one point of his speech into immediate practice the regular School routine at once began.

Already all feel at home and as if the routine had hardly been dropped.

There is every prospect of a good session. The numbers are about the same as last year, with the probability of a considerable addition after the holidays. The new girls promise well and new and old girls vie with one another in enthusiastic interest and loyalty.

If Commencement finds the promise of the Opening become a reality, the Session of 1915-16 will have been a season of much pleasure and profit to all who are to have a part in it.

## The Rector's Opening Words

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(Spoken in the School Room on September 16th, in opening the new session.)

Young ladies, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to St. Mary's School. As the Bishop told you in the Chapel it is very lonesome here in the summer time and we miss you all very much, and it is a very real and genuine pleasure to have you come back and be with you once more. I am especially glad to have the privilege of welcoming here the new girls. You have come wondering how you are going to get on, and I wish to say for your encouragement that we have looked you over and think that you are a particularly nice looking set of girls. I hope that each one of you will try to do her best to keep up the general average and to improve in such wise as to make a general average improvement for the whole body.

We are beginning what is for most of us a new period of work. Some of us have been working all summer, but most of us have had considerable rest and begin again serious work. I think it would help you a little if I use an illustration which I have used before, and which is familiar to many of you. You know that when you have to go into very cold water, if you wade in slowly, it is one long drawn out agony from the tips of your toes to your neck. Whereas, if you will boldly plunge in all at once the deed is done and there is practically no discomfort. It is the same way with your work here. The way to begin is to begin. The work that some of you have done the last one or two days since you have arrived is merely preliminary. The School really began this morning with the Chapel Service which we have just had, and now we are preparing for the serious work of the year. Let each one of you determine to begin at once as strenuously as possible and not to postpone your best endeavors until a little later on.

Whenever you find yourselves in a perfectly new environment in which there are a number of new rules and regulations, it may at first appal you. I want to ask you to look at this in the right way. It will be your experience as long as you live to find yourselves in



new places where you have to act differently from the way in which you have acted before. A number of you may visit foreign countries, and you will all visit other States and other cities, hotels and homes. Wherever you find yourselves at any time you will always find that the new environment with its new and strange conditions makes necessary a certain line of conduct on your part. This will not involve learning a long list of rules and regulations, but simply a careful observance on your part, wherever you may be, of such obvious consideration for others as is necessary for their comfort and convenience, and this line of conduct will usually be suggested to your own minds by your own common sense and inborn courtesy.

And so here please do not think that there are a number of rules and regulations that you have got to learn at the beginning, but just remember that wherever you find yourself in strange circumstances you must consider that you are one of a large number, and that the convenience and comfort of all demand that you should consider what is best for others. Your own courtesy would as a rule suggest what is necessary, and whenever you are uncertain it is always possible at the time to ask others what is customary. "When you are at Rome do as the Romans do," is a very useful rule to remember. In this matter be careful to ask members of the Faculty or older students whose judgment you can trust, and then you will have no difficulty in going through the School in a way that will be satisfactory to everybody else, and will in the end bring pleasure to yourself. I ask you then to begin at once to use your most strenuous endeavors to accomplish the best that is in you, and to take as the one great rule of life here consideration for others, which is the foundation of Christian charity and of true breeding. And I ask you to begin your co-operation right now by helping us in every way to get the work started at once. There are very many of you, and in order to avoid confusion each one must try to do exactly as she is asked, and listen carefully to get clearly in her mind the requests that are made, and then try to carry out these requests in a way that will be considerate of others and enable us all to start off with comfort to everybody.



## The Resident Student List, September, 1915

Albertson, Bertha Sears (N. C.)	Elliott, Katherine (N. C.)
Allen Virginia Caroline (N. C.)	English, Mary (N. C.)
Anderson, Lucile (N. C.)	Fairley, Jeanet (N. C.)
Arbogast, Katherine Hutton (N. C.)	Floyd, Mary Auning (S. C.)
Arbogast, Louise Hart (N. C.)	Foster, Georgia (Ga.)
Askew, Elspeth Gold (N. C.)	Freeman, Anna Mae (N. C.)
Bacon, Sarah Shellman (Ga.)	Frohne, Josephine Tanner (Minn.)
Badham, Emma Hudgins (N. C.)	Galbraith, Selena Emma (S. C.)
Barber, Elizabeth Worth (N. C.)	Garriguez, Alice Louise (N. C.)
Bartholomew, Ruby Lee (N. C.)	Gebert, Ruth Ward (La.)
Beatty, Laura L. (Md.)	Geitner, Frances Royer (N. C.)
Bennett, Helen Electa (Fla.)	Gentry, Gladys Julia (Ga.)
Best, Margaret (N. C.)	Gilmer, Catherine (N. C.)
Blodgett, Edith Kinsley (R. I.)	Gold, Margaret Howard (N. C.)
Bond, Carolista (Va.)	Harding, Rena Brickell Hoyt (N. C.)
Borden, Sarah Elizabeth (N. C.)	Hillman, Frances Bennett (Tenn.)
Bourne, Katherine Wimberly (N. C.)	Hitchcock, Deborah Victoria (Pa.)
Braxton, Sadie Charles (N. C.)	Holmes, Caroline White (N. C.)
Bray, Violet Marie (N. C.)	Holt, Dolores Stevens (N. C.)
Brigham, Helen (Ga.)	Holt, Mary deRosset (N. C.)
Brinley, Anne Abeel (N. J.)	Howard, Charlotte Morissey (N. C.)
Bryan, Julia (Tenn.)	Hughes, Adeline Edmonds (N. C.)
Budd, Annie Lester (Fla.)	Hyatt, Charline Elizabeth (N. C.)
Burke, Cornelia Hine (La.)	Ivey, Annie (S. C.)
Cameron, Annie Sutton (N. C.)	Jenkins, Elmyra (N. C.)
Carter, Margaret Robena (N. C.)	Jensen, Lucy Katherine (N. C.)
Cheatham, Frances Horn (N. C.)	Jerger, Mildred Barnwell (Ga.)
Collins, Mildred (Md.)	Jones, Catherine (Ala.)
Converse, Annabelle (Ga.)	Jones, Loula (Va.)
Copeland, Hattie Woodard (N. C.)	Jones, Margaret (Ala.)
Copeland, Hattie Wooten (N. C.)	Jones, Valette (N. C.)
Corbitt, Elizabeth (N. C.)	Jutkins, Velma Bertram (Col.)
Culver, Dorothy Todd (N. C.)	Kent, Constance Williams (Va.)
Daniels, Nettie Carol (N. C.)	Kincaid, Rosalyn May (N. C.)
Davis, Emilye (Md.)	Kirtland, Mildred Elizabeth (Fla.)
Denham, Flora Virginia (Ga.)	Knight, Emeliza Braswell (N. C.)
DeLoatch, Jane Drake (Va.)	Lamb, Susan Elizabeth (N. C.)
DePass, Emma Marye (Fla.)	Lassiter, Virginia Heath (Va.)
Dixon, Roberta (N. C.)	Latham, Alive Cohn (N. C.)
Dorsey, Elizabeth (N. C.)	Laughinghouse, Helen (N. C.)
Dougherty, Muriel (U. S. A.)	Lynah, Marion (S. C.)
Drane, Katherine Parker (N. C.)	Mandre, Clara Urie (N. C.)
Edwards, Ida Lee (Va.)	Marston, Margaret Spencer (N. C.)

Martin, Fannie Biggs (N. C.)	Stallings, Fannie Marie (Va.)
Mason, Helen Carhart (N. C.)	Stewart, Carobell Louise (Ga.)
Merrimon, Gertrude Gloister (N. C.)	Stewart, Katherine (N. C.)
Morgan, Henrietta Marshall (N. C.)	Stockton, Minerva Nelson (Ky.)
Moye, Novella Higgs (N. C.)	Sublett, Judith Eleanor (Va.)
Mullins, Mary (S. C.)	Sugg, Minnie Exum (N. C.)
Myers, Josephine Macon (S. C.)	Swett, Ruth Davis (N. C.)
McElhannon, Roberta (D. C.)	Taylor, Allene Hargrove (N. C.)
McLaughlin, Martha Robbins (N. C.)	Thomas, Josephine Macon (N. C.)
McLaws, Lallie Hobby (Ga.)	Thomas, Lila Pope (Ga.)
Norman, Jane H. (N. C.)	Thorn, Rubie Logan (S. C.)
Northrop, Sue Cary (N. C.)	Tillotson, Frances Marguerite (Minn.)
Paul, Clara Elizabeth (N. C.)	Tredwell, May Baker (Va.)
Paul, Lola Almeta (N. C.)	Waddell, Elizabeth (N. C.)
Peel, Eva Irene (N. C.)	Walker, Caroline Mary (S. C.)
Pottle, Minerva Virginia (Ga.)	Waters, Frances Harriet (Conn.)
Pratt, Agnes Theresa (N. C.)	Watt, Jacksonia (Ga.)
Pugh, Lois (Ga.)	Weakley, Helen (Md.)
Ravenel, Estelle Strozier (Ga.)	Wiley, Sarah Virginia (N. C.)
Rawlings, Sarah Littlejohn (N. C.)	Williams, Rita Gay (N. C.)
Register, Jewell Little (Ga.)	Williams, Virginia (N. C.)
Relyea, Eleanor (D. C.)	Wilson, Josephine Saville (Va.)
Robinson, Annie Huske (Ga.)	Wood, Sara Louise (N. C.)
Rose, Nellie Cooper (N. C.)	Woolford, Nancy Polk (Va.)
Sears, Frances McKee (N. C.)	Wright, Helen Cherry (N. C.)
Sinclair, Mattie Louise (N. C.)	Wright, Martha (N. C.)
Smith, Jaque (N. C.)	Yates, Ethel Caroline (S. C.)
Snyder, Helen (N. Y.)	Yates, Eulalie Wilson (S. C.)
Springs, Margaret Elizabeth (S. C.)	

### Changes in the Faculty

We are again fortunate in 1915-16 in that there are very few changes in either the teachers or officers. The few friends we lose we give up with much regret, and we extend a warm welcome to those who take their places.

Miss Ricks resigned in June to spend this year in study. She planned at first to enter Columbia University but later decided to attend Peabody College, Knoxville, Tenn. Her place in charge of the Mathematics Department is taken by Miss Jewett M. Snook, of Bagdad, Kentucky. Miss Snook was graduated from the Science Hill Preparatory School at Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1906, was then four years at Wellesley College, from which she received her

B. A. in 1910, and studied the past summer at Teachers' College, Columbia University. She has taught Mathematics at the Berwick School in Virginia, in the public schools at Bagdad, and last year at St. Mary's Seminary, St. Mary's City, Maryland.

Miss Shattuck's place as teacher of English is taken by Miss Janet Brownell Glen of Rye, New York. Miss Glen is no stranger to some of the older persons of St. Mary's, for she was a teacher here many years ago, and after a rich experience in study in this country and abroad, and as teacher in two well-known schools in the North, she returns again to her old school. Miss Glen studied at Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, and at Cornell, and has been a summer student at the University of Chicago. In 1910 she studied in Florence, Italy, and the following summers in Madrid, Spain. She taught at Oberlin College, then spent a number of years at St. Mary's, was at Rye Seminary from 1899 to 1908, and the Leete School, New York City from 1911 to 1914.

Miss Shattuck is teaching this year at Miss Shipley's School, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Miss Hart's place in charge of the Infirmary is taken by Mrs. Janet L. Bottum, late of Penland, N. C. Mrs. Bottum is also not a stranger to many St. Mary's people, and will seem even less of a stranger as she is the mother of Miss Frances and Miss Margaret Bottum. During the past two years she has been engaged in mission work at several points in the District of Asheville, and comes from that work to take up the duties at St. Mary's.

Miss Elise Stiles, who had expected to return to St. Mary's for her third year as assistant housekeeper, decided to go into training at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, the Rector having released her from her engagement here, and her place is taken by Miss Edith Holmes of Asheville, who received her certificate in Domestic Science at the last commencement.

Miss Margaret Bottum, of the class of '15, is added to the officers as an additional stenographer and will work chiefly with Mr. Cruikshank.

With the exception of these changes the Faculty and officers will be the same as in the session of 1914-15.

### With the Rector and His Family in the Summer

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The week after the close of the session is always a busy one with the Rector for he is then engaged in the final plans for the St. Mary's Conference which is held at the School the first week in June. During the Conference this year he not only proved a very agreeable host but took an important part in the Conference itself both in general discussions and in a series of brief addresses which he gave each morning on the "Better Rendering of the Concerted Parts of the Church Services." Mr. Lay is not only deeply interested in most of the larger questions of the day, but takes a special interest in Social Service, and is the chairman of the North Carolina Diocesan Commission on Social Service. At the conclusion of the Conference itself the members generously attested their appreciation of his general interest and broad knowledge, and especially of his work in establishing the Conference, by a gift of the where-with-all to make some important additions to his library.

On June 12th, Mr. Lay was summoned to Sewanee where at the Commencement the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws was conferred upon him, a high honor. The week of June 18th the annual Convention of the Diocese of Asheville met in Asheville and Dr. Lay spent several days there, being the guest of Col. and Mrs. Theodore Davidson. During his visit there he saw many St. Mary's girls and made a brief address to the Council.

On June 21st he left for New York and a month in the North going by way of Norfolk and the Old Dominion Steamer. He spent a few days in New York making the final arrangements for teachers and then joined Mrs. Lay at St. Paul's School where they visited his brother, Mr. Beirne Lay, until July 19th. They then returned to New York and its neighborhood for brief visits to some of their friends, and got back to the School early in August.

Mrs. Lay left soon after the Conference by boat from Norfolk for Boston accompanied by Ellen. They visited relatives in New Hampshire and Ellen remained there the rest of the summer. In the absence of her father and mother, Miss Elizabeth Lay was in charge

at the Rectory, while George Balch Lay was home most of the time. Nancy and Lucy enjoyed visits a good part of the summer, especially their experiences with Miss Robins and her party of little St. Mary's girls at Miss Gwyn's Camp at Springdale, N. C.

### With the Teachers

Miss Thomas had expected to attend the Summer School at Teachers' College, as she has done for several years, but found that she could not get it in in addition to her trip to California, so she spent June and July with her relatives in Charleston, Florence and Columbia, S. C., and left on August 5th with her party of St. Mary's girls for the much envied trip to the Exposition. They were gone until August 31. After further visits to her relatives in South Carolina, she spent a few days with Lanie Hales in Wilson and got back to St. Mary's, September 12th.

Miss Dowd returned from her season's study in New York the middle of June, full of enthusiasm over her New York teacher, Edwin Farmer, and her experiences. She stayed in Raleigh a few days and spent the summer with friends at Flat Rock and Saluda, resuming her duties as head of the music department at the beginning of the session.

Miss Clara Fenner in June and July visited her old friends Misses Pixley, Schutt and Shipp, all former teachers at St. Mary's, in Hendersonville, greatly enjoying her visit. During her absence Miss Lil Fenner was with Miss Gerber, and on Miss Clara's return Miss Lil left for a visit to Baltimore, and on July 30th with another sister sailed from New York for San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. She had a glorious trip and got back to Raleigh early in September.

Miss Katie went as usual to her sister, Mrs. Hawley, in Fayetteville, and after a comfortable summer she is much encouraged by her improvement and hopes to be quite equal to her teaching.

Miss Lee also spent the summer recuperating, and visited friends in Hendersonville and Asheville. This year she returns to St. Mary's as a resident teacher, having rented her home on Boylan Avenue.



Mademoiselle Rudnicka spent a few days after school at St. Mary's and then went by sea to Boston en route to Dexter, Maine, where she spent the summer with friends.

Miss Urquhart was delayed in Raleigh for some days with her sprained ankle and visited friends here before going to Winston for a visit. From Winston she went to her home in Ashfield, Mass.

Miss Davis had an engagement at the close of School to coach a play in Reidsville, where she formerly taught, but before the performance of the play she was called to her home in Elmira, New York, by the serious illness of her mother. She had an appointment during this summer as Playground Supervisor in Elmira, a work that she much enjoys, and spent a few weeks in the latter part of August in Boston in further study with her teacher there.

Mr. Stone after the Conference put in a few days work at the School and then took his newly graduated daughter for a long promised trip to Boston and Harvard. They went by sea and had a delightful visit full of unprecedented pleasures for Miss Florence, who however returned at once to Greensboro after her trip. On his return Mr. Stone was again at the School for some days and then traveled in the eastern part of the State in the interest of the School until the first of August.

Mr. Owen gave a very successful recital at Oxford shortly after the close of School and then he and Mrs. Owen visited friends in Fayetteville for a week, but they spent most of their summer at their home in West Raleigh where Mr. Owen is doing some teaching.

Miss Phillips visited in Winston before returning home, and Miss Abbott was delayed in Baltimore by a slight operation, but both were at home for most of the summer,

Miss Seymour went at once to her home in Massachusetts, and Miss Barton, to her home at Weston, Mass.

Miss Shields likewise enjoyed the summer at her home in Scotland Neck, while Miss Shull after a visit to friends in Morganton was with friends at Manchester, N. C., for most of the summer, and Miss Metcalf spent the vacation at her home in Chicago.

Miss Roberts represented the music faculty in summer study and was in New York for two months.

Miss Robins spent June with her sister in Richmond and then joined her party of girls in Raleigh and escorted them to Miss Gwyn's Camp where she chaperoned them during July.

Miss Sutton accompanied Miss Stiles to her home in Georgia the middle of June for her vacation and had a most delightful time getting back to the School about the first of July.

Miss Frances and Miss Margaret Bottum helped with the office work during June and July, and spent the rest of the summer with their mother in the mountains.

Mr. Cruikshank was on duty at the School during the summer except for a very pleasant ten days camping trip in Western Carolina which he took with Mr. Owen, Mr. Cullins and Mr. Fred Staudt in the Ford early in August. Mrs. Cruikshank had her sister, Miss Mary Pride Jones of New York, with her most of the summer, and her cousin Miss Alethea Collins, and Mr. Cruikshank's cousin, Miss Mary Cruikshank of Maryland, were also her guests.

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New Girl—(looking on the Bulletin Board where the Bible Classes were posted)—“Bible one and two? Why I think I'm far enough advanced for Bible two, don't you?”

Dollar—“I'm more religious than you are. I have 'In God we trust' written on me.”

Penny—“I don't care. I bet I go to church oftener than you do.”—*Exchange.*

“Geduldig” means “patient” but V. A. didn't know that.

Mr. S.—Well, Miss A., what does it mean? I am “geduldig.”

V. A. (hesitatingly)—“Does it mean old?”

S. M.—“I've got an awful headache, I believe I'll go over to the confirmary.

New Girl—“Do you get your mail over there in Eagle Rock?”

## THE 1915 COMMENCEMENT

### Dramatic Club Play

The annual play by the Dramatic Club was given Saturday evening, May 22, before an audience so large that a number of persons could not find seats.

Concerning the excellent performance the *News and Observer* wrote as follows:

On Saturday evening the Dramatic Club at St. Mary's presented Shakespeare's delightful "Comedy of Errors." This play is rarely acted and presents in its loose plot a difficult medium for amateurs, but the young actors, under the able directorship of Miss Davis, who is instructor in expression, entered to the full into the spirit and fun of the play, and gave a performance that was not only deliciously amusing throughout, but thoroughly finished and dramatically correct as well. Miss Elizabeth Carrison, a member of the graduating class was a charming Adriana, who thoroughly appreciated the humor and the flavor of the situation. The work of Miss Brinley and Miss Stigler, the pair of twins whose confused identities make the plot of the play, was very good indeed. Miss Carter as Dromio of Ephesus did splendid work also. Other parts that stood out particularly were those of Luciana, taken by Miss Adelyn Barbee, Pinch by Miss Lanie Hales, also a member of the graduating class, and Aegeon, Miss Josephine Wilson.

Altogether the play was a most unusual performance and showed Miss Davis' fine training to the best advantage.

The cast was as follows:

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus .....	Courtney Crowther
Aegeon, a Merchant of Syracuse .....	Josephine Wilson
Antipholus of Ephesus: Antipholus of Syracuse—(Twin Brothers and Sons to Aegeon and Aemilia) .....	Adele Stigler; Anne Brinley
Dromio of Ephesus: Dromio of Syracuse—(Twin Brothers and Attendants on the Two Antipholuses) .....	Robena Carter; Wirt Jordan
Angelo, a Goldsmith .....	Matilda Hancock
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse .....	Lois Pugh
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor .....	Eliza Davis
Pinch, a schoolmaster .....	Lanie Hales
Aemilia, wife of Aegeon, an Abbess at Ephesus .....	Ruby Bartholomew
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus .....	Elizabeth Carrison
Luciana, her sister .....	Adelyn Barbee
Officers .....	Agnes Barton, Katherine Stewart
Attendants .....	Francis Geitner, Jacksonia Watt
Scene: Ephesus.	



### Bishop Knight's Address

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered this year by the Rt. Rev. Albion W. Knight, D.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South and former bishop of Cuba.

The following is the account of the Bishop's address as it appeared in the *News and Observer*.

"Mothers and fathers should not rush their children into adult life. This is a warning this generation needs." With these words Bishop Albion W. Knight, Vice Chancellor of the University of the South, the first Bishop of Cuba and at present Bishop of the Panama Canal Zone, reached a climax in his baccalaureate sermon to the twenty-seven graduates of St. Mary's yesterday morning. Dr. Knight spoke from the words of St. Luke concerning Mary, the mother of Jesus, "Mary kept all these things in her heart and pondered them." By a peculiar coincidence the mother of Jesus was the subject of the sermon by Dr. J. M. Wells, delivered to the graduates of Peace Institute just a week before. In contrast, however, Dr. Wells spoke from that side of Protestantism that he said had neglected this wonderful woman, while Bishop Knight was speaking from that part of the church that has always glorified the life of Mary. He stated that he felt he was called to Raleigh to speak on Mary, here in the chapel of the school named for the mother of the Savior of mankind.

#### FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES.

The four great virtues of Mary as set forth in the text were defined as those of mind, heart, faith and humility. Mary had the mind to grasp the wonderful things in the child life of Jesus; she had the heart in which to store them away, the faith, to accept and the humility not to take to herself the glory and boast herself as the mother of the God-child. Here was laid the lesson for the young women of today, to grasp and store in their hearts the riches of wisdom available to them, to have faith in the good things of life and to abstain from any vain boast. Too many mothers of today are hurrying their children into premature manhood and womanhood, or are allowing their sons and daughters to do so for themselves. These, likewise, are vain of the accomplishments of the child and make boast of his or her powers before the world. Simplicity of life was emphasized by the speaker, whose method of appeal could not have been more simple, yet withal deeply forceful in its simplicity.

#### HOLDING THE MOTHER INFLUENCE.

In this connection the Bishop recalled St. Luke's story of how Mary went back to search for her child, whom she had missed on the journey. How she found him in the temple, asking and answering questions of the most learned doctors of theology in all Israel. Mary did not proclaim her young boy a man, but told him he must come home with her and

his father. Mary wanted to keep her child under her influence as long as she could, even with the knowledge that he was none less than the Son of God Himself, that he might develop all His powers to the fullest maturity.

"The story of the child life of Jesus is found nowhere else besides in the gospel of St. Luke. It should be noted that the opening chapters of St. Luke's gospel were written after the last. When St. Luke had written of the manhood and work of the Christ he began to think more, so he went back to the childhood days of the Master. He could have found the story nowhere else than from His mother. She had watched the growth of the Son and she had kept all these things in her heart. Today when a man attains greatness, the papers go back to his childhood days and write of the foundations of a successful life. Mary should be and is the typical example of motherhood for all who come after her. She was the greatest of all women. In her were combined four qualities of the true woman, the woman of mind, of heart, of faith, of humility. Let your lives be not contrary to the life of Mary."

#### HOLD TO COLLEGE IMPRESSIONS.

Dr. Knight here spoke of the preparation for life. He warned the young women that there was much danger of losing the college impressions in after life and he urged them that like Mary they keep these lessons in their hearts and ponder on them. The question they should ask themselves is: "In what way are we going to show to the world we are St. Mary's girls? If your heart is in the right place you will be prepared for any fate."

#### FOR SIMPLEST LANGUAGE.

Bishop Knight spoke for only about thirty minutes and his sermon contained not a heavy note—the heaviness that produces dullness oftentimes—and in its simple language and clear thought might have been followed with understanding by a child. His manner of address makes listening to his speech really a refreshing experience.

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#### Class Day Exercises

Of all the Commencement exercises, the class day is naturally the dearest and most intimate for all, but particularly for the class whose special day it is.

The girls of 1915 arranged an hour of delight and originality for their friends as well as fun and the closer drawing of bonds for each other, on that sunny May morning, Monday of Commencement week. The whole student body, except the Seniors, appeared in a long procession that wound around West Rock, coming from the direction of the Chapel and singing "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees." Then from the door of East Rock came the twenty-seven

Seniors, bearing their long rope of daisies and marching through the arch of pine trees to their places on the lawn. Helen Peoples, class president, welcomed students and guests, and following this introduction, Pencie Warren, Class Secretary, called the roll. The Class poem, by Courtney Crowther; the history, by Frances Strong, and the prophecy, by Elizabeth Lay, were next read. The prophecy was in the form of a poem and was very witty and amusing. It is printed in full in the ANNUAL MUSE. Lanie Hales read the last will and testament, which also provoked peels of laughter.

Helen Peoples then presented to the School in behalf of the Girls of 1915 a portrait of Miss Katie McKimmon, which was accepted for the School by Mr. Lay.

The dedication of the MUSE to Mr. Cruikshank was read and copies of the MUSE were presented to Mrs. Iredell, Mr. Owen, Mr. Cruikshank and Miss Frances Bottum.

Each class then sang its own particular song, beginning with the Preps and ending with the Seniors. After the songs (to close) the Seniors marched to the center of their circle where a large pot hung and deposited therein their pet aversion.

“Round about the cauldron go  
In the horrid bug-bears throw.  
Chart of exercise I wist  
Pencie thinks doth head the list,  
Fairley follows with a measure,  
Such a tape is sure no treasure.  
Current History Helen hates,  
Margaret this abominates;  
Gyp this muffin and this toast,  
Monday’s breakfast, let ’em roast.  
Thursday talks, recitals too  
These make Annie King boo boo.  
Elizabeth Lay this name disclaims,  
“Liz” is now gone up in flames.  
Carol, Oh she sleeps so well,  
In let’s throw the rising bell.  
Cicero’s thoughts about old age,  
How they make poor Courtney rage.  
When macaroni’s seen by Hales  
The L. P.’s table then hears wails.  
And when Sadie sees a bean,  
Then her color turns pea-green.

Gladys' in exams a shark,  
But to burn them is a lark.  
Carrison's pet abomination,  
Practice halls her irritation.  
And what vexes Mattie Moye,  
Empty mail box she'll destroy.  
And Matilda's gladly brought,  
That dreaded Sunday morning "Thought."

Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,  
Hated task and loathsome food,  
Now the charm is firm and good.  
And from out this charmed pot  
Something good may yet be got;  
Beans will turn to ice cold tea;  
Practice Halls to harmony.  
Exercise we all have spurned  
Into moving pictures turned,  
Now the things that gave us pain  
Each has turned to some one's gain.  
So now about the cauldron sing,  
Nineteen fifteen in a ring;  
Enchanting all that we put in.  
Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

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### The Art Exhibit

The work of the Art Department was more than usually interesting this year. The fact that there were four certificate pupils, Florence Clarke, Annie Cameron, Nettie Gaither and Margaret Mann, added to the value of the exhibit. One of the most striking features of the exhibit was the charcoal drawings from life done by Elizabeth Lay and Constance Stammers, which were such remarkably good portraits that all who knew the models were astonished at the successful likenesses. The clay casting of heads by Cornelia Waring and Elizabeth Lay also showed some portrait work that was very good indeed. Other good work was done by Augusta Howard and Gladys Jones-Williams, in water colors. The "Time Sketches" and original designs for leather work and for wall paper showed some clever ideas,

and the advanced drawings from the antique were particularly good. Altogether the exhibit was an excellent one and showed the results of Miss Fenner's thorough training in a most gratifying way.

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### The Alumnae Meeting

The annual meeting of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association was held the afternoon of Monday, May 24th, in the parlor at St. Mary's. The meeting was an interesting one, though small. After the minutes of the 1914 meeting and the Treasurer's report, which is given later, the President, Mrs. Herbert Jackson, of Richmond, gave a short address in which she spoke of the general condition of the Association, the efforts made toward founding a chapter in Richmond and the outlook for the future. Miss Emilie McVea, of Cincinnati, was present and brought a report from Chapel Hill, where she was a recent visitor; she also spoke of the need of an endowment fund for St. Mary's and of the means to awaken and further interest in the Alumnae Association. The New York and Chapel Hill Chapters reported that their members wished to go on record as desiring one or more women on the Board of Trustees before the close of the meeting. Mr. Lay came in at the request of the President and spoke to the Association. He emphasized the need of an adequate list of the ladies Alumnae, whose names are not preserved in the records. (The Raleigh Chapter is at present trying to compile as complete a list as can be gotten of these names, from 1842 to 1878). He also spoke of the help that the Alumnae outside of Raleigh could give to the School by trying to come in touch with girls who should be interested in St. Mary's,—letting St. Mary's know of these girls—a sort of advertising in the best sense. The Raleigh Alumnae were asked to attend the music recitals and other events of interest more than they have been accustomed to do. Mr. Lay closed by referring the members of the Association to his letter to the Alumnae printed in the May number of the Monthly MUSE.

After a further discussion of the plans for bringing of the Association's resolution before the Board of Trustees, the meeting adjourned.



Later, Mrs. Shore made a motion that the General Association signify to the Trustees of the School in session the next day their desire for one or more women on the Board of Trustees. This motion was largely discussed, but when put to the vote was carried. A committee consisting of Mrs. Walter Montgomery, Mrs. Clarence Shore, Mrs. Walter Grimes and Mrs. W. W. Vass were appointed to appear before the Trustees at their meeting the next day and voice this resolution.

The election of officers then took place and the officers for 1915-16 are as follows:

*President*, Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.

*Vice-President*, Miss Lucile Murchison, Wilmington.

*Secretary*, Miss Kate McKimmon

*Treasurer*, Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank } Re-elected.

*Members of Council*.

Mrs. Geo. Snow

Miss Susen Iden } Till 1917

Mrs. Chas. Baskerville

Mrs. David Elias } Till 1916

Miss E. W. McVea

Miss Minnie Leary } Till 1918

### Report of the Alumnae Treasurer

#### Receipts:

May 24, 1915.

Balance in Bank, May 31, 1915 .....	\$229.46
Dues, general association .....	6.00
Scholarship Fund Raleigh Chapter .....	16.60
Scholarship Fund New York Chapter .....	35.00
Chapter dues \$125.75—as follows:	
Raleigh .....	79.50
New York .....	17.25
Winston .....	3.00
Edenton .....	3.50
Asheville .....	13.00
Elizabeth City .....	9.50
Interest on Bonds .....	180.00
Interest on Deposit .....	9.14

\$603.95

#### Expenditures:

Interest on Bonds paid to Beneficiaries .....	\$180.00
Balance in Bank this date .....	423.95

\$603.95

Received since above report:

New York Chapter .....	\$11.25
Chapel Hill Chapter .....	8.00
Mrs. Herbert Jackson .....	25.00
Collected by Mrs. Jackson .....	7.00
Mrs. C. E. Johnson .....	2.00
Mrs. Leak .....	2.00
Mrs. Iredell .....	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$55.25

MARGARET CRUIKSHANK, *Treasurer.*

### The Annual Concert

Monday evening the Annual Concert was given in the Auditorium and was enjoyed by a large audience. We quote from the *News and Observer* of the next day:

The audience was just large enough to be comfortable and in a frame of mind to enjoy something of a high order. Every one of the nine numbers on the program, which lasted only an hour, was of that class. Probably the most notable triumph of the evening was enjoyed by Miss Frances Tillotson, a talented young lady from the State of Minnesota. Her rendition of "Butterfly, Valse Chantee," from Gelli, was all that might have been desired. Her tones of the most appealing quality, her interpretation makes listening and looking a delight and the ease with which she reached the most difficult passages of this operatic work, combined with her charming manner, took the audience by storm. Encores were not in order, but the applause just wouldn't down, so she responded with a delightful short selection in a lighter vein. Two others who shared with Miss Tillotson the vocal honors of the program were Miss Margaret Thomas and Mr. H. C. Foreman. Miss Thomas displayed rare talent in the ease with which she sang "Habanera," from Carmen. She was heartily encored, and responded with a bow. Mr. Foreman proved that he has a tenor voice of no mean order by the manner in which he rendered the beautiful ballad, "Come Back," by Miller. Two selections from Dvorak by Misses Agnes Timberlake and Anna Belle King were well rendered.

#### FINE WORK OF MR. OWEN.

A distinct feature of the instrumental work was the accompanying of Prof. R. Blinn Owen. The success with which the work in voice was done was due to no small degree to his skillful playing. Miss Helen Wright, at the piano, was most pleasing. Other numbers of a fine order, rendered with understanding, were by Misses Hattie May Lasater, Mary Floyd, Adelyn Barbee and a violin trio by Misses Frances Sears, Marion Pickell and Muriel Abbott, with Miss Wright at the piano. Of this group the work of Misses Barbee and Floyd was particularly noticeable.

## PROGRAM.

1. "Aus dem Carneval" ..... *Grieg*  
MISS HATTIE MAY LASATER
2. "Echoes from Moravia" ..... *Dvorak*  
    (a) "The parting"  
    (b) "The Wild Rose"  
        MISS ANNA BELLE KING, MISS AGNES TIMBERLAKE
3. Sonata, "Tragica," Op. 45 ..... *MacDowell*  
        MISS MARY FLOYD
4. "Habanera," from Carmen ..... *Bizet*  
        MISS MARGARET THOMAS
5. (a) "Waltz," in E minor ..... *Chopin*  
    (b) "Deux Arabesque" ..... *Debussy*  
    (c) "Eagle" ..... *MacDowell*  
        MISS ADELYN BARBEE
6. "Come Back," ballade ..... *Miller*  
        MR. H. C. FOREMAN
7. Concert Arabesques ..... *Schulz-Elver*  
    On Motifs by Johann Strauss  
        MISS HELEN WRIGHT
8. Butterfly, Valse Chantee ..... *Gelli*  
        MISS FRANCES TILLOTSON
9. "March Nuptiale," Violin Trio ..... *Papini*  
        MISSES FRANCES SEARS, MARION PICKELL, MURIEL ABBOTT  
        MISS HELEN WRIGHT AT THE PIANO

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The Rector's Reception

Following the Annual Concert, all friends of the School, and particularly of the graduating Class were invited to the parlor where Mr. and Mrs. Lay, assisted by Miss Thomas, Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire and the twenty-seven graduates received them. The long line of young hostesses made an imposing array, and yet somehow their very number seemed to take all excessive formality from the occasion.

The reception this year was an unusually large one, many of the relatives and friends of the graduating class were present, as well as many clergy and lay trustees of the School; and a most delightful hour was enjoyed by all.



### Address of Dr. Niles

The Commencement speaker this year was, Dr. Charles Martin Niles, of Atlantic City, N. J., the giver of the Niles medal and an old friend of the School, who had already preached the sermon on a former Commencement.

Dr. Niles said in part:

"I do not know of any other school of its kind in the country that is doing the real work St. Mary's is doing. Let it grow and go on just like the Old North State is going. We must never stand still." These were among the words of Dr. Charles Martin Niles, of Atlantic City, N. J., in his address to the graduates of St. Mary's yesterday. Speaking further of the many schools in the United States having the same name and conducted on a like basis, he said: "This school stands today at the very head of all. I have no object in saying this except that it is true."

Like the sermon of Bishop Knight, Sunday, Dr. Niles talked in simple manner to the girls. That is what he did, talked, he gave not a lecture but a sympathetic talk. Dr. Niles was talking not only to St. Mary's girls, but of St. Mary's girls and for St. Mary's girls. In introducing him, Dr. Lay said it was highly appropriate that Dr. Niles should be here to talk to the school in which he has expressed his interest during the past ten years by being the donor of the medal for the highest honor in scholarship. This was presented by Dr. Niles to Miss Eliza Dickinson Davis, of Wilmington, who made a grand average of 95.8. The New Jersey preacher was free to admit that he had a fondness for St. Mary's and for North Carolina he never wished to get away from. Maybe it started several years ago when he said he found himself "like so many other men who have a peculiar feeling when they meet a North Carolina girl. She is at home now performing that highest domestic office, caring for our eight-months-old boy." She too, was a St. Mary's girl.

The two leading St. Mary's in the country he said were at Burlington, N. J., and at Raleigh, and of the two Raleigh St. Mary's comes first. Speaking of the influence of St. Mary's girls on the life of the nation, he said in his sphere he had always found the New Jersey

St. Mary's girls and the Raleigh St. Mary's girls working side by side. He spoke warmly of the influence of the chapel services and the inculcation of ideals and recalled the words of William Ramsey: "No nation can ever stand above the level of its women," Home and society of the nation have been uplifted by the influence of St. Mary's, he declared.

#### HONOR HELD IN TRUST.

"We are a people of ideals," he said. Rostand, the great French poet, has expressed himself recently in an apotheosis to the idealism of the American people. "Ideals depend on schools like this. We may not remember all the lessons of intellectual gymnastics, but don't forget all the accumulated honor of these past years is handed over to you. Say to yourself: 'I am the trustee of a great gift and must play fair.' You must be models for all who come after you. Mistakes won't prevent you from being such models, if they did you wouldn't be, for you will make mistakes. Be influenced only for the highest ideals of American womanhood. I recently heard that great American woman, Mrs. Funk, of Chicago, the well-known Suffrage leader, say: 'If there is anything I have to thank God for, it is for the American man.' See what you have got to live up to. But, now let me return the compliment, for I never meet with an occasion like this that I do not thank God for the American woman."

#### RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE LINGERS.

Speaking of the influence of the religious exercises of the school. Dr. Niles said: "It is true we have students of other faiths and we are always glad to welcome them. But I would ask you to turn back in your thoughts in the years to come and see if you cannot truthfully say that St. Mary's chapel gave to you something of the best that is in your life. How many of you can go back to the first time your mother took you at her knee and taught you to say 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' It might not have been the first time she taught us our prayers that we remember, but the first time we recollect her as having done so will linger as long as life remains. Other things may slip out of our lives but we will never forget when

mother taught us prayers; and every religious influence will stick. The definite object of your training at St. Mary's is to establish a stronger Christian woman. Some one asked the President of the Republic of China the cause of the revolution that changed the status of one-fourth of the people of the globe and he replied: 'The fact that 125,000 Christian children in China will take their way to school tomorrow accounts for the Chinese Republic.' "

### A PEOPLE OF IDEALS.

Turning again to a discussion of ideals, the speaker said: "Many Europeans come to this country and return and say pretty things about us, but they always add that after all the biggest thing is the almighty dollar. While it is true we have shown artistic production in its pursuit, the statement as a whole is untrue. We are a people of ideals."

As he came toward the close, Dr. Niles turned to the undergraduates and admonished them to cherish the best ideals of St. Mary's. "Make up your mind if you don't like your teacher the trouble is with you." Then he turned again to the Seniors seated upon the stage and as if still talking to them, concluded by asking that the care of the Father follow them closely through life and to the end.

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### Class Honors

Two features of the program preceding the literary address were piano solos by Misses Mary Floyd and Hattie May Lasater, certificate students in piano. The other instrumental number, which was much enjoyed, was by Miss Adelyn Barbee. Mr. Lay announced that the custom of the school was that the one receiving the highest honors of the class should deliver the valedictory and the second highest the salutatory. First honors went to Miss Margaret Edwards, who has led the class of 1915 for two years. Miss Helen Peoples, of Townesville, won second honors. Their papers were brevity in essence, but splendidly composed. The third honor of the class goes to that young lady who writes the best essay, and this essay is read at commencement. Miss Virginia Bonner was the winner this year. She was prevented from reading her paper, "The Poet of Childhood," but this was admirably done by Miss Courtney Crowther, whose essay was next in merit. Miss Frances Tillotson delighted all by singing an aria from "Robert il Diavolo."

## FACTS ABOUT THE SENIOR CLASS.

The student honors for the year were then announced by Mr. Lay and certificates were presented. He also gave some interesting facts about the Senior Class. The number is by fifty per cent the largest graduating in any one year. Four of the twenty-seven graduated from the Raleigh High School and completed the course at St. Mary's in two years. Four were from other high schools. Twelve of them are Raleigh girls, more than twice the number in any preceding class. Twenty-two of them are North Carolina girls. Their average is nineteen years and eight months, a youthfulness that justly entitles them to be known as "sweet girl graduates."

The audience then repaired to the chapel, where diplomas were presented and goodbye said to the session of 1914-15. Here Bishop Cheshire made a farewell talk to the seniors and the benediction followed. The girls marched out with "Jerusalem High Tower," as a recessional hymn, and lined up in front of the main building in the shape of a crescent, as the procession of Clergy, Trustees and Bishops passed before them.

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### A Summer Night

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A. S. C., '16.

The fire-fly flits through the gloaming,  
And his wee shining spark is alight.  
The wind murmurs low in the hollows,  
Crooning wild, tender songs of the night.

The stars, tiny lamplets are twinkling;  
The radiant moon is abeam,  
And meadow and fen-land are shimmering,  
In her pale, misty light all agleam.

The meadows, dew-drenched breathe forth perfume,  
And afar o'er hollow and hill,  
Wind blown through the dim misty silence,  
Comes the cry of the lone wippoorwill.

O'er all things a sweet stillness broodeth,  
The world is asleep and adream,  
While afar in the wide peaceful heavens,  
The moon and the bright starlets beam.

## The Commencement Awards

### HONORS IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

#### DESERVING MENTION:

*For Penmanship:*

Elizabeth Barber

Elizabeth Yates

*For Regular Attendance:*

Mary Peace

*For Deportment:*

Elizabeth Yates

Evelyn Williams

Sarah Denson

Elizabeth Barber

#### Honor Roll

Sylbert Pendleton (95.5)

Virginia Harrison Lay (95.3)

Mary Peace (90.4)

Dorothy Howard (90.0)

### HONORS IN THE LOWER PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

#### Honor Roll

(Arranged in order of standing.)

1. Mary Strange Morgan

2. Elizabeth Baker

3. Margaret Raney

4. Adelaide Boylston

5. Elizabeth Woolcott

#### DESERVING MENTION:

For not having missed a day or been tardy in two years:

Elizabeth Cross (of the "A" Class)

#### CERTIFICATES IN THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

##### *In Bookkeeping only.*

Mary Blanche Alston .....*Raleigh*

##### *In Stenography and Typewriting.*

Mildred McKee Anderson .....*Raleigh*

Lottie Blue .....*Raleigh*

Nettie Martin Gaither .....*Hertford, N. C.*

Grace Jeffreys .....*Raleigh, N. C.*

Wirt Carrington Jordan .....*South Boston, Va.*

Katherine MacNair .....*Wilson, N. C.*

*Full Certificates.*

Julia Graham Jordan ..... *Raleigh*  
 Ellen Kownslar Mott (absent) ..... *Dixondale, Va.*  
 Alice Corinne Wilson ..... *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

## CERTIFICATES IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Edith Cheesborough Holmes ..... *Asheville, N. C.*  
 Helen Read Peoples ..... *Townesville, N. C.*

## CERTIFICATES IN THE ART DEPARTMENT.

Annie Sutton Cameron ..... *Hillsboro, N. C.*  
 Florence Clarke ..... *Middletown, N. C.*  
 Nettie Martin Gaither ..... *Hertford, N. C.*  
 Margaret Emma Mann ..... *Raleigh, N. C.*

## CERTIFICATES IN THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

*In Piano.*

Mary Auning Floyd ..... *Timmons ville, S. C.*  
 Hattie May Lasater ..... *Raleigh, N. C.*

## CLASS PROMOTIONS FOR 1915-16

## TO BE SENIORS.

Florence Elsie Alexander  
 Katherine Wimberly Bourne  
 Annie Sutton Cameron  
 Eliza Dickinson Davis  
 Mary Auning Floyd  
 Selena Emma Galbraith  
 Frances Royer Geitner  
 Rena Hoyt Harding  
 Susan Elizabeth Lamb  
 Fannie Marie Stallings  
 Josephine Saville Wilson  
 Helen Cherry Wright

## TO BE JUNIORS.

Buford King Aiken ..... (37)  
 Arlene Elizabeth Chester ..... (31)  
 Sarah Elizabeth Gold ..... (37)  
 Elmyra Jenkins ..... (33)  
 Alice Cohn Latham ..... (34)  
 Dorothy Shepherd Parker ..... (37)  
 Eva Irene Peel ..... (30)

## TO BE SOPHOMORES.

Virgina Pope Allen ..... (27)  
 Elsbeth Gold Askew ..... (23)  
 Sarah Shellman Bacon ..... (15)  
 Emma Hudgins Badham ..... (28)



Laura L. Beatty .....	(17)
Anna Lewis Boone .....	(20)
Sarah Elizabeth Borden .....	(23)
Violet Marie Bray .....	(18)
Frances Howe Cheatham .....	(19)
Elizabeth Mae Corbitt .....	(21)
Katharine Parker Drane .....	(16)
Jeanet Fairley .....	(22)
Elizabeth McMorine Folk .....	(20)
Margaret Albertson Griggs .....	(19)
Leila Ranes Hankinson .....	(16)
Caroline White Holmes .....	(17)
Frances Hunter Jenkins .....	(20)
Jessie Carter Lewis .....	(16)
Henrietta Marshall Morgan .....	(15)
Anne Huske Robinson .....	(29)
Nellie Cooper Rose .....	(22)
Alma Louise Spencer .....	(15)
Eleanor Relyea .....	(23)
Arabelle Toole Thomas .....	(18)
Rubie Logan Thorn .....	(23)
Margaret May Thomas .....	(21)
Jacksonia Watt .....	(25)

Emilye Davis                      TO BE FRESHMEN.

Ida Lee Edwards

Margaret Freeman Huske

### THE HONOR ROLL

The highest general award of merit, open to all members of the School, is the Honor Roll, announced at Commencement. The requirements are:

(1) The pupil must have been in attendance the entire session and have been absent from no duty at any time during the session without the full consent of the Rector, and without lawful excuse.

(2) She must have had during the year a full regular course of study or its equivalent, and must have carried this work to successful completion, taking all required examinations and obtaining a mark for the year in each subject of at least 75 per cent.

(3) She must have maintained an average of "Very Good," (90 per cent) or better, in her studies.

(4) She must have made a record of "Excellent" (less than two demerits) in Deportment, in Industry, and in punctuality.

(5) She must have maintained a generally satisfactory bearing in the affairs of her school life during the year.

**HONOR ROLL OF 1915**

1. Eliza Dickinson Davis, '16 .....	95.8	(20)
2. Margaret Alice Edwards, '15 .....	95.6	(15)
3. Elizabeth McMorine Folk, '18 .....	94.7	(24)
4. Annie Sutton Cameron, '16 .....	94.4	(24)
5. Emma Hudgins Badham, '18 .....	94.3	(19)
6. Katherine Parker Drane, '18 .....	94.3	(20)
7. Isabel Irma Dawson, '18.....	94.0	(18)
8. Annie Huske Robinson, '18 .....	93.8	(20)
9. Agnes Hyde Barton, '15 .....	93.2	(20)
10. Florence Elsie Alexander, '15 .....	92.6	(17)
11. Helen Read Peoples, '15 .....	92.3	(15)
12. Mary Auning Floyd, '16 .....	91.9	(20)
13. Eva Irene Peel, '17 .....	91.6	(19)
14. Frances Lambert Strong, '15 .....	91.4	(18)
15. Eleanor Relyea, '18 .....	91.3	(20)
16. Lanie Stanton Hales, '15 .....	91.3	(16)
17. Florence Clarke, '15 .....	91.2	(21)
18. Violet Marie Bray .....	91.1	(18)
19. Elizabeth Carrison, '15 .....	91.0	(19)
20. Margaret Emma Mann, '15 .....	90.2	(20)
21. Emma Louise Merritt, '15 .....	90.1	(18)

**THE BISHOP PARKER BOTANY PRIZE**

The Bishop Parker Botany Prize, given by the Rt. Rev. Edward M. Parker, Bishop Coadjutor of New Hampshire, is awarded annually to that pupil who in accordance with certain published conditions does the best work in the preparation of an herbarium.

This year this Botany Prize was awarded to

EVA IRENE PEEL, '17, of Williamston, N. C.

**THE NILES MEDAL**

The Niles Medal for General Excellence was instituted by Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., in 1906. It is awarded to the pupil who has made the best record in scholarship and deportment during the session.

The medal is awarded to the same pupil only once.

The requirements for eligibility are:

(1) The pupil must have taken throughout the year at least "15 points" of regular work; and have



satisfactorily completed this work, passing all required examinations.

(2) The pupil must have been "Excellent" in Deportment.

(3) The pupil must have taken all regular general courses assigned and have done satisfactory work in them.

(4) The pupil must be a regular student of the College Department.

This year, the tenth award of the Niles Medal was made to

ELIZA DICKINSON DAVIS, of Wilmington, N. C.,  
of the Junior Class.

### THE GRADUATES

#### THE COLLEGE CLASS OF 1915.

Mattie Moye Adams	.....Durham, N. C.
Agnes Hyde Barton	.....Hartford, Conn.
Virginia Lucile Bonner	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Margaret Huntington Bottum	.....Penland, N. C.
Elizabeth Carrison	.....Camden, S. C.
Florence Clarke	.....Middletown, N. C.
Carol Gresham Collier	.....Goldsboro, N. C.
Courtney DeForrest Crowther	.....Savannah, Ga.
Margaret Alice Edwards	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Dorothy Shaw Fairley	.....Rockingham, N. C.
Lanie Stanton Hales	.....Wilson, N. C.
Matilda Jordan Hancock	.....New Bern, N. C.
Maude Delma Hotchkiss	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Gladys Elizabeth Jones-Williams	.....Montevallo, Ala.
Anna Belle King	.....Louisburg, N. C.
Elizabeth Atkinson Lay	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Edna Earle Mann	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Edith Matilda Mann	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Margaret Emma Mann	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Emma Louise Merritt	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Helen Read Peoples	.....Townesville, N. C.
Florence Douglas Stone	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Frances Lambert Strong	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Allene Estelle Thornburgh	.....Raleigh, N. C.
Sadie Walton Vinson	.....Littleton, N. C.
Pencie Creecy Warren	.....Edenton, N. C.
Gladys Eccles Yates	.....West Raleigh, N. C.

## The Graduation Honors

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### THE SALUTATORY

HELEN READ PEOPLES

We have heard it said so often that St. Mary's girls love St. Mary's more than any other girls love their school. Some people may think that we just say that without meaning it, but we girls of 1915 who have been here for two, or three, or four years, realize how intensely we do mean it when we speak of "Beloved St. Mary's." There are many things of our daily life which tie us together and to the St. Mary's ideal which we cannot share with others, and yet there are many which would be of no meaning if they were not shared. And of these things which we love but which need the participation of others to give to them enjoyment and meaning to us, this Commencement occasion is the chief. How glad I am therefore, that to me has been given the privilege of welcoming to our graduation, the Rector, and dear lady principal, the trustees, our schoolmates, parents and friends, who have come here today. It is a very great pleasure to us to welcome each and every one of you.

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### THE CLASS ESSAY

#### "The Poet of Childhood"

VIRGINIA LUCILE BONNER

"As from the house your mother sees  
You playing round the garden trees;  
So you may see, if you will look  
Through the windows of his book,  
Another child, far, far away,  
And in another garden play."

Robert Louis Stevenson is the poet of childhood. He understood child nature and had the deepest sympathy for it. He was keenly alive to the terrors, the nameless, half-formed, secret fears that break in upon that shadowy land of unreality in which the child lives. The little ones have their being in an enchanted land, a land of giants and fairies, of castles and steeds galloping in the wind. The adult world appears very grotesque to them; they do not understand those strange beings who break up their play so rudely, who are

at times so lavish in their endearments and again, so brutal in their lack of sympathy. In the breast of Robert Louis Stevenson, there were memories of the childish heart that would not be outgrown. Towards one person, at least, he felt himself always a child—to Alison Cunningham—his life long nurse, whom he always called "Cummy," his childish name for her. It was to this faithful woman that he dedicated his little volume, "A Child's Garden of Verse," as a feeble return for the innumerable sacrifices she had made for him when a sick child. His gratitude is touchingly shown in his tribute to her as "My Second Mother, My First Wife, the Angel of My Infant Life."

His love and appreciation of all children is evident in his verses; the spirit of the lines is essentially that of the child. "It is but a child of air, that lingers in the garden there." The child has its being in the land of imagination. At night, the bed appears to him, a little boat into which he is helped by nurse; the sheet is a sailor's cloak. He says good-bye to all his friends on shore, shuts his eyes and sails away in the dark. All night, he steers across the dark and morning finds him once more in his room, his vessel fast beside the pier. This day sees many exciting, frightful adventures. Three of the sailors are afloat in the basket on the great meadow, the wave-like grass is blowing in the wind. The brave crew is off to Malabar. Suddenly they spy a pirate squadron a-rowing on the sea, the cattle, a-charging with a roar. With great rapidity, they escape into a harbor nearby. "The wicket is the harbor and the garden is the shore." When the excitement of this daring adventure has subsided, our little child climbs up into the cherry tree and "looks abroad on foreign lands." O the wonderful sights that it sees, places that it never has dreamed of before; the beautiful next door garden, filled with flowers, the river full of little ripples, the long, white dusty road with strange people going into town. If it could only find a higher cherry tree, where it could look, farther and farther, into Fairyland.

"Where all the children dine at five,  
And all the play things come alive."

The pleasantest thing that this dream child can do is to go up in the swing—"up in the air and down"—up so high that the brown roofs look so far away and the cattle look so little and it thinks, before it comes flying down again, it can at least get a glimpse into that mysterious land away at the end of the road. Our little child can not really, truly go abroad into foreign lands, but it can wander at will in the dear land of picture books. It is his chief delight on winter days when the streams are frozen and the birds are gone, to find these things put by in the picture story books. In the fire, too, if one looks closely enough, there are armies marching by tower and spire, the phantom city is burning, and the "blue even slowly falls about the garden trees and walls." The little spirit is deliciously tired with such a busy, adventurous day and as it again embarks in the tiny boat for the pleasant land of nod, a pleasing stupor possesses it and it thinks drowsily:

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we shall all be as happy as kings."

Not only in writing these verses for children, these verses telling of the wonderland where children so often roam, did Stevenson bring to our minds the pleasant memories of childhood but he was always doing something to make the children around him happy. The garden in which he lived, was ever a garden of sickness and pain but he kept the flowers of cheer and mirth alive in it and he sent these freely to his many, many friends. He was never too busy or too ill to answer letters from loving little children who wrote to him in appreciation of the wonderful stories he wrote for boys. His own little stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, to whom he dedicated his story, "Treasure Island," was devoted to this sympathetic companion of his childhood days. At one time, in California when the poet was in delicate health, he was a devoted nurse to the child of his landlady. He was so affected by the pain that this little one suffered and so wrought up with anxiety over it, that he gave up all hope for children of his own. His health broke down for several months as a result of the strain he went through. Unique among his kindnesses to children, was the gift of his birthday to little Annie Ide, the

daughter of Judge Ide from Vermont, who was at that time American land commissioner in the Samoan islands. Unfortunately, this little girl was born on Christmas Day and was thus deprived of having a real birthday. Hearing the story, as he sat with friends one evening on his great veranda in the far away Pacific island, he was quite touched and proposed that he should will her his birthday as he was getting along in years. The father was pleased with the idea. Accordingly, a few months later, little Annie received a really-truly will, written strictly in the manner of wills, with due regard to Scotch and English legal terms, in which Stevenson formally bestowed on her the lifelong right to his birthday, the thirteenth of November, to be celebrated with "due feasting and sporting of fine raiment." There was the condition attached to the will, that if the requirements were not strictly kept, the will should revert to the President of the United States. Of course, the little girl was immensely pleased and kept the conditions to the letter. The two became fast friends. Annie Louisa, as she called herself after the gift, celebrated her new birthday in many places and under many different conditions, each time having the will read twice, she held the celebration in Stevenson's own home, Vailima.

Perhaps the most charming of Stevenson's works are his personal letters, so genial, so cheerful and friendly are they. They rarely contain facts. Indeed, his friends seem to have complained of this, and yet should they have done so? For he wrote in his letters the best of the thoughts that were in his mind, and today many enjoy those letters as much, perhaps, as his most intimate acquaintances.

When Stevenson felt himself forced to go as a voluntary exile to the far away island—Samoa—he began an absolutely new mode of life. However, he still remained the poet of childhood; I think the Samoan natives, whom we may think of as but grown-ups with children's hearts and gratefulness, appreciated him even more than we. They made him chief of their clan, looking upon him as a supreme being, a sort of god. He was a good neighbor, a loyal friend to them, and above all, "Tusitala," the teller of tales. So great was their gratitude to him for the aid he gave them in political



troubles, that they built a long road up to his beautiful estate and called it the "Road of the Loving Hearts." They put up this inscription on a board:

"Considering the great love of His Excellency, Tusitala, in his loving care of us in our tribulation in the prison, we have made this great gift; it shall never be muddy, it shall go on forever, this road that we have dug."

Then when the man with the boy-heart died, the morning after, about forty of the faithful natives cut a path up the difficult, precipitous side of the mountain in the rear of his house where he had expressed a desire to take his final rest. Later in the day he was bourne to the summit with much exertion by his loyal chiefs. There, on the small level top of the mountain, facing the sea, he was laid in his final resting place—Tusitala, "The King of the Road of the Loving Hearts." The noble poet of childhood sings his own Requiem in words that any boy might love:

"Under the wide and starry sky,—  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse that you grave for me;  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter, home from the hill."

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### THE VALEDICTORY

MARGARET ALICE EDWARDS.

Time and time again we have been told that "school days are the happiest days of one's life," but we couldn't be brought to believe it. That might have been so for our fathers and mothers but it certainly didn't apply to us. How could it be when school work was so hard and examination and bug-bears?

Now, however, as the time draws near for us to leave the protecting shelter of St. Mary's and go out into the world to take up our lives



there, we begin to realize the truth of the old saying. So it is with regret that we go from this our Alma Mater, with all it stands for, looking back upon the years spent here, we find them filled with joy. Each spot is hallowed with memories of hours of quiet happiness; things once thought to be difficult no longer seem so; the girls and other friends who have done so much to fill our school life with joy grow dearer with thought of separation. We see now that the teachers understood our attitude and were most wisely directing us, setting before us, by their example, a high standard of manhood and womanhood. For them we have only love and gratitude for their unfailing kindness and untiring help in all our work.

For our Alma Mater herself, who has given us such a high ideal, one that we shall carry with us through the coming years, there is in our hearts only love and loyalty, and joined with it is a great sorrow as we bid her farewell. May God bless her and keep her evermore.

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### THE SECOND SENIOR ESSAY

#### "Mudpuddles"

COURTNEY DEFOREST CROWTHER.

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Not only where the rainbow glows  
Nor in the song of woman heard,  
But in the darkest, meanest things  
There always, always something sings.

Is not this the true music, the real music? If this music pleases the ear, all else is ephemeral; you have life's philosophy and the worth while philosophy that will never never fail you. "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may" is a very excellent philosophy while it lasts but rose-buds will wither, will they not? And how about the winter months when there are no rose-buds to gather? The most beautiful life is like a jewel set in a somber setting. Let the dark and gloomy things be a background for the brightest jewel, optimism, and watch it glisten and sparkle the most scintillating of them all. But why philosophize over such a commonplace subject as mudpuddles? Do not think tho', that when I say commonplace I underestimate them, for if I could but combine in one man such a silver

tongued crator as was Nestor, an optimist like Emerson, the force of Carlyle, the fiery idealism of Shelley, such an infinite understanding of human nature as was Shakespeare's, with the wistful sympathy which Lamb had for commonplace things, then perhaps, and only then, could this man, equipped in such a way, do full justice to the exalted theme—mudpuddles. Unfortunately I fear none of us, even tho' we were equipped with the lantern of Diogenes and endowed with the perpetual motion of a small boy could unearth this phenomenon of a man, so I in my humble way will merely point out a few kinds of mudpuddles that I have seen or heard of within my limited experience, for there are many numbers, kinds and sorts of mudpuddles, and yet a great many more offsets and recompenses for them. Such a wondrous variety of mudpuddles! Why there are material, historical, national and individual mudpuddles.

Material mudpuddles are what people usually mean by just mudpuddles, but they are the least of them all. Every refreshing drop of rain that is so fortunate as to fall into a mudpuddle sinks in with a charmed gurgle and contented sigh, for now it can join congenial playfellows even tho' they are of the earth—earthy. And if this raindrop has a heart, I am sure it is singing with all its heart, "I am not now in Fortune's power; I, that am down, can sink no longer." Without mudpuddles there would be no pulsating, verdant life of spring exquisite in her beauty, personifying the magnificent yet delicate shades of thought of the great Artist Creator, which are expressed to us lucky mortals in her being. The lover is a mudpuddle, and she is spring, a maid whose hair is full of golden lights, her eyes full of laughter and her lap full of flowers, and Romance comes riding by with a brook chuckling its sunlit way beside him. 'Tis in the early morning of the year when all the world glows and glimmers like spirits of fire imprisoned in frozen dew-drops. Then as the morning grows older and color and life grow rampant in all things of nature, men go forth to forge in the smithy of life, feeling that they are no longer just entitled to life liberty, and his pursuit of poverty, but to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," for all the world is wealthy and all men may woo the spring—'Tis all because of mudpuddles.

Did Walter Raleigh realize that such a seemingly insignificant thing as a mudpuddle could make his name, now never to be forgotten, echo thru history as the quintessence of chivalry? To be sure, she was a queen, and he, no doubt, a most excellent gentleman, but the really great thing was the mudpuddle. Being so unassuming, it does not ring thru the annals of history; it is only mentioned as an almost non-relative incident when it should be the other way around. 'Tis the way of the world tho—the people who deserve the rewards and honors never get them, and so the pages of history only serve to tantalize and antagonize fair minded folks—for that was a distinctly historical mudpuddle.

Another figurative mudpuddle which surely made history was the exiling of Dante from his native home, Florence. More than likely, but who can tell, that burning genius would never have sung to the world "the mystic unfathomable song" with its pictures "woven as out of rainbows on a ground of eternal clouds, his "Inferno," if it had not been for his struggle against this oppressing burden of sorrow,—this mudpuddle.

"Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,  
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour  
Serves but to lighten all our future days."

When national mudpuddles are mentioned, perhaps the first one we think of is Russia and her lamentable condition; then we must consider that thru such a foul and ugly thing the most wonderful variety and exquisite presentment of music the world has ever known has been produced—How it fascinates! The weird melodies of it, its peculiar rhythm, its strange and at times bizarre harmonies, how they touch the pathetic side of our natures, and why? Because it is the soul of the Russian people exposed in her music which speaks to us: music, profound in its melancholy, which many centuries of hardship and oppression have brought forth. Is not music, after all, of and from the heart? Words may lie, but music never.

"Tis in the mud and scum of things  
There always, always something sings."

Individual mudpuddles are perhaps the realest of them all for they come nearest home. They may be in the shape of disappointments, sorrows, cares or what not, but no matter how deep and impassable they may seem, they have their recompenses—the good things which naturally must follow in their wake. If one suffers, he must gain keen sympathy, and sympathy wins friends more quickly than anything else and just the pure, delicious joy of having friends brings wholehearted laughter. With them, these precious friends, a man is so unafraid of events that the very stars in their courses will fight for him.

If sleep is the half-brother of death, then mudpuddles can claim laughter for their half-sister. How insufficient the one without the other! "Grief may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning," and with joy comes laughter. If the tragic spirit is always hovering over us, always the comic spirit, which is the spirit of laughter, is there, and a rough and ready and everyday sort of spirit it is. It is above us and beneath us—it is of us. Even from the worst mudpuddles, little mischievous elves stretch forth their tiny fists eager to punch mortals' cheeks and tickle their lips and all they ask for reward is a smile, a laugh, or a chuckle. To help them in their happy work of making others laugh, there are human funmakers. For their laughter to be contagious, irresistible—it must come from a heart that has experienced sorrows and known mudpuddles. A man who knows only laughter is more or less of a fool, but he who has been thru mudpuddles and comes out smiling, is the man who is capable of making us laugh. The funmaker has his reward when he stands before thousands of people and sees a smile break thru the adamant line of their countenances, watches it stretch, spread, and surge into a chuckle, rise and twinkle in a thousand eyes and finally burst forth into a crescendo of irrepressible merriment. Then the comedian really lives, then he rides the upper air; then he is a conqueror beside whom Christopher Columbus is a scared adventurer, afraid to go home, and Napoleon a little man with a frown.

# The St. Mary's Muse.

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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## EDITORIAL

With this issue another volume of the MUSE is begun under a new Board of Editors. Of course we are ambitious as our predecessors have been to make a good showing for the MUSE, for the Alumnae, and for St. Mary's.

We need help to make the MUSE the success it should be and the help of the friends of the MUSE and of the School will be very greatly appreciated. The Girls like to have the news of their years at the School in permanent form; the Alumnae likes to keep in touch with the School, to know what is going on, and to learn the news of their old friends.

Our needs are not new or peculiar to this year. We need subscriptions to the MUSE to supplement the funds raised from our friends who advertise. It takes money, and what to us is a considerable sum, to get out ten good copies of the magazine properly printed, bound and illustrated. We need news notes from the Alumnae to keep us in touch with them and to enable us to furnish their friends with news of them. And from the present day girls in School we need the stories, the verse, and the sketches, and well written news to enable us to give them what they want.



We dream of some day standing inconspicuously behind the mail-line on the evening when a new MUSE is distributed and instead of that too familiar "Only a MUSE" to hear a delighted chorus of "even better than a letter—The MUSE!" Who is going to help us to realize our dream?

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The fall program of student events gives every indication of all the usual pleasure to supplement the School work. Last year's class will be—and is—missed. It was a very efficient class as well as "A jolly good Class." But this year brings its special opportunity to the Class of 1916. At St. Mary's the Seniors are not exclusive; they realize their responsibilities but they also wish every girl, down to the "tiny, baby Prep" to feel that she is a very real part of the School and that she has her responsibilities too. We want to make this year the best of years for all of us—its work and its play. Literary Societies, Athletics, Auxiliary Chapters—each organization needs the earnest interest of each of its members. We all hear very often of the high standard of the "St. Mary's Girl"; we all appreciate the high example of the "St. Mary's Girls" who have gone before us. It is for us this year to live up to the standards of St. Mary's.

Is every St. Mary's Girl of 1915-16 awake to the opportunity and to the responsibility?

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It seems a rather late date to be printing the account of Commencement but we hope that the readers of the MUSE will not pass over the pages of this account without seeing in it the purpose of its publication, apart from the importance of retaining the record in printed form. The Commencement Exercises are the climax of the year. They combine the record of achievement, with the exhibition of accomplishment, and the word of encouragement.

"Niles Medal," "Honor Roll," "Class Promotions" should be in mind throughout the year even though we hear of them chiefly at Commencement. "Annual Concert," "Commencement Play," even



"Class Day Exercises" mark the end of a season of much enjoyed work, but of work nevertheless, in their respective lines.

The new girls are not as familiar as the old with the meaning of "Literary Society Receptions," "Hallowe'en Entertainments," "Christmas Tree Night," "Inter-Society Debates," "Inter-Class Parties," "Junior-Senior Party" and "School Party" as they will be later. We want them to think something about them now.

But more. The Annual Sermon and the Annual Address sound the word of appreciation and of encouragement from without and Bishop Knight and Dr. Niles spoke those words strongly last Commencement. The Salutatory and the Valedictory express in brief student feeling that lies close to the heart of the St. Mary's Girl in her serious moments. The 1915 Commencement was a time of great interest to those of us who had part in it. We hope the account of it even tho belated will quicken the interest in St. Mary's for all those who read it.

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### The Opening

On Thursday morning, September 16, at nine o'clock the annual opening service was held in the Chapel. We, the new girls and the old, came in singing, "Ancient of Days." Mr. Hunter and Mr. Ingle were with Dr. Lay and Bishop Cheshire in the chancel. Our Rector, Dr. Lay, held the service while Bishop Cheshire made his customary opening address. He welcomed us in behalf of the trustees and made us all feel at home by offering his personal friendship and help to each, but the special message for us was, *Do whatever you undertake with all your might*. After the benediction we ended the service by singing, "Ten thousand times Ten thousand."

K. W. B.

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### The Opening Reception

The opening reception given by the old girls to the new girls on Saturday evening was a most pleasant beginning of the social events of the year.

Cards were made out for progressive conversation and for dancing. Punch was served in the Muse Room, which was attractively decorated in goldenrod and ferns, and later in the evening delightful ice-cream and cakes were served. The reception afforded excellent opportunities for the making of new acquaintances and the old girls were most glad to welcome both the new girls and the new teachers.

M. A. F.

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### With the Class of 1915

Among the class of 1915 there is certainly a diversity of occupations. First of all, the class possesses three teachers, Helen Peoples, who is teaching at home, Carol Collier in Durham and Matilda Hancock, who is substituting in New Bern.

Two have not yet laid down the role of student. Elizabeth Lay is taking a graduate course at St. Mary's in preparation for entering Barnard next Fall, and Gyp Barton is at the University of North Carolina taking a special French course in preparation for teaching that subject later.

The one nurse is Florence Clarke, who is in training at St. Vincent's Hospital in Norfolk.

Frances Strong took a business course this summer and we hear that she is helping her father in his law office.

We are glad to learn that Helene Northcott is much better and expects to come to St. Mary's after Christmas.

We have heard no news from Gladys Jones-Williams, but hope she will have a pleasant winter wherever she is.

Quite a number of the "Fifteeners" are at home this winter. Among them are Anna Belle King, Sadie Vinson, Pencie Warren, Lanie Hales, Gladys Yates, Allene Thornburg, Maud Hotchkiss, Elizabeth Carrison, Dorothy Fairley, Louise Merritt, Edith Mann, and Mattie Moyer Adams.

We are very glad to welcome back among us Margaret Bottum, who is helping Mr. Cruikshank in the office; Florence Stone who is taking voice lessons and Virginia Bonner, and Margaret and Edna Mann who are taking the business course.

And last but by no means least, Margaret Edwards, or we should say, Mrs. Nowell, is at her new home in Wake Forest, where I am sure we all wish her every happiness.

This ends the roll of the Class of 1915. They are scattered in all directions, occupied in all sorts of activities, but there is one thing we can say about them all, in common, we miss them dreadfully and we wish there could be some sort of graduate course that they could all come back and take so that we could have them with us again.

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### Also Personal

The Class of 1916 mourns the loss of three of its members.

Eliza Davis has entered Radcliffe where we wish her a happy year and are sure of her success.

Elsie Alexander has moved to St. Louis and has entered Washington University. Although we miss her dreadfully, we are very glad she is so pleased with her new home.

We wish Kate Lois Montgomery a happy and successful year at Converse and wish she could have come back to graduate with us.

How much we do miss Arabelle Thomas was shown by the joy with which she was received and the pleasure all her old friends have taken in her visit. She will be at home in Charlotte this winter and we hope she will come to see us as often as she can.

Everybody was glad to have Helen Peoples with us for a few days at the opening of School and we all enjoyed Lanie's little visits while she was staying in town.

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"Describe water, Johnny," said the teacher.

"Water" explained Johnny, "is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it."—*Exchange*.

## SOME VACATION TRIPS

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### Commencement in New England

(Florence Stone's Trip to the Harvard Commencement as reported by Mr. Stone)

Mr. Stone and Florence had a lovely time on their Northern trip. They left Raleigh on June 11, and took the boat to Boston finding a very pleasant company, among whom were Mrs. Lay and Ellen on their way to St. Paul's School for a visit.

The first afternoon in Boston they went to the Art Museum, seeing numbers of the pictures that we see copies of in the magazines as well as old Rembrandt's, Egyptian Sarcophaguses and many others. From the Art Museum they went to the Arnold Arboretum where the rhododendrons of all colors and shades were in full bloom, as well as the azaleas and many other beautiful flowers. Florence had the misfortune to have her trunk misshipped from Norfolk, but, although it was six days late in reaching her, this did not at all dampen her pleasures or enthusiasm. She and Mr. Stone made their headquarters with relatives in Belmont, near the beautiful Oakley Country Club, where Mr. Stone had an invitation to play golf. A delightful evening was spent with a classmate of Mr. Stone's in a house where Mrs. Classmate was born. She is of the seventh generation to be born in that home. At night they attended the Senior reception at Radcliffe, where the grounds were made beautiful with lanterns, lighted, by the way, by electricity, and where there were hundreds of people with music and dancing. Another night was spent at Groton, Mass., where they attended the finals at Lawrence Academy and saw the buildings at Groton School with the beautiful Chapel, a memorial, among others, to Mr. Stone's classmate, Joseph Peabody Gardiner. Returning to Boston by automobile they passed through Concord and saw the bridge where "the embattled farmers" stood; Emerson's Manse, Louisa Alcott's home, the house where the "Little Women" lived, and then the Common at Lexington where the battle took place.

Mr. Stone has given an interesting description of the rest of his trip.

Another day we spent at Northboro and drove out to the Wachusett Dam that makes a lake eleven miles long (occupying the site of three

former towns) to supply Boston, forty miles away with water. The Dam itself is 207 feet high and the water at the Dam is 125 feet deep, about three times as high as our Main Building.

Class Day at Harvard was a memorable event, for we went to a number of spreads, the largest one in the Hasty Pudding Club<sup>1</sup> Building where there was dancing in the theater. The most unique spread was in the very attractive Club House of the *Lampoon*, the "*Life*" of Harvard, where Mr. Martin, the editor of "*Life*," did his maiden work. Class Day afternoon we went with thousands of others over the beautiful Anderson bridge to the Stadium for the Ivy Oration, etc. Representatives of all the classes marched in procession, the younger classes holding special reunions in odd, striking costumes. The seats with some twenty thousand people were bright with all sorts of colors in ladies' costumes, and as a final event the visitors cast to the winds myriads of streamers of various colors, and confetti. At night there was dancing in Memorial Hall and fascinating singing by the Glee Club on the steps of the New Widener Library.

On Commencement, I met with my class in our special room in Holsworthy and lived over old times for an hour or so, lunched at the Chief Marshal's spread, marched in the procession in which the graduates marched in order of their classes from 1840 down, and at night attended a class dinner at the University Club in Boston, with fifty-eight members present. As there was one man present from a further distance than I, I was saved the ordeal of making a speech.

We spent two days among the hills that give Vermont its name and our last two days were spent with a classmate, a well-known professor of biology, at his home on an island on the Maine coast with the Isle of Shoals in view, eight miles out to sea, where we saw the grave of Champernon, the nephew of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, whose sister was the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh.

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## We Who Went

ARABELLA THOMAS.

Miss Thomas' party started from Charlotte on July 31st, and although our spirits were a little daunted over the thought of leaving home, and although the mercury climbed the thermometer until it reached the 102nd degree, and even if "No. 36" was two and a half hours late, we finally started off on our much thought of Western trip.

We traveled continuously for five days until we reached the Grand Canyon. No one could ever rightly describe the grandeur of the Canyon. Its vastness, its marvellous and awe-inspiring beauty



creates an impression upon the visitor that is different from any other.

Riverside, California, was our first night stop. Very few tourists schedule this in their itinerary, but due to our ever thoughtful chaperone we were fortunate in stopping over. The place at which we stayed did not at all resemble a modern hotel. It was just like an Old Spanish Mission. Everywhere you turned you found little new corners and places that exactly fitted the atmosphere of the place. We, of course, proceeded to fall in love with the Inn and said goodbye with regret to the nice people who treated us as guests whom they were delighted to entertain.

The San Diego Exposition was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone the whole time we were there. The buildings themselves are built in the Spanish style and with the varicolored flowers the whole was most attractive. Of course the Exposition was on a much smaller scale than the San Francisco Exposition, and although it was not as wonderful yet at the same time you could come nearer "taking it all in" and could therefore enjoy it the more.

The San Francisco Exposition is so extensive and so full of interesting things that if you stayed a year you could still see something different every day. The buildings are themselves an education. The illumination photographed on your memory is a picture long to be remembered. You left with a sense of much grandeur, bigness and wonder, but out of the confused picture rose one of the Exposition that will be a perpetual source of pleasant reference and thought.

We were given five days in the Yellowstone Park and although we were beforehand warned of the dust and long tiresome all-day drives, we were pleasantly disappointed. The "Geyserland" we thought very amusing and even ludicrous. "Old Faithful" was a wonderful sight and unless your nerves were properly tuned they would be very often put to a hard test. "The Black Growler" in particular, greeted you from afar with groans and rumblings that made you hasten away.

The month passed only too fast and before we knew it we were at our destination. Our party was a very congenial one and it is



needless to say here, where all who read will heartily agree with me, that our trip was *the* most successful and most enjoyable because of the unfailing patience and thoughtfulness of our chaperone. We only wished that she could have had more rest and more "of a holiday" but we trust that she will rest now and in the near future consent to take us on another "most wonderful trip."

#### At the Exposition

At the Panama Pacific Exposition this summer, St. Mary's was well represented. Besides Miss Thomas' party, consisting of Arabelle Thomas, Sarah Borden, Elizabeth Carrison and others, some of whom were former St. Mary's girls, both Miss Lillian Fenner and Frances Geitner took the western trip.

Miss Fenner sailed from New York June 31st on the S. S. "Finland" of the Red Star Line, having the select company of the Harvard Alumni who were returning from Commencement.

Sailing down the Atlantic Ocean and through the Caribbean Sea, which was extremely rough, they anchored in Limon Bay where they spent a day and night.

The next morning they were raised 85 feet through Gatun Lock into Gatun Lake, where they were anchored four days on account of a landslide in the Culebra Cut in the Panama Canal. However, these days were not lost for all the Canal Zone was explored from Colon to Panama.

At the end of the four days they continued their journey, being lowered 42 feet through Pedro Miguel Lock and 39 feet through Miraflores Lock into Panama Bay. Next morning they entered the Pacific Ocean, which they found much colder than the Atlantic. Three days passed before land was seen and then for a whole day the coast of Mexico lay in sight. After this, no more land appeared until they reached San Diego, where one day was spent at the Exposition. Two days later they landed in San Francisco, where Miss Fenner stayed ten days, spending five whole days at the Exposition and giving up the rest of the time to seeing the other wonderful sights in San Francisco.

Of the exhibits at the Exposition, Miss Fenner thought that the

Canadian Exhibit was the most wonderful from the American Continent and that those of France and Italy were the most wonderful among the European Exhibits.

Miss Fenner left San Francisco August 1st by the Western Pacific Route, seeing Feather River Canyon, Royal Gorge, the Salt Beds of Salt Lake City and coming home by Chicago, Cincinnati and Asheville. After seeing the beautiful mountains of western North Carolina she finally reached Raleigh August 7, having spent over a month in the West.

Frances Geitner went to the Exposition with her grandmother, Mrs. Shuford. They took the Central Route, leaving Nashville on July 28th and going by St. Louis, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City and the Yellowstone Park. They reached San Francisco on August 10th and spent six days at the Exposition. They returned by way of New Mexico, stopping in Arizona to visit the Grand Canyon and reaching home the last of August.

Besides our Western travellers many others have brought back delightful accounts of happy vacations.

Mademoiselle enjoyed a pleasant summer with friends in Maine, also paying a visit to the seacoast and to Boston with which she was especially pleased. Indeed she came away quite in love with the country and the people she had seen and declared that she had had a charming vacation.

Miss Clara Fenner spent three delightful weeks at Hendersonville, two weeks with Miss Pixley and Miss Schutt, both former teachers at St. Mary's, and one week with Miss Kate Shipp, at Fassifern. Miss Fenner had a lovely time visiting the many points of interest and beauty in the neighborhood, but that she was by no means idle is well proved by the seven lovely sketches of beautiful mountain scenery that she brought back with her on her return.

Miss Lee was also in Hendersonville at the same time as Miss Fenner. She spent ten weeks with her sister, Mrs. Cleo Lee, and had a lovely time with walks and rides and parties. During her stay, she paid two visits to Beaumont Lodge in Asheville. Everybody will be glad to learn that Miss Lee returned quite recovered from her accident of last winter and feeling as well and strong as ever.

She walked three or four miles every day and also climbed to the top of "Chimney Rock," a mile and a half of steady climbing, very steep and rough.

One of the nicest expeditions of the summer was the month spent in camp by Miss Robbins and some of the girls in the Preparatory Department. Early in July they set out for "Camp Ware" in the mountains of western North Carolina, and had a glorious time living camp life and enjoying all the pleasures the mountains could afford. Everybody was sorry when the time came for them all to be scattered to their different homes.

---

### From the Attic

---

H. M. MORGAN, '18.

Cobwebbed walls and dusty floors,  
Dark retreats and tumble-down doors;  
The old attic lies and broods and sleeps,  
Just 'neath the roof where the sunbeam peeps.

Outside the peace of a June day reigns;  
It seems as if the soft wind deigns  
To gossip and prattle 'mongst birds and bees,  
And to tell the things that it does and sees,

The maple and elder wave side by side;  
The tall cedars sway in feathery pride;  
The sea above dotted with isles of white,  
The sunbeams dancing with all their might.

---

Waiter—"On which side of the table do you wish to sit, ma'am?  
Innocent Young Thing—"Oh, dear I think I had rather use a chair."  
—*Exchange.*

## *Read! Mark! Act!*

---

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

---

DON'T FORGET

**TAYLOR'S**

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

---

J. D. (seeing the laundry bags being taken from East Wing)—“Is that man taking those pillows to the Muse room?”

---

**The Dobbin-Ferrall Co.**

**THE STORE OF QUALITY**

**DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS**

**MILLINERY**

Tailored Suits and Coats, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, etc.

LADIES' FINE SHOES & SLIPPERS

“It's worth the difference”

**The Tyree Studio**

“Workers in Artistic Photography”

# ADVERTISEMENTS

Raleigh's Exclusive Store for Ladies'  
and Misses Ready-to-Wear Garments

Ten per cent off to College Girls

**The Fashion** Fayetteville  
Street

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

ESTABLISHED 1858

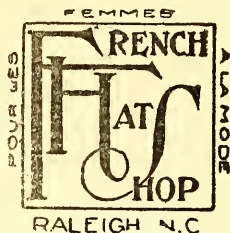
**H. MAHLER'S SONS**  
JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

**D. D. JONES**

PURE FOOD STORE

Phones 667 and 668 RALEIGH, N. C.



Exclusive  
Millinery

**THOMAS A PARTIN COMPANY**

Raleigh, N. C.

Specialty of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Gossard's Lace Front Corsets

**THE ALDERMAN CHINA COMPANY**

Candy, China, Toys  
Pictures, Stationery

**HUNTER-RAND COMPANY**

Dry Goods, Notions, Suits, Millinery  
and Shoes

208 Fayetteville St. RALEIGH, N. C.

New Girl—"I can trace my ancestors back to William the Conqueror."

Old Girl—"That's nothing; Mr. Lay can trace his to the Lays of Ancient Rome.

New Girl—"Why, I bet I can too, then, because I'm kin to him."

Why Is  
**Brantley's Fountain**

the

**MOST POPULAR?**

Ask the Girls

**BOYLAN-PEARCE**  
COMPANY

The Greatest Store  
in the City for the  
**SCHOOL GIRLS**

**Saint Mary's School Library**

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Stationery—College Linen  
Cameras and Supplies  
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

### **JAMES E. THIEM** The Office Stationery Co.

Bell Phone 135

RALEIGH, N. C.

### **JOHNSON & BROUGHTON**

Good Things to Eat

122 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

### **JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.**

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

### **H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST**

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,  
Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C.

Phone 113

### **CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY**

Electric Light and  
Power

1377—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You  
Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

### **S. GLASS**

The Ladies' Store

Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses  
and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel  
210 Fayetteville St.

RALEIGH, N. C.

**WM. HELLER**  
*The Footery Shop*  
RALEIGH, N. C.

New Girl (joining in the conversation)—Did you say Charlie Chaplin? Is he an A. & M. boy?"

### **ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital  
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President

A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer

R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

Insure Against Loss by Fire  
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited  
**The Mechanics Savings Bank**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE  
SHOES AND HOSIERY

### **Lafayette Cafe**

**Thomas H. Briggs & Sons**

Raleigh, N. C.

THE BIG HARDWARE MEN  
GOLF, TENNIS AND SPORTING GOODS

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP  
104 E. HARGETT ST.



ADVERTISEMENTS

---

**HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES**  
**THE WAKE DRUG STORE**  
Phones 228

---

**T. F. BROCKWELL**  
All Kinds of Keys.      Bicycle Supplies.  
Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

---

**DARNELL & THOMAS**  
**ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE**

---

**PESCUD'S BOOK STORE**  
12 W. Hargett St.

---

**RALEIGH FLORAL CO.**  
**CHOICE CUT FLOWERS**

---

**Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company**  
Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

---

**HOTEL GIERSCH**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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**WHITE ICE CREAM CO.**

**BEST**  
**ICE CREAM**  
**Phone 123**  
CORNER SALISBURY AND HARGETT STS.

---

**T. W. BLAKE, Raleigh, N. C.**  
**RICH JEWELRY      MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED**

---

**REGINALD HAMLET DRUG STORE**  
Saunders Street

---

**HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE**  
Phone 107  
**PROMPT DELIVERY**

---

HEARD AT THE EXERCISE CHART—"Three 'W'? What does that mean?  
Wednesday?"

---

**M. Rosenthal**  
**& Co.**  
**GROCERS**

**WILMINGTON and HARGETT STS.**

---

**MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND**  
**VISITING CARDS**

**CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED**  
Send for samples and prices

**Edwards & Broughton Printing**  
**Company**

**Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers**  
**RALEIGH, N. C.**

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### L. SCHWARTZ RICHMOND MARKET

Meats of All Kinds  
Raleigh, N. C.

**Calumet Tea and Coffee Company**  
51 and 53 Franklin St. Chicago, Ill.  
Proprietors of Calumet Coffee and Spice Mills.

**PERRY'S ART STORE**  
S. Wilmington St.

**California Fruit Store, 111 Fayetteville St., Raleigh**  
Fancy fruits and pure ice cream. Best equipped and most  
Sanitary ice cream factory in the state. Our cream is the  
'Quality Kind.' Send us your orders. California Fruit  
store, 111 Fayetteville St., Vurnakes & Co., Props., Raleigh.

**Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dry Cleaning Establishment**  
CARDWELL & O'KELLY, PROPRIETORS  
204 S. Salisbury St.

**HAYES & HALL—STUDIO**

*The Place of Revelation in Ready-to-Wear*

### THE BON MARCHE

**Garments of all Kinds for Discrimi-  
nating Ladies**

113 Fayetteville St.

Telephone 687

**MISSES REESE & COMPANY**  
MILLINERY

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**  
Phone 529

**ELLINGTON'S ART STORE**  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
Everything in Art.  
Embroidery Materials, Wools and Zephyrs.

**ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY**  
Made Fresh Every Day

**JOHN C. DREWRY**  
"MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE"

M. D. (tragically)—"Guess what! I'm sent to distention. No; I mean I'm  
districted."

# Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

**Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina**

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

**NORFOLK**

**RALEIGH  
NEW BERN  
GOLDSBORO**

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE  
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

*Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars*

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

H. S. LEARD, G. P. A.  
NORFOLK, VA.

J. F. MITCHELL, T. P. A.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading Hotel

Its Cafe one of the Best in the Country

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

#### Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE  
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.  
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?  
BERNARD L. CROCKER  
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.  
Fire Insurance and Investments

#### YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers  
Steam Fitters  
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

C. D. ARTHUR City Market  
FISH AND OYSTERS

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE  
AND SODA FOUNTAIN

Cor. Fayetteville and Hargett Sts.

# SOUTHERN RAILWAY

## Premier Carrier of the South

### Most Direce Line to all Points North, South, East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

O. F. YORK, Traveling Pass. Agent,  
Raleigh, N. C.

## THE FALL PROGRAM

---

- Sept. 16 (Thursday) The Opening.  
Sept. 18 (Saturday) Opening Reception.  
Sept. 25 (Saturday) 8:15 Sigma Lambda Reception.  
Oct. 2 (Saturday) 8:15 Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception.  
Oct. 9 (Saturday) 8:15 Alpha Rho Reception.  
Oct. 11 (Monday) 8:30 Faculty Recital.  
Oct. 16 (Saturday) 8:30 Ingraham (Peace-St. Mary's Concert)  
Oct. 20 (Wednesday) 1:30 State Fair Day.  
Oct. 25 (Monday) 3:00 Field Day.  
Oct. 30 (Saturday) 8:15 Hallowe'en Entertainment.  
Nov. 1 (Monday) Founders' Day.  
Nov. 6 (Saturday) 8:15 Annual Carnival.  
Nov. 20 (Saturday) 8:15 Inter-Class Parties.  
Nov. 25 (Thursday) Thanksgiving Day.  
Dec. 4 (Saturday) 8:30 "The Mikado."  
Dec. 11 (Saturday) 8:30 Dramatic Club.  
Dec. 16 (Thursday) 8:15 Christmas Entertainment.

*Location Central for the Carolinas.*

---

*Climate Healthy and Salubrious.*

---

# ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

*(for girls and young women)*

---

75th ANNUAL SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 15, 1916.

---

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGINS JANUARY 25, 1916.

---

*St. Mary's*  
*offers instruction in these*  
*Departments:*

- 1. *THE COLLEGE.*
- 2. *THE MUSIC SCHOOL.*
- 3. *THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.*
- 4. *THE ART SCHOOL.*
- 5. *THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL*

---

In 1915-16 are enrolled 275 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

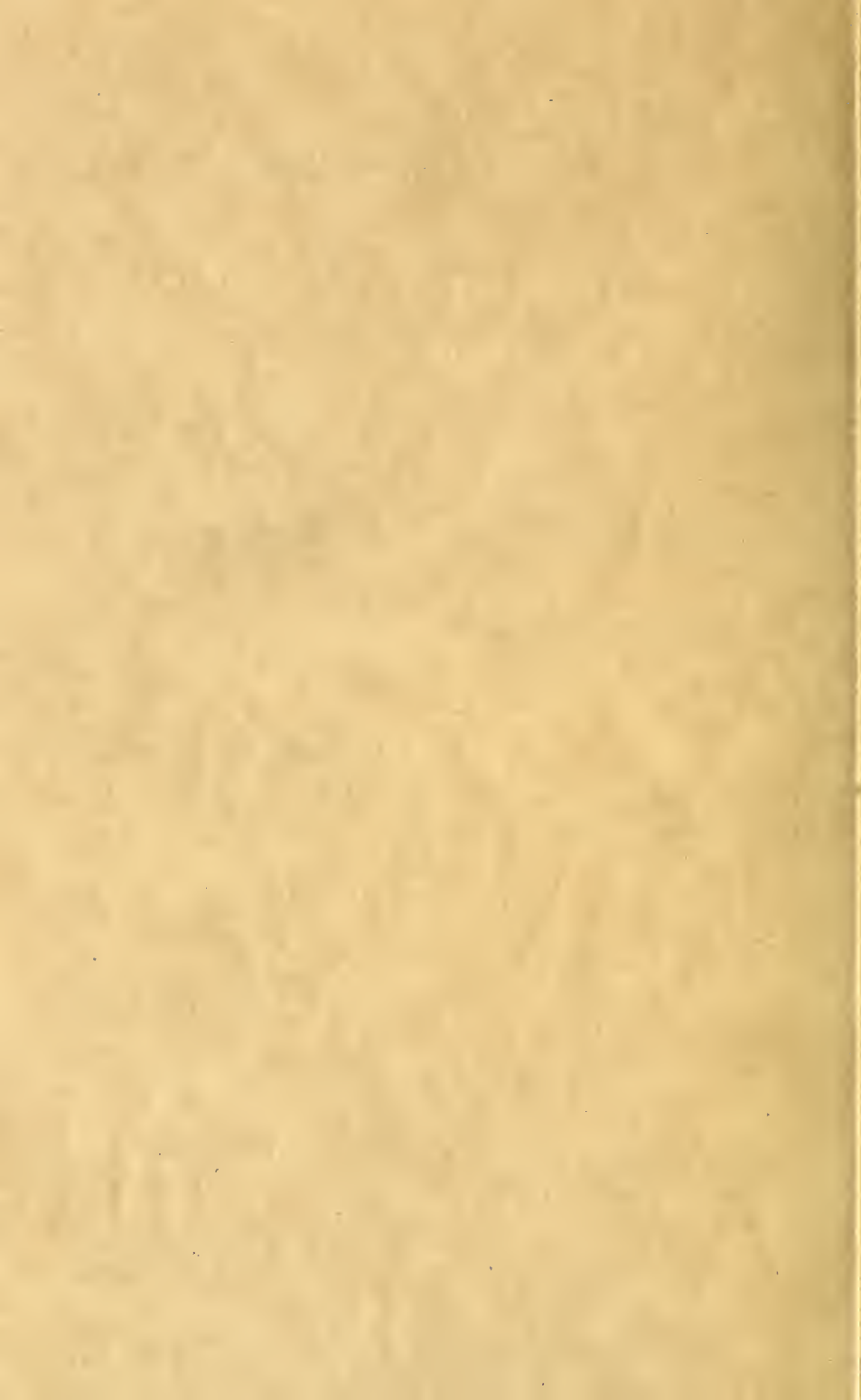
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*Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.*  
*Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and*  
*Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without*  
*slight to the Scholastic training.*

*For Catalogue and other information address*

*Rev. George W. Lay,*  
*Rector.*





The  
St. Mary's Muse

November, 1915

Autumn Number



Raleigh, N. C.

## THE FALL PROGRAM

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- 

The next number of the MUSE—the *Student Life Number*—will be published November 10th.

The *Founders' Day (Alumnae) Number* will be published November 20th, and the *December (Christmas) Number* December 1st.

# The St. Mary's Muse.

AUTUMN NUMBER

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VOL. XX.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

No. 2

---

## Autumn

---

A vague, haunting sadness broods over the earth;  
The forest's green banners are furled  
And the blue haze of Autumn like incense of prayer  
Hangs over the golden world.

A spirit of quiet and rest is abroad,  
And wild-throbbing nature lies still,  
For peace rests over the russet field  
And over the purple hill.

Dim memories are stirred by these golden days,  
Vague longings, and wistful regret,  
For the eve of the year, with its gentle appeal,  
Stirs man's soul, that he may not forget.

A. S. C., '16.

---

## Papette

---

ANNIE S. CAMERON, '16.

Papette had been in America a year. Yes, it would be a year tomorrow, since that terrible day. To Papette, swinging on the front gate in a quiet Southern village, it seemed more like a dreadful nightmare, than a grim reality.

But what a black nightmare for a little girl to remember!

She could close her eyes and see it all again. The hot, dusty road, the smoke from the burning village, the shrieks and cries and hoarse shouts in the distance, and she, poor, terror-stricken little Papette stumbling along the road, strangled with sobs, choked with dust, and blinded with tears.

It was just at that moment that the big red touring car had rounded

the curve in the road and, before she knew it, Papette was in the arms of a big man, sobbing out her terror, clinging to him and begging to be saved from the cruel soldiers.

There was only a moment of questioning and Papette was lifted into the car, which turned and sped back on the road it had come.

To the terrified child it seemed years that they rode thus, she clinging to the big man's knee, shaking with dread and almost deafened by the wild throbbing of her own heart.

The days that followed were blurred in her memory. There were long hours in the red car, stoppings at villages and towns, narrow escapes from the soldiers, and then, one day, they had gotten on a big ship and come across the wide ocean to America, to the big man's home.

Papette liked America, but never for an instant did she forget her own country. Every penny that came her way was hoarded for her little friends in Belgium, and every morning and night she prayed the dear God to take care of them.

As she swung on the gate in the afternoon sunlight, she counted for the hundredth time the little sum she had saved. One dollar she had earned running errands and then ten pennies a week for weeding the flower-beds, and she had weeded seven weeks. The arithmetic was too much for Papette's small head. She scrambled off the gate, to figure it on the ground with a stick. If she could only make it come out five! Five dollars would keep a little Belgian child fed and clothed and cared for for a month. How she longed to send that sum!

Perhaps it was a slight noise that attracted her attention. She looked up, gave a little cry, and ran through the gateway. Down the street came a very dilapidated little creature. His long silky hair was tangled and matted, his plummy tail hung with a disconsolate droop, he limped on three legs, and deep in his eyes was an appealing pathos.

How was Papette to know that back of all this dust and dejection lay a long pedigree? that the morning paper had flared a big "Lost" in its columns? To her he was merely a little dog in trouble and she gathered him with quick sympathy into motherly little arms.

"Oh, le beau petit chien," she crooned, hugging him tight. "I

shall take you quick to my Uncle Jean and ask him may I not keep you for always."

So, clinging to her treasure, Papette hurried toward John Brant's law office. At the bottom of the hill, a pony cart whizzed past her, then stopped with a jerk. A pretty girl jumped out and ran to her with eager questioning.

It was hard to understand her hurried English, but, after much explaining and repeating, Papette learned that the little dog belonged to her, that she had lost him the day before, that she had put a piece about him in the paper, that she was overjoyed at seeing him again.

"Wait!" cried the girl, and, taking the little dog in her arms, she ran to the pony cart. She was back in a minute, and thrust a shiny coin into Papette's hand.

"It's yours," she said, smiling at the little girl's look of doubt. "It's the reward for bringing the puppy back." Then stooping suddenly she kissed the amazed little face and, climbing back into the pony cart, whizzed away.

Papette stood quite still, gazing after her with wide-eyed wonder. Then she looked at the shiny coin. Her heart beat fast, she caught her breath. She looked again, fearfully, lest she should have been mistaken. A wave of color swept over her face and she broke into a run. Papette was a polite child, and always stopped to knock at John Brant's office door, but today there was time for no formalities. She burst into the room like a small cyclone.

"Mon Oncle," she cried shrilly, lapsing into French, as she always did in moments of excitement, "Regardez, regardez,—the prize, the reward,—Voilà!—two whole months—l'argent—for them, mes pauvres petits amis!"

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### The Story of a St. Mary's Girl

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BELGIAN FIELD HOSPITAL, ANTWERP, September 28, 1914.

"I'm here; I can't write much, but I am as happy as I can be in this awful time, working as hard as I can. The suffering is terrible. I cry my eyes out, but it is easier to be in the midst of it, however awful, if you can only help. Last night I nearly jumped out of my skin, the cannon sounded so near."

So wrote Madelon Battle, during the first days of the Antwerp

siege, to anxious friends in America. She was one of a small group who had volunteered their services and even their funds, to maintain a hospital for the Belgians who had been deprived of all means of caring for their own wounded.

The events of the days following her writing of the letter are admirably summed up in *Collier's* by Marie Van Vorst:

"I wish you could have brushed aside the veil of distance and have looked in on my little study, untouched and unchanged, for I have never put anything away in it. It is just as it was, except that the big war map covers the wall and the flags flutter outside the window. There was a bright fire on the hearth—you know its changing colors, its lilac and ruby flames. And there on the sofa was Madelon Hancock, in her dark blue and white dress, with the Red Cross on her breast; and sweet little nurse Wells, in the lilac and white of the London Hospital, with the fluttering folds of the veil cap on her head; and I wore the white of the American Ambulance. The two of them had just come from Antwerp, where they had been from the beginning in the British field hospital. There were tales that made mine absolutely pale. When the Germans came within range, they destroyed the aqueducts, and these nurses, with their hundred and seventy patients, were almost without water. Just think what that means in a hospital! The little they used had to be carried from distant wells. Madelon and the chief doctor together dug a cesspool for the refuse in the garden, and as they dug the shells flew about them, the bullets snipping the leaves from the trees; and they were such veterans by then and so hardened that they laughed even over their putrid work. These two women, with the other nurses, evacuated the hospital, packing those miserable, mutilated bodies like sardines in the omnibus which a few weeks before had been rolling around in London with the traveling public. And Madelon and Miss Wells were fifteen hours traveling through the day and night with their poor suffering load—the bandages soaked and soaked again, the dangling limbs, just amputated, some of them and scarcely dressed. Think of it, all the courage and fortitude demanded of these women, and the nerve! They were obliged to make detours to escape the live electric wires placed by the Germans across the road. Their last ambulance had scarcely left the pontoon bridge across the Scheldt



when it was blown up behind them. Through the sound and the cries of war, with the wounded in the busses groaning and crying out, themselves nearly wet to the bone and icy cold, they drove to Ghent, there to safely place their charges, only to be told to evacuate again. On to Ostend—on to boats for England. Out of the hundred and seventy only three died on the way, and these girls, with a few others, brought their hurt children safely into port.”

The next station for these brave volunteers was at Furnes, but they were shelled out of there and one nurse lost her life.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hancock had been granted a short leave of absence to join her husband at Cairo, where his troops were on the point of leaving for the Dardanelles. She was seriously ill and by special favor the journey from Dunkirk to Paris was made in the Naval Division air-ship, a rapid and daring flight with Germans in pursuit. Soon she was back again where the great guns were booming all around and the shells shrieking overhead, heartbroken to see Furnes deserted and Ypres in flames. The Belgian Field Hospital no longer had a permanent home. Now it moves forward when the allies advance. A letter during the summer says: “The wards are sheds out in the lovely green fields on the Ypres road. All the ambulances are lined up under the big trees. I sleep in the open by a brook. The sky is wonderful—a weird green light with flashes and bursts of flames as the shells explode. The position of the hospital is unique. Wherever the Belgian army moves, they are always to be within sound of the guns or near enough to render immediate aid and far enough away so that the wounded will not be shelled in their beds.” Then the duties of a Red Cross nurse are different from those in the base hospitals. Madelon has been out in the trenches again and again to bring in the wounded, often under fire. The demand upon power and endurance is great, because the wounded come in rushes. Severe wounds must be treated within twelve hours and surgeon and nurse must work day and night. Here it is, too, that the wounded are sorted out and sent to the different base hospitals as quickly as possible, in order to make room for the newcomers from the field of battle.

We are told that Madelon is the only American girl in active service at the front, and her skill, her bravery, and her whole-hearted

devotion have won for her the nickname of "Glory." We of St. Mary's are proud to claim her as our very own, a girl of Old St. Mary's and of the Old South.

JANET GLEN.

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## SCHOOL NEWS

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### September 22—The Faculty Reception

The first Faculty Reception of the year was held in the parlor on Wednesday afternoon, September 22d. It was attended by a goodly company, including many alumnae, ever welcome guests at the School. Tea was served by members of the Senior Class and the afternoon passed very pleasantly.

### September 23—Student Assembly

Instead of the regular talk on the first Thursday night, the assembly, after a few words from Miss Thomas, was given over to the student body. It was presided over by Mary Floyd, the president of the Senior Class, and several of the Seniors made short talks on different subjects connected with school life.

### September 25—Sigma Lambda Reception

On Saturday evening, September 25th, the Sigma Lambda's gave their annual reception in honor of their new members. At the door of the beautifully decorated Muse Room all were cordially welcomed by Miss Thomas and Miss Relyea, president of the society. Delicious punch was served by Misses Virginia Allen and Laura Beatty, while Misses Badham, Drape, Brigham and Brinley served a tempting salad course. After the popping of the favors the guests left, assuring all that they had spent a most delightful evening. .

### September 30—Miss Glen's Talk

The first regular Thursday Night Talk was made by Miss Glen. Her subject was one of the deepest interest to all of us, for it was the story of an old St. Mary's girl, and one of whom we may well be proud—Mrs. Mortimer Hancock, who is now in the Red Cross service at Hoogestadt, Belgium, and who used to be Madelon Battle of St. Mary's.

As far as we know, she is the only American woman who holds an official position at the front. Mrs. Hancock has been in the Red Cross

work ever since the beginning of the European war, and has been exposed to all sorts of dangers, having been in the shelling of Furnes and Antwerp. We have read interesting articles about Morning Glory, as she has been called, and of the great work she is doing for the wounded and destitute at the front, and we are very proud to remember that she is a St. Mary's girl.

#### October 2—Dr. and Mrs. Lay's Reception to the Faculty

On Saturday afternoon, October 2d, Dr. and Mrs. Lay held a delightful reception for the Faculty on their lawn from five to six o'clock. Punch, salad and candies were served by Ellen and Lucy and everyone found it to be a most pleasant occasion.

#### October 2—A "Bloomer Party"

One of the most successful events of the year was the Bloomer Party given by the members of the Sigma and Mu Athletic Associations to their new members. The party was held in the Gymnasium, which was decorated with flags and banners of the two associations. At one end of the room the punch table, covered with green vines, was presided over by Josephine Myers. The girls were attired in Gym' costume, the Sigmas wearing red ties and the Mus black ones.

The fun was started by a very exciting "Tug of War" between the clubs. After much laughing, pulling and tugging, the red ties were victorious. And then what a rush for the punch bowl! The girls crowded around the bowl to quench their thirst and returned to the games with renewed vigor.

The next event was a game of "Dodge Ball," which was won by the Mus. Various other games were played during the afternoon, such as "Pass Ball," "Goose and Gander," etc.

The most exciting event of the afternoon, however, was the Relay Race. The Sigmas lined up on one side and the Mus on the other. The excitement was intense after the referee had given the signal to start. The Mus were victorious after a close race.

The success of the party was due to the untiring efforts of Anne Brinley and Annie Robinson, the presidents of the two associations.

V. C. A., '17.

#### October 2—Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception

On Saturday night, October 2d, the annual reception of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society was held in the Muse Room. The color

scheme of the Muse Room being green, it was easy to carry out the colors of the society, which are olive and gold, and the decorations were very attractive. After passing down the receiving line, which was composed of Helen Wright, president of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Society; Frances Geitner, president of the Alpha Rho; Eleanor Rel-yea, president of the Sigma Lambda; Fannie Stallings, first vice-president, and Alice Latham, second vice-president of the E.A.P., we were served with punch by Josephine Wilson. The delicious salad course was served by Annabelle Converse, Elmyra Jenkins, Janet Fairley, Ellen Lay, Selena Galbraith, and Violet Bray.

The last of the guests left at the ringing of the 9:30 bell, all the new girls being delighted with the idea of becoming members of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society. N. R., '17.

#### October 5—Inter-Society Meeting

The first Inter-Society Meeting of the year was held in the Parlor, Tuesday night, October 5th, with Helen Wright, president of the E.A.P. Society, presiding. All the old and new girls were there to hear papers on the question of the effect of the war on the Balkans read by Ruby Thorn, Josephine Wilson, and Mary Floyd. After this program the meeting adjourned. F. R. G., '16.

#### October 6—Mrs. Cruikshank Entertains the Faculty

On Wednesday afternoon, October the 6th, Mrs. Cruikshank entertained the Faculty at a most delightful tea. It was a cold, rainy afternoon, just the time when a bright room and good company are most enjoyed.

The guests were sure that the Welsh rarebit was the best they had ever eaten and the other refreshments were delicious. The tea table was presided over by Miss Lee and the refreshments were served by two of the Seniors. Every one was sorry to go and declared that it had been a most pleasant occasion. But this would not have been considered the end of the festivities by any one who had witnessed the joy with which "Senior Hall" entered after the departure of the guests and "finished up" the party.

#### October 7—Miss Thomas' Talk

On Thursday night, October 7th, Miss Thomas made a short talk about the encouraging facts in going to school. She reminded us

that whether we knew it or not, this period of faithful study and daily routine was storing up for us that which would be of the greatest joy and value in after life, and that by thus broadening our interests we would increase a thousand fold our interest and pleasure in every thing with which we came in contact and thus climb higher and higher up the Mountain of Knowledge, from which we might look out over the world and see all sorts of beautiful things.

#### October 8—Knox-Emerson Concert

On Friday night, October 8th, many of the girls enjoyed attending the concert given by Miss Emilie Rose Knox and little Lillian Emerson. Miss Knox is an old St. Mary's girl, and we are watching her musical career with great pride and interest. Lillian Emerson's mother also attended St. Mary's.

#### October 9—Alpha Rho Reception

The Muse Room was the scene of a very enjoyable event on Saturday night, October 9th, when the annual Alpha Rho Reception was held in honor of the new girls. The guests, upon entering, were cordially welcomed by Frances Geitner, president of the society; Estelle Ravenel, vice-president; Robena Carter, secretary; Nellie Rose, treasurer, and Helen Wright, president of the E.A.P. Society. Josephine Myers presided at the punch bowl, which was very attractively decorated with autumn leaves. A delicious salad course was served by Anna May Freeman, Clara Mardre and Virginia Williams. When the time came to leave on every side could be heard "What a lovely reception!" or "How attractive the Muse Room looks with its decorations of goldenrod and autumn leaves!" and everybody had a "perfectly wonderful" time.

K. D., '18.

#### October 11—Faculty Recital

On Monday night, October 11th at 8:30 o'clock was given the first Faculty Recital of the season in the Auditorium.

The *News and Observer* said of the Recital:

The Faculty Concert at St. Mary's Monday evening was greatly enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience. A Mozart player is rare even among musicians but in the opening number (a sonata for violin and piano) Miss Muriel Abbott and Mr. R. Blinn Owen proved themselves among the initiated, and their interpretation of the great master's art was a joy to those who heard and understood.



Miss Zona Shull, Soprano, sang a group of songs in which the purity and flexibility of her voice were admirably revealed. "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" and "Before the Dawn," were special favorites.

Miss N. Agatha Phillips played a Chopin group with excellent effect. Her tone is rich and full and she combines good technique with delicacy and poetical feeling in her interpretations.

Miss Abbott held her audience as always in a charming group for violin, and after the "Tambourin" there was a storm of applause which would not be satisfied until she played an encore—a selection with an inspiring rhythm and haunting melody.

The program ended with a duet from "Pagliacci" delightfully sung by Miss Shull and Mr. Owen.

The full program was as follows:

Sonata in E flat .....	Mozart
(a) The Leaves and the Wind .....	Leoni
(b) Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal .....	Quilter
(c) Before the Dawn .....	Meyer
Etude, Op. 10, No. 12	{ ..... Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1	
Waltz, E minor	
(a) Indian Lament .....	Dvorak-Kreisler
(b) Chanson—Meditation .....	R. Cottenet
(c) Tambourin Chinois .....	Kreisler
Duet from "Pagliacci"—"Silvio! a quest 'ora" .....	Leoncavallo

MISS SHULL AND MR. OWEN

(Miss Phillips at the Piano)

#### October 14—Mrs. Jones' Thursday Talk

On Thursday evening, October 14th, the short talk was by Mrs. W. J. Jones of Salemburg, N. C., who had been for several days the guest of Mrs. Lay. Mrs. Lay is this year Chairman of the Social Service Department of the Woman's Club of Raleigh and Mrs. Jones, who is one of the leaders in the Model Community Work which is being done at Salemburg, came to Raleigh to speak before Mrs. Lay's Department. Her talk in the Schoolroom gave us the message "Do something to help somebody" and it was the more brought home to us by our knowledge of the splendid work she herself is doing in her school for country girls.



## October 16—Frances Ingram, Contralto

On Saturday night, the 16th, the Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series of 1915-16 was opened in the St. Mary's Auditorium.

The *News and Observer* said:

The Peace-St. Mary's Artist Course opened the season last evening by presenting to the musical public of Raleigh the eminent contralto, Frances Ingram, in a charming recital. Miss Ingram possesses a voice of remarkable richness, power and sweetness.

She is above all a dramatic singer and a program as given by her last evening, makes the music lover long to hear her in opera, but still she is able to hold her audience in the more lyric numbers. Her numbers were varied and delightfully contrasted. For the aria she chose the *fara senza Euridice*, singing it with a wealth of tone and power. The *Sapphic Ode* also was splendidly done. In direct contrast to the above were dainty songs by Lemaire and Hugo Wolf. A very unusual offering was an encore demanded after the end of the program when she came out and sang with the simplicity of a little child the dear old hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." She was ably assisted by Mr. Arthur Fram at the piano. His accompaniments were artistically done and his solo playing made the audience wish for more of it.

The program was as follows:

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| I. Il mio del foco (Old Italian) .....                       | Marcello           |
| O del mio dolce ardor (Old Italian) .....                    | Gluck              |
| Early one Morning .....                                      | Old English        |
| Oh, No, John .....   | Old English        |
| II. Aria from Orfeo (Che fara senza Euridice) .....          | Gluck              |
| III. Lockruf .....   | Ruckauf            |
| Sapphic Ode .....  | Brahms             |
| Matchens Erste Liebe .....                                   | Hugo Wolf          |
| Zueignung .....  | Strauss            |
| IV. Allegro moderato Movement from Fantaisie in A Minor..... | Godard             |
| MR. FRAM   |                    |
| V. Beau Soir .....   | Debussy            |
| Vous dansez, Marquise .....                                  | Lemaire            |
| Morning .....  | Rachmaninoff       |
| Hopak .....  | Moussorgsky        |
| VI. Aria from Herodiate (Il est Doux) .....                  | Massenet           |
| VII. Sing to me, Sing! .....                                 | Sidney Homer       |
| By the Waters of Minnetonka .....                            | Thurlow Lieurance  |
| The Cry of Rachel .....                                      | Mary Turner Salter |
| I Know my Love (West Ireland).....                           | Old Irish          |
| Peace .....  | Gertrude Ross      |

**October 18-23—The State Fair**

Fair Week! That name will always bring back happy memories. No one minded going to school on Monday with Wednesday and Thursday to look forward to.

Although excitement had reigned supreme for days before, the true celebration began with the trip down town on Tuesday night, Miss Thomas taking the Seniors and Miss Sutton the Juniors. Neither party would admit that the other could have had as good a time as they, and no one who did not go can imagine how wonderful it was.

Wednesday morning was filled with excitement due to the arrival of the "folks from home" and the meeting of friends. The Floral Parade at noon was thoroughly enjoyed in spite of the driving rain. At two o'clock the majority of the School sallied forth to the Fair, returning late that afternoon loaded down with candy and yardsticks, popcorn and balloons, dead-tired but supremely happy.

It was indeed a blessing to have Thursday for a day of rest and everybody took advantage of it except the lucky ones who could go out with their families and those who had energy enough left to go to the South Carolina-A. & M. football game.

Every one had a glorious time and wished that Fair Week could come oftener than once a year.

**October 20—Gilmer-Sorrentino Concert**

On Wednesday night, October 20th, many of the girls had the pleasure of attending the concert given in the city Auditorium by Miss Josephine Gilmer and Signor Umberto Sorrentino.

The concert was greatly enjoyed by all and was made especially interesting to those of St. Mary's by the fact that Miss Gilmer was herself a "St. Mary's girl."

**October 25—The Annual Track Meet**

On Monday, October 25th, under perfect weather conditions, the Second Annual Track Meet was held between the two athletic associations. The Sigmas, brilliant with red ties, were first to march upon the field; then, a few minutes later, appeared the blue-bedecked Mus.

Spirit and enthusiasm was manifested by the splendid yells ably led by the cheer-leaders, Rosalyn Kincaid for Sigma, and Alice

Latham for Mu. In the events every girl, whether contestant or official, did her very best, which made the meet such a great success.

The final result was victory for the Sigmas by a score of 117 to 81 points, reversing the Mu victory of last year, and so increasing the interest in the further contests between the rivals.

The two associations will meet in Basket-ball on Monday, November 1st, and the Tennis Tournament will begin on Monday, November 8.

The record of the Track Meet is as follows:

- I. 25 Yard Dash: Jensen, *Sigma*, first; Holmes, *Mu*. and A. Cameron, *Sigma*, second.  
 II. Hurl Ball: Won by *Mu*. 56. *Sigma*, 47.  
 III. Running Broad Jump.

<i>Mu.</i>		<i>Sigma.</i>	
Askew .....	12 ft. 11 in.	Hoke .....	12 ft. 3 in.
Bourne .....	12 4	Waddell .....	11 5
Brinley .....	11 5	Taylor .....	11 3
Knight .....	10 11	Jensen .....	11 1
Burke .....	10 9	Ravenel .....	10 9
Beatty .....	10 8	Cameron .....	10 9

Won by *Sigma*—greatest average 10 ft. 5 in.

*Mu.*—8 ft. 9 in. (Two girls overstepping lowered *Mu* average)

Score: For greatest average: *Sigma*—15 points

For longest jump—*Mu* 5 points.

Last year's record: Askew—13 ft. 1 in.

- IV. Obstacle Race: Won by *Mu*—20 points.

- V. Basket-ball Distance Throw:

<i>Mu.</i>		<i>Sigma.</i>	
Brinley .....	66 ft. 6 in.	Waddell .....	67 ft. 9 in.
Walker .....	56 4	Woolford .....	61 11
Burke .....	55 5	Robinson .....	56 4
Shepherd .....	53 11	Tucker .....	56 4
Beatty .....	53 0	Daniels .....	52 9
Stockton .....	51 8	Taylor .....	50 10
Collins .....	49 0	Albertson .....	46 6
E. B. Lay .....	47 4	Mullins .....	46 3
Bourne .....	45 10	Denham .....	44 9
Bennett .....	43 5	Ravenel .....	43

Average: 50 4                      Average: 50 8

Score: For greatest average—*Sigma* 15 points.

For longest throw: *Sigma*—5 points.

(Last year's record, Brinley—58 ft. 2 in.)

- VI. Relay Race: Won by *Sigma*, Score—20 points

Final Score: *Sigma*, 117; *Mu*, 81.

### School Personals

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EMMA BADHAM, '17, AND NELLIE ROSE, '17.

On October 3d we had a very pleasant visit from Agnes Barton, who is now studying in the University of North Carolina.

Julia Bryan had a visit from her father, October 3d.

Constance Kent's mother spent several days with her last week.

Margaret Best received a visit from her mother, Monday, October 4th.

Doris Swett's father was here October 4th.

Fannie Biggs Martin had a very pleasant visit from her father, Monday, October 4th.

The girls have enjoyed frequent visits from Arabelle Thomas, who has been staying in Raleigh with her sister, Mrs. Brent S. Drane.

Annie Cameron and Rebecca Wall had a visit from Miss Sue Hayes and Miss Lawrence of Hillsboro, N. C.

We had a short visit on Sunday, October 10th, from Misses Lanie Hales and Gladys Smith.

Miss Richards, a mission worker at St. Augustine's, took dinner with Mr. Lay, October 7th.

Frances Geitner enjoyed a visit from her father on Sunday, October 10th.

Virginia Allen has had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Royster of Hickory.

Rena Harding had a very pleasant visit from her brother-in-law, Prof. Henry, of Chapel Hill, on October 13th.

Miss Mary Pride Jones of New York spent Thursday, October 14th, at the School with her sister, Mrs. Cruikshank, on her way from Oxford to visit her brother, Mr. Cad Jones, in Ozark, Ala.

Katherine Drane enjoyed a visit from her father, Rev. R. B. Drane of Edenton, in October. Dr. Drane was en route to Sewanee to attend the meeting of the Missionary Council there.

Elizabeth Corbitt, Margaret Best, Robena Carter, Mae Tredwell, Hattie Copeland and Margaret Marston have recently had visits from their mothers.

Nellie Rose has had a very pleasant visit from her younger sister, Josephine, and Elizabeth Dorsey has enjoyed visits from her father and sister.

Emma Badham and Julia Bryan had their fathers with them on Sunday, October 24th, and Alice Hughes of Henderson visited her sister, Aline Hughes, during the Fair.

Mattie Moyer Adams, '15, of Durham paid us a brief and pleasant visit recently, the guest of Katherine Stewart.

Dr. and Mrs. Lay had a very pleasant and restful week at Virginia Beach the latter part of October and we are very glad to have them back again.

On Saturday evening, October 24th, "Room 23, Main Building"—the two Hattie Copelands, Margaret Marston and Miriam Holli-day, entertained some forty of their friends at a delightful party. A salad course, followed by ice cream, was greatly enjoyed, and everyone had a lovely time.

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### A Hallowe'en Party to the Muse Club

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On Saturday night, October 24th, Mr. Cruikshank gave the Muse Club a delightful Hallowe'en party. The Muse Room was bright in Hallowe'en decorations, black owls stared at us from the walls while witches, ghosts and cats appeared on the table. Favors and souvenirs were at each place. Between courses we were entertained by Hallowe'en games and puzzles. At the end of this most enjoyable evening Miss Thomas expressed for us our appreciation and thanks to Mr. Cruikshank for the nicest party we have been to this year.

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### The Art Department at the State Fair

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This year as usual St. Mary's Art Department made a good showing at the State Fair. Miss Fenner regretted having no oil

work, but that the exhibit was a good one is manifested by the five blue ribbons that it won. Prizes were taken in almost every department. One was taken for advanced work in charcoal, one for tinted charcoal, one for original design, one for applied design and one for clay modeling. During the year the studio may be overlooked by visitors but during Fair week and at Commencement are surely shown the good results of Miss Fenner's teaching.

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### Bits of Optimism

An optimist and pessimist—  
 The difference is droll.  
 The optimist sees the doughnut,  
 The pessimist sees the hole.

---

Don't you hunt foh trouble;  
 Jis' ten' to what you's got.  
 It ain't no special credit  
 Even if you fin's a lot.

---

No use in sighin'—  
 Tellin' of yo' woe!  
 Ef you can't swim de river,  
 You must let de river go!

---

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;  
 It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.  
 When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,  
 W'y rain's my choice. —Riley.

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### Tarry Not

The road to yesterday—  
 Why travel it?  
 A tangled skein, so why  
 Unravel it?  
 The future calls you on,  
 The past is dead,  
 And all you hope to do  
 Lies just ahead.



# The St. Mary's Muse.

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Subscription Price  
Single Copies

One Dollar.  
Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.,  
in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.  
Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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## EDITORIAL

### What the Alumnae Can Do to Help

Although we are assured of the love and loyalty of the alumnae, we feel that we do not enjoy this mutual benefit to as great an extent as we might.

We want to get in closer touch with them, to know where they are and what they are doing, and we want them to take an interest in us and our work. We want them to know about the school, what we have done, what we are doing, and what we hope to do ; for after all, it is the influence of the alumnae on the outside that is the greatest help.

We especially wish that those in town would attend the receptions, concerts, plays, and other affairs of general interest that happen here. They are very welcome guests and we are always glad to see them.

We wish, too, that all the alumnae would take the MUSE, not as a matter of financial assistance, but to form a closer bond between us, that they may know what we are doing and that we, through its pages, may more and more gain news of them.

## Founders' Day

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"All Saints" has always been a special day at St. Mary's. The importance given to it by the founder, Dr. Aldert Smedes, was emphasized by his son and successor, Dr. Bennett Smedes, who made it one of the two days in the Church year, Ascension Day being the second, when the day-pupils were especially asked to be present at the Eucharistic Feast.

It has always been the desire of those in charge of the Chapel to have it especially beautiful on "All Saints." The writer has many cherished memories of the "little brown Chapel" as it looked when, beautified by autumn leaves and chrysanthemums, it seemed to speak to us of those who had gone before.

Most fitting was it, therefore, that Dr. Bratton, third Rector of St. Mary's, should set apart this day so closely associated with the two Smedes rectors, as a day on which we should remember all who have helped to carry on at St. Mary's the work begun and strengthened by them.

Among those specially memorialized now, on this day, is the Rev. McNeely DuBose, fourth Rector of St. Mary's. The Chapel was his first interest. Through his influence St. Mary's girls were led to place there many memorials which now make it more than ever the place we all love.

Among St. Mary's daughters, Mrs. Kate deRosset Meares, first Lady Principal and co-worker with Rev. Bennett Smedes, will be lovingly thought of by those who knew her. In spite of other pressing duties, the Chapel music was one of her special interests, and she gave to the girls under her charge the benefit of her own enthusiasm and love of music.

In St. Mary's Chapel, for sixty years hallowed by the presence and faithful labors of men and women who have gone to their reward, we may on "All Saints" have our part in singing—

"For all thy saints who from their labors rest,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia."

K. McK.

## The Rector's Trips

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From October 12th to the 14th Dr. Lay attended the Convocation of Raleigh, which was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd. This is one of the Convocations among which the work of the Diocese of North Carolina is divided, and to each of which a regular offering is made during the school year. The other two divisions are the Convocation of Charlotte and the Convocation of the Colored People. Dr. Lay will attend the Charlotte Convocation from October 26th to the 28th.

On November 18th the Rector will speak, by invitation of Bishop Nelson, at the Convention of the Diocese of Atlanta, in Columbus, Ga., on "The Value of a Church School for Girls."

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## THE MONTH AHEAD

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### The Athletic Program

This year athletics have started off with a vim and each club is preparing for victory. We are glad to see so many out on the courts practicing for basketball, and we hope and know that the enthusiasm will keep up. Even though you do not play, come out and give the players your support—for it is as much your part to cheer as it is theirs to play the game.

This is the programme:

#### October 25—Field Day

1. Seventy-five Foot Dash:

All Mus and Sigmas are to be run off to the two best of each. Then they run, the first winner gaining ten points for her team, the second eight and the third three.

2. Hurl Ball:

This is an interesting and exciting game which isn't a bit complicated. Anyone can enter.

3. Obstacle Race:

Something entirely new.

4. Running Broad Jump:

Last year's record, 13 feet, 1 inch—Espeth Askew. Try to beat it.

5. Relay Race.

### October 25-November 6—Tennis Tournament

The finals are to be played November 6th, which games will naturally be the most exciting. All entries must be signed up by October 23d. Even though you are not a good player, *enter!* Show your enthusiasm and so uphold your good players. Those who don't play, come out and cheer for the girls who represent your club. Letters are awarded the three winners.

### November 1—Basket Ball Game

As near as possible, these teams will be composed of, so far, the best players of each club. But this does not mean that these players are going to be the girls of the first team who will receive letters at the end of the year.

### November 15—Basket Ball Game

This game is between the second teams. The winning of this game means as much to each club as the winning of a first-team game. Do not miss seeing it, as we guarantee it will be exciting.

A. C. L., '17.

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## The Hallowe'en Party

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On Saturday night, October 30th, will be held the annual Hallowe'en Party in the Gymnasium. This is always one of the nicest events of the year and no one who has seen it can ever forget the fantastic "grand march" of the whole School in costume: witches, ghosts, gypsies, sailor lads, milk maids, fairies and scarecrows jostle each other at the fortune teller's booth or mingle in the dance. We hope the Hallowe'en party will be even a greater success than ever this year, so if you have not already done so, plan your costume and choose your partner, and above all do not fail to be one of that jolly crowd of freaks and fairies.

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## Founders' Day

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November 1st, All Saints' Day, has a special significance for St. Mary's, for it is Founders' Day, a time set aside for the memory of those who have made St. Mary's what it is.

## Other Coming Events

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Some time before Christmas, Mr. Owen's Chorus Class will present the popular Japanese opera, "Mikado," by Gilbert and Sullivan. All who witnessed the successful operetta "Trial by Jury" of last year are looking forward to this event with greatest pleasure and enthusiasm.

On Saturday night, November 6th, a grand Carnival will be held by the Muse Club. Any one who has ever attended one of them can bear witness to the pure fun the Carnival affords. There will be all sorts of new attractions; among some familiar ones we hope to see and hear Jo Wilson's "famous ragtime band." And do not forget all the good things to eat and save your money for the grand event.

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## Lithpth

Thuthie and Thaddie and Thethelia were thitherth! Thuthie wath thad and thober. Thaddie wath theerful and thmiling. Her thitherth thought the wath thilly.

And one day Thethelia wath walking home from thurth with Thamuel Thimpton, and Thuthie and Thaddie were thitting on the fenth thwinging their thlipperth.

Then thuthie and Thaddie thaid, "Oh, Thethelia, why do you thmile tho thilly?"

But Thethelia kept on walking with Thamuel Thimpton, and Truthie and Thaddie are thill thitting on the fenth.

---

## The Way to Take It

Dis de way to take it

In a worl' er loss:

Ef you can't swim the river,

Let de yuther feller cross!

Maybe w'en he swim it—

Stemmin' er de tide—

He'll light on a ferryboat

On de yuther side!

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

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## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	- - -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
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SECRETARY	- - - -	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	- - - -	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

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## The Founders' Day Meeting, 1915

This MUSE, delayed in press, will appear just about Founders' Day—All Saints'—November 1st. It will hardly reach the Alumnae in time to bring a further word from the School to wish success to these Founders' Day Meetings. But word has already gone out by letter from the School to the several Chapters and groups that should become Chapters, and our hope is high that the next MUSE will chronicle a most inspiring observance of Founders' Day.

The Alumnae are a very vital factor in the continuing prosperity and growth of the School. The Alumnae cannot reach or keep their greatest effectiveness as Alumnae, whether collectively or as individuals, without more or less regular meetings. Two days each year have been set aside for these meetings: Founders' Day, November 1st, and Alumnae Day, May 12th. At about these dates wherever there is sufficient Alumnae interest there should be meetings.

Merely the gathering together of the old St. Mary's girls to talk of St. Mary's is in itself worth while, but it is possible to make the meetings even more than merely interesting.

Founders' Day this year finds us in the midst of the first thoroughly serious attempt in some years to accomplish certain definite objects in which the Alumnae are primarily interested and which must depend on the Alumnae if they are to meet with success. The success of two of these objects will be determined by the Alumnae interest and response at this time: (1) The Alumnae Register; (2) The Alumnae Scholarship Endowment.



Following several years of talk there was launched the past month the first complete campaign to accomplish these two objects. Because comparatively so few of the Alumnae are members of Chapters the call was made to the individual Alumnae and not to the Chapters. The primary purpose of the campaign was to bring the call to every living Alumna of St. Mary's. Only by the concerted help of all the Alumnae in touch with the School can even this first purpose be even approximately attained. It is estimated that there are at present between 2,500 and 3,000 Alumnae of St. Mary's living. Seemingly correct addresses were available for 1,500 letters, reaching about 1,700 Alumnae. The other 1,000 Alumnae have, most of them, probably, not yet had the campaign brought to their attention. The two weeks before Founders' Day were allotted as the time for the Alumnae to be thinking over the matter. The Founders' Day Meetings should bring the matters squarely before the collected Alumnae. Following Founders' Day we will devote the two months before the holidays to following out the suggestions of the Founders' Day Meetings and giving the Alumnae the fullest opportunity, individually, to help with the movement. Early in January we shall publish the Alumnae Register, made as correct as the Alumnae have enabled us to make it; we shall report to the Alumnae the result of the effort for the Scholarship Fund and leave further action for the Alumnae.

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### **Outline of the Purpose of a Brief Alumnae Campaign, October 15-30, 1915**

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The purposes of the campaign are three. A brief summary of each of them is given here.

#### **I. THE PREPARATION OF AN UP-TO-DATE ALUMNAE REGISTER.**

It is a matter of much interest to the Alumnae, and of decided importance to the School, that there should be a published list of the Alumnae with their present names and addresses and such other information as can be given in such a record. Without this both the Alumnae Association and the School are often handicapped. Spasmodic work on this register has been done from time to time the past

ten years, and it is near enough completion to be completed in this campaign with the coöperation of all interested. It is planned in this register to give so far as possible an alphabetical list of the Alumnæ of St. Mary's (both living and dead, by their maiden names), with their schoolday addresses and the years they were at school; to give the married names of the married Alumnæ, the date of marriage, and the present address; in the case of those who are dead, to give the date of death and the address at the time of death.

The present address of about one-quarter of the Alumnæ is not known at the School. It is our belief that this number can be reduced to less than five per cent by the end of the campaign.

The list of the Alumnæ of the School is presumably complete from 1879 to the present. Before that date there are no records surviving. The list of Alumnæ prior to 1879 will, therefore, necessarily be incomplete. The list as published will contain the names of all those at present known at the School and of all those of whom information may be had during the campaign.

Your coöperation is asked, (1) in supplying any necessary information about yourself, (2) in supplying similar information about any of your friends, and (3) in giving names and such facts as you can about the Alumnæ of the School before 1879.

Blanks for this information are enclosed.

## II. COMPLETION OF THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

The Alumnæ Association completed its second work—the rebuilding of the Chapel—in 1904. In 1907 it was decided to make its next work the establishment of two scholarships of \$3,000 each in honor of Mrs. Mary Iredell and Miss Kate McKimmon, both so well known to every St. Mary's girl. At that time it was planned to have this scholarship fund raised by the end of five years. Many things interfered and the important point at present is that up to now only \$3,500 of the \$6,000 has been raised. Such a depressing effect has this had on the Alumnæ activity that some of the leading Alumnæ have even advocated the closing of the Scholarship Fund uncompleted rather than to have it drag on longer. The New York and Chapel Hill Chapters before the annual meeting of the Association last May decided to urge upon the Association and the several Chapters and the

individual Alumnæ, the advisability of closing the Scholarship Fund by the coming Founder's Day, and a resolution endorsing this proposition was passed by the Association at the annual meeting in May. The letter of the Chapel Hill Chapter to the Alumnæ in general is sent you herewith. It is not a propitious time for raising funds, but few of us are so placed that we can not do a little in this matter if we are fully interested. The Chapel Hill Chapter set five dollars as the gift it hoped that as many as possible of the Alumnæ would make to this end. Every gift, however small, will help, but in order to accomplish the purpose it will be necessary for all to contribute something.

As you probably know, by resolution of the Association several years ago it was decided to pay the interest on the invested funds already raised to Mrs. Iredell and Miss McKimmon during their lifetime, and then to give the funds to the School, the interest to be applied to the scholarships.

You are asked to do what you can in this matter, to do it promptly, and to bring it to the attention of as many as possible of the other Alumnæ.

Blanks are enclosed. Checks should be made out to Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Treasurer of the Alumnæ Association.

### III. ENLARGE THE USEFULNESS OF THE MUSE.

As most Alumnæ know, THE MUSE is the student publication of the School, issued monthly during the School year. It was re-established in 1904 and was made the official organ of the Alumnæ in 1909.

The Rector has often been asked how the Alumnæ could best help him in his work for the School. He always replies that the first step is for the Alumnæ to be thoroughly posted on the facts concerning the School and what is happening at the School. He feels that this information can best be had through THE MUSE, and if THE MUSE was more widely subscribed for by the Alumnæ a long step would be taken in getting the Alumnæ into closer touch with present-day St. Mary's affairs. If THE MUSE had even five hundred paid subscriptions it could be mailed at second-class rates at a considerable saving. The subscription to THE MUSE is only one dollar a year and, while sub-

scribers pay only for THE MUSE, all the official Bulletins of the School, including the School catalogue, are sent to MUSE subscribers without special request on their part. While this campaign is to last but three weeks, every effort will be made at the School to hold any ground gained in the campaign and to continue to increase Alumnae interest, and the way the Alumnae and the School can best hold the ground gained is by making THE MUSE better and having all the Alumnae read it.

You are asked, therefore, if you will, to send your dollar for THE MUSE.

Blanks for this purpose are enclosed.

#### THE FOUNDERS' DAY MEETING.

The past has shown that it is possible to have very successful Founders' Day meetings with sufficient preparation, but the average Chapter feels more or less at a loss about the program. Once in the past it was found possible at the School to provide a program and the meetings were very successful. If this campaign has the enthusiastic coöperation of the Alumnae, there should be a far greater interest than usual in the Founders' Day meetings, as we shall at that time be able to give a definite idea of what has been accomplished in each of the three matters mentioned above. But we wish to go further than that, and so in order to relieve the Chapters of the necessity of getting the material for the program, we will forward this material and hope that it will prove interesting. The earlier and the more generally we can hear from the Alumnae in response to this letter the more interesting we can make the program. As it will not be fully prepared before October 20th, any suggestions will be much appreciated.

A blank for suggestions is enclosed.

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#### With the Class of 1914

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LAURA PLACIDIA CLARK, '14.

Myrtle Warren is teaching again in the High School at Weldon.

Sallie Heyward is teaching in the Johnston, South Carolina,

schools, where she will probably see a good deal of Emma Bouknight, who is keeping house and having a good time at home.

Josephine Smith is teaching at Battleboro, which, of course, is very near her home.

Susie McIver, after spending a few weeks in the University of Virginia this summer, has decided to teach at Asheboro, while Sophronia Cooper is this year teaching at Siler City.

Mary Smith is Parish Visitor in Roanoke Rapids, where her brother is minister, and Kate Hale Silver, whose uncle has been very ill, was in Arden the last news heard from her.

Nellie Wood, the last we heard of her, was working in her father's office for ten days.

Julia Allen, with her sister, has returned to Randolph-Macon, and we think that Julia Cooper has carried out her plan of going off to college, though we don't know where she is.

Mary Tyson has just returned from Charlotte, where her mother is in a sanitarium taking a course of treatment. Mary is staying at home.

Laura Clark is at home, working in a lawyer's office in the evenings.

We have heard nothing from Hoppe, Grace Crews, or Melba McCullers.

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### Births

Born, September 27, 1915, to Chas. F. and Nellie B. Kintner Kellogg, of Athens, Pa., a son; Charles Frederick Kellogg, Jr.

Born, October 15, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Blinn Owen, at their home in West Raleigh, a daughter; Lucy Evelyn Owen.

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### Marriages

STAFFORD-GRAVES.—On Friday, April 30th, at Eagle Pass, Texas, Mr. William Mulder Stafford and Miss Edna Graves.

WINDER-McARTHUR.—On Wednesday, June 2d, at Winston-Salem, Mr. John Cox Winder and Miss Helen McArthur.

BLAND-PATRICK.—On Wednesday, June 2d, at Petersburg, Va., Mr. Charles Watkins Bland and Miss Janie Louise Patrick.



NOWELL-EDWARDS.—On Wednesday, June 16th, at Raleigh, N. C., Dr. John William Nowell and Miss Margaret Edwards.

WHEAT-TURPIN.—On Thursday, June 24th, at Centreville, Md., Mr. Roberdeau Wheat and Miss Isabel Emory Turpin.

THURLOW-ROWAND.—On Wednesday, June 30th, at Providence, R. I., Mr. Harry Hadley Thurlow and Miss Ethel Ida Rowand.

LUCAS-FARMER.—On Wednesday, June 30, at Walterboro, S. C., Mr. Alexander Hume Lucas and Miss Lillian Hauser Farmer.

MCCARTY-OTTLEY.—On Friday, July 9th, at Atlanta, Ga., Mr. George Weyman McCarty, Jr., and Miss Passie May Ottley.

STONEY-DUBOSE.—On Thursday, October 7th, at Columbia, S. C., Mr. Thomas Porcher Stoney and Miss Beverly Means DuBose.

BRUMBY-FIELD.—On Tuesday, October 12th, at Marietta, Ga., Mr. William Magruder Brumby and Miss Anne Field.

CHESHIRE-SHIELL.—On Saturday, October 16th, at New Orleans, La., Mr. Godfrey Cheshire and Miss Alice Calder Shiell.

JONES-ERWIN.—On Saturday, October 23d, at Durham, N. C., Mr. Hamilton Chamberlain Jones and Miss Bessie Smedes Erwin.

SMALL-WHITE.—On Wednesday, October 27th, at Elizabeth City, N. C., Mr. Walter Lowry Small and Miss Elizabeth Peele White.

BARNES-UZZLE.—On Wednesday, November 3d, at Wilson's Mills, N. C., Mr. Wiley Goodlow Barnes and Miss Meta Gunn Uzzle.

QUINTARD-JONES.—On Wednesday, November 10th, at Charlotte, N. C., Mr. Edward Alexander Quintard and Miss Caroline Clarke Jones.

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## Football

Sing a song of football,  
Don't it make you smile?  
Two and twenty players  
Struggling in a pile;  
When the pile is opened,  
Hear those awful groans;  
Boys begin to creep out,  
Looking for their bones.  
Sections there of noses,  
Patches here of hair,  
But they made a touchdown,  
And little do they care.



*Read! Mark! Act!*

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The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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DON'T FORGET

**TAYLOR'S**

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

---

Lines to a Crush

O thou, my Crush! Being beloved afar,  
Loveliest of all the maids that meet my view,  
What word breaks from thy lips, my guiding star,  
Addressed to thine adorer fond—  
"Skidoo!"

---

**The Dobbin-Ferrall Co.**

THE STORE OF QUALITY

**DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS**

**MILLINERY**

Tailored Suits and Coats, Carpets, Cur-  
tains, Draperies, etc.

LADIES' FINE SHOES & SLIPPERS

"It's worth the difference"

**The Tyree Studio**

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

# ADVERTISEMENTS

Raleigh's Exclusive Store for Ladies'  
and Misses Ready-to-Wear Garments

Ten per cent off to College Girls

**The Fashion** Fayetteville  
Street

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

ESTABLISHED 1858

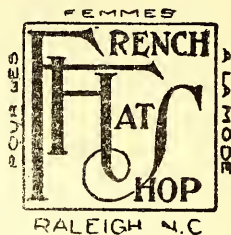
**H. MAHLER'S SONS**  
**JEWELERS**

**RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA**

**D. D. JONES**

PURE FOOD STORE

Phones 667 and 668 RALEIGH, N. C.



**Exclusive  
Millinery**

**THOMAS A PARTIN COMPANY**

Raleigh, N. C.

Specialty of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Gossard's Lace Front Corsets

**THE ALDERMAN CHINA COMPANY**

Candy, China, Toys  
Pictures, Stationery

**HUNTER-RAND COMPANY**

Dry Goods, Notions, Suits, Millinery  
and Shoes

208 Fayetteville St. RALEIGH, N. C.

Rapturous I gaze upon thy charms and sigh,  
"Thy slightest word upon my heart is writ.  
Dost love me in return? Reply, reply,  
Angelic one!" And echo answers,  
"Nit!"

Why Is

**Brantley's Fountain**

the

**MOST POPULAR?**

Ask the Girls

**BOYLAN-PEARCE  
COMPANY**

The Greatest Store  
in the City for the  
**SCHOOL GIRLS**

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Stationery—College Linen  
Cameras and Supplies  
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

### JAMES E. THIEM

The Office Stationery Co.

Bell Phone 135

RALEIGH, N. C.

### JOHNSON & BROUGHTON

Good Things to Eat

122 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

### JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

### H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,  
Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.  
Raleigh, N. C. Phone 113

### CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and  
Power

1377—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

### S. GLASS

The Ladies' Store

Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses  
and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel  
210 Fayetteville St. RALEIGH, N. C.

**WM HELLER**  
*The Footery Shop*  
RALEIGH, N. C.

## Hoot and Toot Hottentot

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot

To tot ere the tot could totter,

Ought the Hottentot tot

To be taught to say "aught"

Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

Or—

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot

Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,

Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

### ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital  
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President

A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer

R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

Insure Against Loss by Fire

Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited

The Mechanics Savings Bank

RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE

SHOES AND HOSIERY

## Lafayette Cafe

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons

Raleigh, N. C.

THE BIG HARDWARE MEN  
GOLF, TENNIS AND SPORTING GOODS

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

104 E. HARGETT ST.

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**HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES**  
**THE WAKE DRUG STORE**  
Phones 228

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**T. F. BROCKWELL**  
All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.  
Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

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**DARNELL & THOMAS**  
**ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE**

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**PESCUD'S BOOK STORE**  
12 W. Hargett St.

---

**RALEIGH FLORAL CO.**  
**CHOICE CUT FLOWERS**

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**Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company**  
Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

---

**HOTEL GIERSCHE**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

---

**WHITE ICE CREAM CO.**

**BEST**  
**ICE CREAM**

**Phone 123**  
CORNER SALISBURY AND HARGETT STS.

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**T. W. BLAKE, Raleigh, N. C.**  
**RICH JEWELRY MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED**

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**REGINALD HAMLET DRUG STORE**  
Saunders Street

---

**HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE**  
**Phone 107**  
**PROMPT DELIVERY**

---

**The Heroine**

We see the haughty girl advance,  
And sweep the parlor with a glance;  
Thus runs the story.  
But we never see her sweep a room  
With a common, ordinary broom;  
That isn't glory.

---

**M. Rosenthal**  
**& Co.**  
**GROCCERS**

**WILMINGTON and HARGETT STS.**

**MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND**  
**VISITING CARDS**

**CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED**  
Send for samples and prices

**Edwards & Broughton Printing**  
**Company**

**Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers**  
**RALEIGH, N. C.**

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**L. SCHWARTZ**

**RICHMOND MARKET**

Meats of All Kinds

Raleigh, N. C.

**Calumet Tea and Coffee Company**

51 and 53 Franklin St. Chicago, Ill.  
Proprietors of Calumet Coffee and Spice Mills.

**PERRY'S ART STORE**

S. Wilmington St.

**California Fruit Store, 111 Fayetteville St., Raleigh**  
Fancy fruits and pure ice cream. Best equipped and most  
Sanitary ice cream factory in the state. Our cream is the  
"Quality Kind." Send us your orders. California Fruit  
store, 111 Fayetteville St., Vurnakes & Co., Props., Raleigh.

**Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dry Cleaning Establishment**

CARDWELL & O'KELLY, PROPRIETORS  
204 S. Salisbury St.

**HAYES & HALL—STUDIO**

*The Place of Revelation in Ready-to-Wear*

**THE BON MARCHE**

**Garments of all Kinds for Discrimi-  
nating Ladies**

113 Fayetteville St.

Telephone 687

**MISSES REESE & COMPANY**

**MILLINERY**

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**

Phone 529

**ELLINGTON'S ART STORE**

RALEIGH, N. C.

Everything in Art.

Embroidery Materials, Wools and Zephyrs.

**ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY**

Made Fresh Every Day

**JOHN C. DREWRY**

"MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE"

'Tis proper, too, one understands,  
To see her wringing jeweled hands  
And acting frantic.  
But we never see her quit this bosh  
And go to wringing out the wash;  
That's unromantic.

# Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

**Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina**

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

**NORFOLK**

**RALEIGH  
NEW BERN  
GOLDSBORO**

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE  
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

*Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars*

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

**H. S. LEARD, G. P. A.**  
NORFOLK, VA.

**J. F. MITCHELL, T. P. A.**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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Raleigh's Leading Hotel

Its Cafe one of the Best in the Country

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

#### Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE  
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.  
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?  
BERNARD L. CROCKER  
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.  
Fire Insurance and Investments

#### YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers  
Steam Fitters  
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S. Wilmington Street

C. D. ARTHUR City Market  
FISH AND OYSTERS

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE  
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Cor. Fayetteville and Hargett Sts.

# SOUTHERN RAILWAY

## Premier Carrier of the South

### Most Direce Line to all Points North, South, East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

O. F. YORK, Traveling Pass. Agent,  
Raleigh, N. C.







Location Central for the Carolinas.

Climate Healthy and Salubrious.

# ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

(for girls and young women)

---

75th ANNUAL SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 15, 1916.

---

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGINS JANUARY 25, 1916.

*St. Mary's*  
*offers instruction in these*  
*Departments:*

- 1. THE COLLEGE.
- 2. THE MUSIC SCHOOL.
- 3. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.
- 4. THE ART SCHOOL.
- 5. THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

---

In 1915-16 are enrolled 275 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

---

*Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.*  
*Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and*  
*Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without*  
*slight to the Scholastic training.*

*For Catalogue and other information address*

*Rev. George W. Lay,*  
*Rector.*



The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

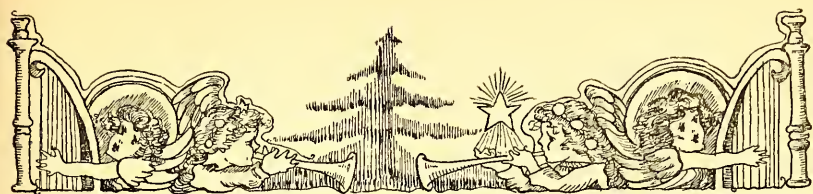


Christmas Number

December, 1915







# The St. Mary's Muse

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1915.

No. 3

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## The Song of the Christmas Wind

---

The snow came down in showers  
And over the hills and lees  
It bent the topmost bowers  
Like stately Christmas trees.

The wind was up, and loudly,  
In rhythmic measure swinging,  
It sung with joy and proudly  
The hope the day was bringing.

"The time is coming—nay, is nigh,  
When men will stop and hold their breath  
And cease to weakly pine and sigh,  
For lo! a Life has conquered Death."

"And peace is come upon the earth  
To calm the hearts both far and near  
And bring to them the joy and mirth  
That banishes each cringing fear.

"Go ye unto that stable dark  
When tossed by care in worldly strife  
And see and know and learn and mark  
His love and peace, who gave thee Life."

HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18.

## From An Accident

---

ALINE HUGHES, '19.

The wind whistled in icy blasts down the snowy streets, straight from the frozen north. Mary had stood at the crossing, offering her matches and pencils for sale, until her little hands were blue, and her whole body pinched by the cold. It seemed to her that she had always been standing there, holding out her articles to the hurrying throng, and it was only when the crowd began to thin that she thought of moving on. It was in a sort of frozen, misty haze that she started across the slippery street, watching the big policeman. Just as she came to the middle of the street a great, luxurious limousine whirled around the corner, carrying its owner from the theatre. Before anyone could prevent it the car had skidded and knocked the tiny, shivering figure down in the snow.

Of course the policeman and the ever-ready crowd were quick in gathering to the scene of the accident, but even before these, Alan Grey, the owner of the car, was out on the snow taking the limp little figure up in his arms. He placed the child in the car and, having arranged with the policeman not to call the ambulance, he ordered his chauffeur to go direct to the nearest hospital.

Down the snowy streets the great car sped, and up to the door of a large hospital where efficient hands were ready to give the desired aid. But Alan Grey, feeling all the responsibility of the accident, did not allow little Mary to be taken from his arms, and himself carried her to a private room, which he had ordered, and laid her on the bed. He was then sent out of the room, however, by the two doctors who wished to examine the patient, and in the hall he restlessly paced up and down. Little Mary's face reminded him so vividly of a face he had long been seeking that the feeling persistently came over him that perhaps the end of his long search was near, and it was this feeling that he was combating.

While he was absorbed in his thoughts a door on the hall opened quietly—so quietly that he did not hear it—and a white-clad nurse came into the hall straight toward him. Just at this moment he turned in his pacing, so that they met face to face. They both stopped

and gazed at each other, white faced; then the cries of "Rose" and "Alan," although spoken in a whisper, bridged across the lapse of years. They had only a few brief minutes together, but when the busy nurse returned to her patient it was with a heart full of joy at the thought of the happy meetings soon to come.

Ten days then passed rapidly by, and very happy ones they were, too, for Mary, as well as for Rose and Alan, for in the fullness of their own happiness they made the child happy with mysterious promises for the approaching Christmas.

On Christmas morning early, soon after the sun first began to shine across the snow, Mary awoke smiling, to realize that she had been dreaming, and that the "angel music" was a choir of boys singing the Christmas anthem of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Closing her eyes to hear the music better, she again drifted into sleep, on the wings of the song, and was only awakened by a kiss, and a "Merry Christmas." She was astounded for a moment by the transformation the room had gone through—Christmas bells, holly, mistletoe, and a small, but gorgeous Christmas tree made the room seem full of joy and good cheer.

"Oh, Nurse Rose, you are *so* good to me, an' I'm so happy I want to laugh an' cry all at once. Everything is *so* beautiful. I just love you, love you."

"Bless your heart, darling; laugh instead of crying, because some more 'Christmas' is coming soon." And soon after this a knock sounded at the door and Alan Grey came in, his arms full of packages, and called "Merry Christmas."

Then, indeed, followed a merry time, for numerous mysterious packages had to be opened, disclosing toys, books, and gifts of all kinds; but the one which gave most happiness was a large, beautiful baby-doll which Mary took with hungry arms to her heart.

While she was still joying in and crooning over her baby, Rose came to her side, and smiling and blushing, said: "Mary, darling, Alan and I have something to tell you. Would you rather hear it now or later?"

"Oh, now, now!" was the eager reply.

So they each held one of Mary's hands and, pouring it out between

them, they told this story: Of how, because of some slight misunderstanding, they had parted, Rose to take up the work of a trained nurse, Alan to carry on the prosperous business of his father. He had presently discovered his mistake in the parting, but *then* all his searchings for Rose had been in vain. Meanwhile Rose had busied herself also, along with her work, in a search for the child of her only sister, left motherless and fatherless, and lost by an accident in the city. She had employed all means at her command, but all had failed.

"And we have found, Mary dear," Rose ended, "that you are my own little lost niece, and, and—"

"Listen, Mary," Alan broke in, "there is something else, too. Your Aunt Rose has promised to marry me soon, very soon, and then, dear, you are to come to live with us. Do you think you would like to be our little girl?"

"Have a home? Call you Aunt and Uncle? Oh, I'll always be good after this; you have made me so happy!" And the little hungry heart felt at last that there was a place for it in the big, lonesome world.

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### Our Christmas Jingle

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Down to the big old gym. we rush,  
For the Christmas tree is there.  
Oh, what a merry laughing fuss  
Whirls happily through the air.

In ecstasy of pure delight  
We gaze upon the festooned tree,  
Listening, as faintly through the night  
The carols come ringing merrily.

Then what a rush and tumble,  
As the knocks and gifts are given;  
Oh, what a gleeful jumble,  
In that merry rush is driven.

Oh, woe upon that winking light,  
The last in this old year  
That can break upon such delight,  
Shedding its farewell Christmas cheer.

K. W. B., '16.

## A Christmas Story

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RUBIE THORN, '18.

Barbara and Dolly were hurrying home out of the cold. At least they were trying to hurry, but oh! there were so many lovely things in the windows of the large houses to attract their attention! It was Christmas eve night. They had been down to the shops on an errand for their mother and had ventured to go by the homes of the rich on their return. The lights were dazzling, and the children, who could be seen through the windows, amid the many holiday decorations, looked so bright and happy. In one window hung a very large cedar wreath with a red bow, and in the center there were three letters: I. H. S.

"Dolly, what does that stand for?" asked Barbara.

"I guess it's for 'I have stockings,' " said Dolly.

"Barbara, do you suppose Santa Claus will come to see us and bring us some pretty things?"

"Course he will. Didn't Billy say that Santa Claus never forgot you, no matter how poor you were?"

The two little waifs pulled their shawls closer around them to keep out the wind and tore themselves away from the dazzling sights. Their home was a typical tenement house in the slums of a large city, and this was the scene that greeted the two children on their arrival: On an uncomfortable little bed lay their mother, with a dangerous cold. Billy, their brother, was bringing in a piece of an old box to put on the fire, and Nancy, their older sister, was preparing the frugal supper. The meals now were poorer than ever, for mother's doctor's bill had to be paid, and then they missed her wages. Barbara and Dolly didn't realize the situation to any degree, and wondered why their mother smiled so sadly when they told of all the pretty things they had seen. The mother's heart was sad. She had meant to have a real Christmas for them, and their child-like faith in what she had told them about Santa Claus touched her.

The children went to sleep with difficulty, because visions of toys and candies danced before their eyes. Soon after they were asleep there was a gentle rap at the door. Nancy went to open it immedi-



ately, and ushered in two well-dressed women, who had brought baskets of good things for the next day. These good people had looked out for the poor and brought joy to many hearts that night. What a delight Nancy took in placing the toys on the hearth and putting the "goodies" aside until dinner-time next day. The last thing was put in place when she said to her mother, "Poor little dears; won't they be happy with all those pretty toys? I would have been miserable to see them disappointed."

The children were up bright and early next morning. Could they believe their eyes? Right there on their own hearth were dolls for the girls, a horn and ball for Billy, and many other things just like those they had seen the night before. Could it be possible that they had them right there in their arms to play with as long as they wanted to? The three children enjoyed the day, and when night came and Billy said, "I knowed old Santa wouldn't forget us," they thought that they were as happy as it was possible for people to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifteen years had passed. In a comfortable little sitting-room of a pretty suburban cottage sat two young ladies busy fixing baskets of good things to take to the poor. The next day was Christmas Eve and the ladies wanted everyone in the suburb to have some sort of a Christmas. Their aged mother dozed by the fire and their older sister was in the kitchen preparing eatables for the baskets. The door opened and in burst a splendid-looking man with his arms full of packages. He laid them on the table with these words, "Well, girls, here are my contributions to the baskets." This was the very family that had once lived in the slums and were dependent upon charity for their Christmas. Fortune had smiled upon them and now they were living comfortably. The children *thought* that they were happy on that first Christmas day, but now they were *truly* happy, for they realized the true meaning of the words of Him who gave us Christmas day, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



## Seniors' Day

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### I

Ten Seniors got up in the cold gray dawn,  
And looked at the stars and yawned and yawned.  
They pulled out their books and turned on the light  
And thought of the lessons they'd shirked that night.  
For Freshmen may play and lessons shirk,  
But Seniors who play must rise and work  
Ere the breakfast bell be ringing.

### II

Ten Seniors worked hard on a bright fall day,  
When truants were bidding them come go play;  
They longed for a game in the wind and sun,  
But English was long and had to be done;  
For Sophomores may bluff and get away,  
But Seniors who bluff won't feel so gay  
When the dinner bell is ringing.

### III

Ten Seniors worked on right up to the last,  
And marveled the hours so quickly passed;  
Nine-thirty comes, and off Juniors run,  
But Seniors plod on with no hope for fun.  
For Juniors must try with all their might  
Before they'll reach that mighty height  
Of hearing their Senior bell.

"WIBO."

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## How It Happened

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HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18.

Long, long ago, in the days of the Golden Age, Floriana was Queen of the Flower Spirits, and her husband, Grenatia, was King of the Grass Spirits. Both were rulers of the spirits that reigned supreme in the spirit world, and that kept the flowers always blooming and the grass always green for the further delight of human beings. Both were wise, good masters, and were also merely two people whose happiness widened the happiness of others. And they were very, very happy—in spite of their only child, the Princess Gladiola, who had

always been of such a disposition that even now, in her eighteenth year, she could not be trusted alone with a single spirit.

Yet one day, or rather one night, her mother and father did leave her alone in the lily with a little grass spirit page.

"Now, come down, Gladiola; you're to stay in the front hall to listen out for the door bell," called the Queen, tapping at Gladiola's door. "Your father and I have very important business on the other side of the world, and the birds are waiting to take us at once. And, my dear child, listen to me: above all things, do not admit any one into the palace tonight. Send the boy out to tell them the King and Queen are away. Did you hear me, Gladiola?"

"Yes, mama," said Gladiola, languidly, already starting toward the door, with a book in her hand. Gladiola was an ideal princess—tall, fair-browed and pink-cheeked, with dark eyes and long dark curls.

In the great front hall the Queen again warned her: "You are not to forget my instructions, Gladiola."

"No, mama, I won't," said the Princess faintly, up from the violet carpet among the rose pillows, her book in her lap.

"Be very careful, Gladiola," said a stern voice. Gladiola looked up then.

"Yes, papa, I will," she promised.

When they were a long way down the long hall, she sat up and called:

"Levo, Levo! where are you?"

"Here," cried a careless voice. And a little green figure came running toward her, tumbling somersaults as he ran.

"Levo, Levo, stop that, this minute, and answer directly what I ask you. Did you hear what they kept saying to me?"

"Yes, my Princess," said the boy, bowing solemnly.

"Well, what do you think is the matter with them?"

"I don't know, my Princess," he answered, puckering up his forehead in such a grave way that the Princess laughed aloud. Soon her mind and eyes were on the book again.

The truth was, the King and Queen had seemed worried, but Gladiola and the boy did not know it, for then the world itself knew not

the meaning of sorrow or care. Thus the Princess and the page had been puzzled.

And the tiny shadow was already gone, for Gladiola, absorbed in her story, and the boy in his running and playing up and down the hall, were enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. The hours of the night flew swiftly, swiftly. The palace clock was chiming the hour of twelve. The last stroke was dying away—and the bell out at the front was sounding.

Gladiola started up, pale-cheeked.

"Levo, Levo," she cried. "Oh, Levo, where are you?"

No answer.

"He's off somewhere, asleep," said Gladiola. "I must go to the door myself."

So the Princess went hurriedly down the hall, and, reaching the door, without even opening it, was about to call out to dismiss the visitor, when through the glass she saw a sight that made her draw nearer. A very tall figure, draped in a long, caped cloak of all the colors of the rainbow, stood where the light from the hall shone full upon it. A head covered with a purple cap was raised—and a face smiled so gaily that Gladiola herself was attracted into smiles.

"Is the door too heavy for you? Shall I open it?" asked a rich masculine voice.

Gladiola, yes, even Gladiola considered. Her mother and father had warned her—yet surely they had not expected such a distinguished person. Moreover, he need not stay but a few minutes.

Concluding thus, the Princess pushed open the door and the man with the smiling face glided in.

"A beautiful, a very beautiful place," said the stranger, admiringly, glancing from the violet carpet to the morning-glory tapestries. "You are fortunate, my Princess."

"Yes," answered the Princess, "the hall is beautiful, but I never come down here. You should see my sitting-room! I've always thought it so lovely that I've stayed in it almost all my life."

"What! You mean you've never traveled!"

"I've never cared to."

Thereupon, the stranger entered upon a glowing description of the

lands and the waters over which he had adventured. And his experiences! Gladiola could scarcely believe some of them. He was telling of how he was lost in the deserts of Africa and wandered about for days and days without food and water until he reached a green spot where there were cocoanut trees and a spring.

Again the bell pealed forth.

Gladiola trembled, for she was frightened and did not know what it meant. Oh, where could that boy Levo be?

But Levo was not needed, for the new visitors were fast coming toward them—the King and Queen themselves!

Gladiola's mother and father looked at Gladiola. Gladiola looked at her mother and father—and was terrified; the King and Queen looked at the stranger, the stranger looked at the King and Queen—and smiled and removed his rainbow cloak and stood forth almost a spectre in pure white.

Again he smiled—a triumphant smile—and slid down the hall and out into the night.

“Oh, my child, my child! What have you done?” said the hurt voice of Gladiola's mother. “You have disobeyed me. And now the Golden Age of Flower Spirits is at an end—for Jack Frost is here.”

It was, indeed, Jack Frost. And this is how it came about that autumn comes to blight the summer days.

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## SCHOOL NEWS

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### October 28—Miss Dowd's Talk

On Thursday night, October 28th, Miss Dowd made a short, informal talk in the schoolroom. She spoke to us of the “Shoulder to Shoulder Touch,” the great encouragement and reassurance inspired by fellowship, and reminded us of our unconscious influence on the lives of others. She told us of the great power we have to make or mar our own lives, and of our great opportunity, even though we do it unconsciously, to strengthen and encourage those about us.

### October 30—Hallowe'en Party

All day a feeling of mystery and excitement had pervaded the place. All day there had been meaning glances, mysterious whisper-

ings and a great sewing, cutting and pasting behind closed doors, and all the afternoon girls had been gaily transforming the Gym. into a spooky abode for goblins and witches. Altogether every one was looking for something wonderful to happen—and it did! As Miss Sutton struck the first notes of the grand march there trooped through the doors of the gymnasium such a motley throng as baffles description—ghosts, witches, pumpkins, ballet dancers, nuns, soldiers, Turks, and Indians, followed each other in quick succession, but perhaps the most striking were the darkies, the trained nurses, the stick candy, Charlie Chaplin, Happy and the little Hooligans, the circus girl, the bride and groom, and last, but by no means least, the trio: France, England, and America.

As the last notes died away there arose a sepulchral groaning and from all directions rushed a band of black goblins who, having swept into the middle of the room, circled in weird dances and then melted away into the crowd again. These same goblins (who turned out to be the Seniors) were seen a little later threading their way amongst the crowd with baskets of popcorn and huge waiters of stick candy, peanuts and apples.

As soon as the march was over the gay throng scattered to the various places of amusement, some to the fortune teller's tent, some to wend their way through the mystic maze, and some to play various games of chance for fortunes.

That everybody had a good time was proved by the heart-felt groans that greeted the flashing of the lights, and the reluctance with which the crowd broke up.

#### October 31—Founders' Day Celebration

On Sunday night, October 31, 1915, an inter-society meeting was held in the parlor in commemoration of the founders of St. Mary's.

The day set apart as Founders' Day is All Saints' Day, November 1st, but owing to the fact that this year it fell on Monday, the meeting was held the evening before.

The program for the evening was an unusually good one. Frances Geitner, as President of the Alpha Rho Society, presided, and her opening address gave a short account of the Rectors of St. Mary's and how Founders' Day is set apart not only to commemorate those



who have been especially instrumental in founding the School, but also all those who by their presence in the School have formed a part of it. A paper on the Rev. Aldert Smedes as founder of St. Mary's was read by Josephine Myers; the work of his successor, the Rev. Bennett Smedes, was read by Rena Harding, while Emma Badham gave an interesting account of the work of the late Rectors.

To Miss Katie and Miss Glen are we especially indebted for their charming talks. Miss Katie spoke of the School in general and its early Rectors, whose acquaintance she enjoyed, while Miss Glen gave us some of the ideas of St. Mary's which had always impressed her and made her wish she could have been a St. Mary's girl. The program was concluded with the singing of the Alma Mater.

J. S. W., '16.

#### **November 1—All Saints' Day**

As All Saints' Day fell this year on Monday, the All Saints' service and sermon were held on Sunday morning. The altar was beautiful with autumn leaves and white chrysanthemums and every one joined heartily in the hymns and responses.

In his sermon Dr. Lay spoke of those who have gone before us and of the great work that they have done, emphasizing the fact that we have our part in their work and are, ourselves, in a way, founders in that we are helping to establish the principles for which St. Mary's is to stand.

The afternoon address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Nash, of Southern Pines, on the mistake in these times of not following more literally the teachings of our Lord.

The early service on Monday morning was attended by a large majority of the School and shortened morning Prayer was held at nine o'clock.

#### **November 1—The First Basketball Game**

The first basketball game between the Sigmas and the Mus was played Monday afternoon, November 1st. The game, to be played so early in the year, showed excellent team work on both sides, the work of Sarah Rawlings being especially good. The teams were evenly matched, and at the end of the first half the score was 5 to 2 in favor of the Sigmas. During the first part of the second half it appeared



that the score was not to be changed, the guards on each side doing such quick work, especially Laura Beatty and Annie Robinson, but finally Elizabeth Waddell proved too much for the Mus, and at the finish of the game the Sigma score was brought up to 10 against the Mus' score of 6.

#### **November 2—Alumnæ Meeting**

On Tuesday afternoon, November 2d, the Raleigh Alumnæ held their annual Founders' Day meeting in the parlor at St. Mary's. Mrs. Snow, the president of the chapter, presided over the meeting, and several interesting talks were made.

Miss Isabelle Busbee spoke of arousing greater interest in the alumnæ, and urged them to attend the recitals, plays, and other affairs of general interest at the school, that, becoming better acquainted with the faculty and girls, they might give more correct information about them.

Mrs. Knox spoke from the experience of having been in the school last year. She said that the old St. Mary's spirit still existed; that the girls were very happy here, and that she had found nothing to criticise.

Mrs. Root offered the suggestion that Mrs. Mann be requested to get up a children's entertainment for the benefit of the Iredell-McKimmon scholarship, the fund for which they hope to close by June, 1916.

Altogether, the meeting was a very enthusiastic and interesting one and was attended by quite a large number of people.

#### **November 3—Faculty Reception**

On Wednesday afternoon, November 3d, a faculty reception was held in the parlor. Tea and sandwiches were served to the guests, and the afternoon was passed in pleasant conversation.

#### **November 4—Miss Davis and Miss Phillips Entertain the Faculty**

On Thursday afternoon, November 4th, Miss Davis and Miss Phillips entertained the faculty at a lovely party in the Muse Room, which was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Delicious refreshments of chicken salad, mints, and orange ice were served, while at one end of a long center table Miss Katie

served hot coffee, and tea was served at the other end by Miss Lil Fenner.

The party was one of the most attractive ones of the year, and Miss Phillips and Miss Davis made, indeed, charming hostesses.

#### **November 4—Dr. Brewer's Talk**

On Thursday night, November 4th, we had the pleasure of having with us Dr. Brewer, the new president of Meredith College. After a few pleasant informal words Dr. Brewer spoke to us of the effects of college training, and dwelt on the benefits to be gained from its two phases: college learning and college life. We hope to have the pleasure of another talk from Dr. Brewer during the year.

#### **November 5—Expression Pupils' Recital**

On Friday afternoon, November 5th, Miss Davis' private pupils gave a very entertaining recital in the auditorium. The good results of Miss Davis' teaching were well shown by the excellent work of the girls. Every one did their part well, and the recital was greatly enjoyed.

#### **November 5—Miss Thomas Entertains the Juniors**

The Juniors greatly enjoyed a most original party on Friday, November 5th, given by Miss Thomas. It might have been called a Zoo Party. First, they were entertained by hearing all about Miss Thomas' Western trip. As soon as all the guests had arrived each was presented with a sheet of newspaper and a little slip of paper with a number on it and the name of some animal. The game which followed was the hard task of tearing out of the newspaper the shape of the animal written on the little slip of paper. After much fun, the animals were tacked on the wall, while the animal which received the most right guesses as to name received the prize. Eva Peel's life-like squirrel got it.

After being served with a "grand" salad course the Juniors left, declaring that it was the nicest party of the year. A. C. L., '17.

#### **November 5—Miss Thomas Entertains the Seniors**

Friday night, November 5th, the Seniors had the pleasure of being Miss Thomas' guests at a lovely hot supper. Her study, deco-

rated in yellow, looked very festive with masses of big yellow chrysanthemums. The Junior menagerie was greatly admired, especially the squirrel. The proof of their pleasure was shown by the reluctance with which they parted; in fact, their hostess found it necessary to request them to leave.

J. S. W., '16.

#### November 6—The Carnival

There is a great deal of curiosity displayed each year on the part of the new girls when they hear that a real carnival is to be given in school. They can't quite picture it, and their curiosity was increased and their interest aroused still more when they saw Anne Brinley dressed as a clown carrying a banner all around school to advertise it.

The carnival was held in the basement this year on the 6th of November, and under the direction of the Muse Club it was a splendid success. Ice-cream was served by Katherine Drane and Sarah Borden from a booth very attractively arranged with yellow crepe paper and chrysanthemums. Violet Bray had charge of the candy booth, decorated in red and white. A unique little corner served for the fruit-stand, autumn leaves being an appropriate background, where Eleanor Relyea and Virginia Allen presided. Frances Cheatham and Elmyra Jenkins sold popcorn from a tastefully decorated red and green stand, and Annie Cameron, Katherine Bourne, and Rubie Thorn sold "hot dogs," which were, as usual, very popular.

The vaudeville show was the center of amusement. This was under the management of Josephine Wilson, whose ingenious efforts afforded all of us a great deal of pleasure. Elizabeth Corbitt and Martha Wright displayed stage talent in their songs and dances with the "sailor boys," and Helen Wright rendered the accompaniments beautifully. The comic orchestra was under the direction of Frances Tillotson, and was highly entertaining.

R. THORN.

#### November 8—Junior Basketball Game

At the match game Monday afternoon between the Junior Mu and Sigma teams especially good team work was shown in the center. Garrigue (Sigma) and Sublett (Mu), who were playing side center, were always right in place, and the jumping centers, Cross (Sigma) and Swett (Mu), seemed to pull the ball out of the air.

At the end of the first half the score was 4 to 0 in favor of the Mus. In the second half the guards, Jenson (Sigma) and Burke (Mu), played especially well, while the low score at the end of the game of 4 to 1 in favor of the Mus speaks for the general good playing of every one else.

A. C. L., '17.

#### **November 11—Pupils' Recital**

On every other Thursday afternoon recitals are held in the auditorium by the music pupils. An especially good recital was given on November 11th. Every one did well, and we were especially glad to hear again our old friends, Martha Wright and Frances Tilotson. Another thing deserving special mention was the violin trio, which was excellent. The recital showed the results of good work, and the program was greatly enjoyed.

#### **November 11—Dr. Lay's Talk**

On Thursday evening, November 11th, Dr. Lay spoke a few words in the schoolroom on the subject of the Nation-wide Preaching Mission to be held during the first two weeks of Advent.

This movement is to be observed at St. Mary's by special services held on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights of these two weeks. These services are to be entirely voluntary, and will consist of shortened evening prayer and an address. We are fortunate in that the addresses are to be made by the Rev. Milton A. Barber of Christ Church.

#### **November 11—Alfred Noyes**

On Thursday night, November 11th, quite a number of both faculty and students had the pleasure of attending the reading given in Meredith auditorium by Alfred Noyes, the famous young English poet. Mr. Noyes read many interesting and beautiful selections from his works, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by every one.

#### **November 13—Mrs. and Miss Lay Entertain the Seniors**

On Saturday evening the Seniors were delightfully entertained at the rectory. After being graciously welcomed we went into the parlor, and the fun began. Every one present had some "stunt"

ready, and as the last one Dr. Lay read a poem to the Seniors entitled "These Ten":

"The virgins ten of Bible story  
Did not obtain an equal glory,  
For five were foolish, five were wise;  
These ten present the latter guise.

"With well-trimmed lamp that's burning bright,  
Each strives to see the path aright,  
With vessel pure to furnish light  
Till day shall come to conquer night.

"These ten may e'en surpass the five  
Whose prudence seemed for self to strive.  
As they've received, so they may spend,  
And of abundance freely lend."

Next, we were given cards on which to write the names of the persons described in the verses which Dr. Lay read us. Helen Wright received a chrysanthemum for getting the largest number right. Two courses of delicious refreshments were served, and we were each given a lovely chrysanthemum.

The time for leaving came all too soon, and we all left, declaring what a lovely party it had been.

#### November 15—Faculty Recital

On Monday night, November 15th, Miss Seymour, assisted by a string quartette, gave the second faculty recital in the auditorium. The *News and Observer* said of the recital:

Miss Louise Seymour gave a brilliant and interesting program last evening at St. Mary's School auditorium. The first number, Bach-St. Saëns Gavotte, Scarlatti Pastorale, and Mendelssohn Scherzo were played with keen intelligence and delicate appreciation of the classics. Throughout the program Miss Seymour played with the confidence which comes of sure technique and mastery of the selections.

The last number, a Liszt Tarantella, bristled with technical difficulties and varieties of tone-color. Miss Seymour met these demands bravely and brilliantly, finishing in a storm of applause from the audience.

The String Quartette (Haydn, G major) lost none of its genial charm in the rendering of Miss Muriel Abbott, first violin; Mr. Kimbrough Jones, second violin; Mr. Gustav Hagedorn, violin; Mr. Wilbur Royster, violincello.



The menuetto and Presto movements were specially appreciated, and the audience clamored for more, but in vain.

The full program was as follows:

## I.

Gavotte in B minor .....	<i>Bach—St Saëns</i> (1685-1750) (1835-)
Pastorale in E minor.....	<i>Scarlatti</i> (1683-1757)
Scherzo in E minor .....	<i>Mendelssohn</i> (1809-1847)

## II.

Quartette in G minor .....	<i>Haydn</i> (1732-1809)
Allegro con brio	
Allegretto	
Menuetto	
Presto	

## III.

Nocturne, Op. 32, No. 1 } .....	<i>Chopin</i> (1810-1849)
Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1 }	

## IV.

On Wings of Song.....	<i>Mendelssohn-Liszt</i>
Tarantella .....	<i>Liszt</i> (1811-1886)

### November 20—Seniors Entertain the Sophomores

At eight-fifteen, in the old dining hall,  
 The Seniors bid the Sophomores—one and all—  
 Come prepared to have a jolly good time  
 Till by the clock it's half-past nine;  
 Gingham dresses—no silks allowed;  
 'Tis hoped you'll prove a merry crowd.

Thus ran the invitation received by the Sophomores on Saturday, November 20th. A jolly evening began with the unwinding of a huge spider web which filled the entire room with its network. Elizabeth Corbitt proved to be the first to untangle her long string and find at the end a small basket filled with candy hearts. When the others had reached their prizes, all were requested to enter the small adjoining room, which was transformed by the masses of beautiful autumn leaves and chrysanthemums, there to be served with hot chocolate and delicious lettuce sandwiches. Later, amidst much laughter, all joined in a candy pull. Such a happy hour was spent! With buttery fingers, each one pulled first a rope of sugar candy until it was creamy and white, and then a rope of molasses candy. Altogether, the girls did prove to be "a merry crowd," and the party a most original one.



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November 20—Junior-Freshman Party

"Ye Juniors bid their dere sisters, ye Freshmen, to come on Saturday night, at 8:15, to ye Parlor. Ye are praied to wear such costumes as befitted ye Goodmen and their Wyves and Daughters who came to these shores in ye May-flower in the year of our Lord 1620."

Such was the invitation received by the little Freshmen from their older sisters Monday morning.

When the demure Priscillas and stalwart John Aldens arrived at the parlor Saturday they found it transformed into a veritable forest of tall ferns and autumn leaves. After the Puritans had arrived the door opened and four fierce-looking Indians glided in. However, they proved to be friendly.

The main feature of the evening was a contest—a story of the Courtship of Miles Standish—the guests being requested to fill in the blanks in the story. The prize, a dainty little basket, was won by Miss Sara Wood.

After the contest, Miss Josephine Frohne, one of the Indians, favored us with Indian dances. The "War Dance" especially was so very realistic that it was quite a relief to eat apples and bananas afterwards. After that, the favors—fat little turkeys sitting on logs and stumps filled with candy corn—were handed out.

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School Personals

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EMMA BADHAM, '17, AND NELLIE ROSE, '17.

Elizabeth Corbitt had a visit from her father on Sunday, November 7th.

Miss Frances Smoot, of North Wilkesboro, N. C., visited Helen Weakley, October 31st.

Nellie Rose had a visit from her mother October 30th.

Mrs. Wilkinson (Mary Sturgeon, of Cary, N. C.) and Mrs. Collier (Betty Sturgeon, of Atlanta) took lunch with Mrs. Cruikshank on Founders' Day.

Sadie Braxton had a visit from her mother last week.

Mrs. Holmes, of Chapel Hill, and Mrs. Jones, with her two children, visited Mrs. Cruikshank last week.

Jennie Woodruff, who is teaching in the Wilmington schools, spent the week-end with Annie Cameron October 30th.

Charlotte Howard had a pleasant visit from her mother and father several weeks ago.

Frances Pusey, a last year's student of St. Mary's, visited the school October 30th.

It seems that last week an epidemic of "going home" broke out in the school. Mae Tredwell, Mamie and Dolores Holt, Robena Carter, Jaque Smith, Margaret Best, Selena Galbraith, and Constance Kent were among the victims of this dread disease.

We are glad to hear that Louise Arbogast, who was operated on in Asheville for appendicitis, is getting on nicely, and we hope she will soon be with us again.

Lallie McLaws went home November 7th on account of an attack of appendicitis, which we hope will not reoccur, so that she will return to the school again soon.

Mr. Bryan visited Julia, Sunday, October 31st.

Novella Moye had a visit from her mother and sister on Sunday, November 7th.

We are all glad to see Robena Carter, Margaret Best, Jaque Smith, Mary Tredwell, Constance Kent, and Dolores Holt back again after a visit to their homes.

We hope that Mr. Cruikshank will have a pleasant trip to Maryland and will enjoy his well-deserved holiday.

Sue Lamb had the pleasure of a short visit from her two sisters, Olivia and Mary Lamb, on the 11th.

We were all glad to see Elizabeth Tarry and Helen Peoples on the 14th, and we wish they could have stayed longer.

Julia Bryan enjoyed a visit from her father and uncle on the 14th.

Miss Alice Edward Jones, who taught Latin at St. Mary's for several years, and Mrs. Noyes, with her two grandchildren, were guests at the school the week-end of October 30th.

Mamie Holt has had recently a very pleasant visit from Miss Harriet Hardison.

Helen and Martha Wright enjoyed a visit from their mother November 15th.

Miss Rebecca Scott spent a few days of last week with Margaret Best.

Charlotte Howard enjoyed a short visit from her father Monday, November 15th.

Wirt Jordan, a last year's girl, has been spending several days with Elizabeth Corbitt.

Miss Katie, Miss Glen, and Miss Dowd enjoyed spending a week-end in Chapel Hill with Mrs. Holmes.

Miriam Holiday and Roberta Dixon enjoyed visits from their fathers on the 21st.

---

### The Raid of the Rat

---

Through the dark and silent stillness,  
At the solemn hour of midnight,  
Came a sound of gentle tapping,  
Came a scraping and a scratching  
From the corner by the dresser.  
In her bed amongst the pillows,  
Studious Sue was softly sleeping  
When she heard this gentle tapping,  
Heard this scraping and this scratching.  
She sat up in bed and listened,  
Felt her hair rise, felt her breath stop,  
Fled in terror to her room-mate,  
Shook her, crying, "Listen, listen!"  
Sobbing, pleading, "Turn the light on!"  
But her room-mate, thus awakened,  
Cried in accents full of horror:  
"I to cross that darkened vastness!  
I encounter beasts and perils!  
Nay, I will *not* risk my life thus,  
Nay, I will *not* turn the light on!  
On the dresser lay a pickle  
And beside it was a cracker.  
In and out amongst the silver,  
'Mongst the puffs and powder-boxes,  
Crept a large and bold intruder,  
Seeking for the food which lay there.  
In their beds, consumed with terror,  
Shivering with fear and horror,  
Lay the owners of the pickle,  
Lay the victims of the tyrant.

O'er the floor with dreadful scamperings  
Came the Rat, for thus his name was;  
Sprang up quickly on the girl's bed;  
Racing lightly o'er the comfort,  
He sprang nimbly on her pillow.  
Up she jumped with screams of horror,  
Clutching madly at the bedclothes;  
Called in terror for assistance,  
But in vain, because her room-mate  
Had her head beneath the bedclothes,  
And a pillow was upon it.  
In the corner by her bedside,  
Resting on the radiator,  
Lay a fat unwieldy French book,  
Lay a huge French Dictionary.  
This she grasped and, filled with courage,  
Hurled it boldly towards the dresser.  
What a smash and what a clatter!  
What a crash of broken china!  
What a scattering of trinkets!  
What a wail of consternation,  
And what squealing and what scampering!  
Now, awakened by this uproar,  
Down the hall the girls came flying,  
Gathered quickly at the doorway,  
Cried in wonder, "What's the matter?"  
From within came sounds of conflict,  
Sounds of squealing and of scrambling,  
When on suddenly looking upward,  
There, descending through the transom,  
Came a rat, all black and bristling.  
Then such racing and such scattering,  
And such flying down the hallway!  
But within there reigned confusion  
Worse confounded, for the dresser  
Was demolished and dismantled;  
All the china lay in fragments,  
All the ornaments were broken.  
In the midst of this destruction,  
Of this awful devastation,  
Sobbing with despair and anguish,  
Stood the victims of oppression;  
And they vowed in deepest penitence,  
Vowed with tears and sighs of sorrow,  
Vowed that they would put a pickle  
Ne'er again upon the dresser,  
Nor a single cracker by it.  
"We'll be neat, and we'll be tidy;

We will put things in their places."  
And so deep was their affliction  
And so great was the destruction,  
That they strictly kept their promise,  
To this very day they keep it,  
Keep their room the pink of neatness.  
And to all who wonder at it  
They reply, "We've had a lesson.  
When the Rat has come to see *you*,  
*You* will be reformed like we are."  
A. S. C., '16.

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### Oddities of the Great.

Such was the attitude of Julius Cæsar toward tobacco that not one cigarette was smoked in Rome during his entire lifetime.

Abraham Lincoln would never set foot in an automobile.

Napoleon Bonaparte would not have a telephone in his house.

Although several times elected to the Senate, Cicero would not be seen in a frock coat at even the most formal sessions of that body.

So great was his dislike for electrical contrivances of all sorts that George Washington would not even use the telegraph to transmit news of the Yorktown victory to Congress.

Nero, fond as he was of music, refused to allow a phonograph or self-playing piano to be brought into Italy during his long reign.

Christopher Columbus pointedly omitted all mention of Roosevelt's name in his report of famous Americans he had met. Nor could he be induced to visit New York.—*Selected*.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price  
Single Copies

One Dollar.  
Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.  
Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF 1915-1916.

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, '16, Editor-in-Chief

### *Senior Reporters*

MARY A. FLOYD, '16

RENA HOYT HARDING, '16

### *Junior Reporters*

EMMA H. BADHAM, '17

NELLIE A. ROSE, '17

ALICE COHN LATHAM, '17

KATHARINE WIMBERLY BOURNE, '16 }  
FANNIE MARIE STALLINGS, '16 } Business Managers

---

## EDITORIAL

And so the time has come at last—the beautiful, wonderful, longed-for time! We have counted down to hours and minutes, we have scratched off the days, one by one, on the backs of our English pads, and now, at last, our dream is to come true, and we are really going home.

But while we are having such a wonderful time don't let's forget St. Mary's. Let's keep our eyes and ears wide open for any new ideas or suggestions we may come across—attractive things to do at parties, interesting things to bring up in society meetings, and all sorts of good suggestions for the Monthly and the Annual.

This is the jolliest time in all the year, and in the midst of all the gladness and rejoicing the MUSE wishes to be among the first to wish everybody a merry, merry Christmas, and hopes to welcome back each and every one after the holidays.

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## With the Rector

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From October 26th to 28th Dr. Lay attended the Convocation of Charlotte, and from November 17th to 19th he attended the Con-



vention of the Diocese of Atlanta, in Columbus, Ga., where, by invitation of Bishop Nelson, he spoke on "The Purpose and Value of a Church School."

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### The Mission Study Class

---

A Mission Study Class has been started under the leadership of Miss Richards, who is doing mission work at St. Augustine's. The class is for the purpose of awakening greater interest in missions by a truer knowledge and understanding of them, and of preparing girls for future church work at home. The class is to meet every Sunday night until the Christmas holidays, and hopes to accomplish much in that time.

---

## THE MONTH AHEAD

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### The Athletic Program

Great enthusiasm has been shown in basketball this year. Each athletic club having so many good players, to justify those players, an entirely new order of teams has been arranged. The main team is, of course, the first team, but we find it unfair to rank the remaining players as second, third, and fourth teams, so they are divided off into squads. Each squad is a team, but they distinguish themselves by such names as Omicrons (Mu), Tillcums (S), the Junior team, etc.

The first challenge for this month was the challenge of the Sigma Juniors to the Mu Juniors. The game was played Monday, November 8th. Score, 5 to 2 in favor of the Mus.

#### November and December Schedule

NOVEMBER 22.

Finals of Tennis Tournament.

NOVEMBER 29.

*Sigma*

*Mu*

Red Sox

vs.

Green Sox

(Mardre, Captain)

(Davis, Captain)

## DECEMBER 6.

The First Team's second game.

## DECEMBER 13.

<i>Mu</i>		<i>Sigma</i>
Billikens	vs.	Skidoos
(Askew, Captain)		(Ivey, Captain)

The championship for basketball will be given this year to the club which, at the end of the year, scores the most points. Each first team victory scores 5 points, and any other team victory scores 3.

A. C. L., '17.

**December 6—U. N. C. Dramatic Club**

On Monday night, December 6th, the U. N. C. Dramatic Club will present "The Witching Hour" in St. Mary's auditorium.

All those who have seen their former plays will look forward to the event with much pleasure.

**December 16—The Christmas Entertainment**

On Thursday night, December 16th, the annual Christmas entertainment will be held in the gymnasium. No one who has seen it will ever forget the fun and frolic of this night—the big Christmas tree rising from the midst of mountains of candy, fruits, and presents, Santa Claus with his jolly red face and his four little elves, and last, but by no means the least, the gay, happy throng that surges about the tree laughing and talking and singing Christmas carols. Everybody is going home tomorrow, so everybody is happy, everybody is gay, and everybody has the nicest, jolliest time of the whole year.

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### Other Coming Events

---

Miss Davis has many plans, both for her private pupils and for the Dramatic Club, but through sickness and the absence of some of the girls things are still rather uncertain. However, we know that whatever Miss Davis has planned, and whenever it is given, it will

be well worth seeing, and we are looking forward to it with great pleasure and enthusiasm.

Mr. Owen and the Chorus Class are working away on the "Mikado," and from all appearances the opera will be fine. We are all looking forward to it and are sure of its success.

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### Exchanges

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: *The Red and White*, *The Tatler*, *Isaqueena*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Spokesman*, *Stetson Weekly Collegiate*, *The College Message*, *Winthrop Journal*, *Sage*, *The High School Gazette*, *The Electron*, *The Trinity Archive*, and *The Florida Flambeau*, *The Chronicle*, *The Quill*, *The Oracle*, *Horae Scholasticae*, *The Tattler*, and *The Wesleyan*.

---

### A Geographical Love Song

---

In the State of Mass. there lives a lass I love to go N. C.; no other Miss. can e'er, I Wis., be half so dear to Me. R. I. is blue and her cheeks the hue of shells where waters swash; on her pink-white phiz there Nev. Ariz. the least complexion Wash. La.! could I win the heart of Minn., I'd ask for nothing more, but I only dream upon the theme, and Conn. it o'er and Ore. Why is it, pray, I can't Ala. this love that makes me Ill.? N. Y., O., Wy. Nan. Nev. Ver. I propose to her my will? I shun the task 'twould be to ask this gentle maid to wed. And so, to press my suit, I guess, Alaska Pa. instead.—*Selected*.

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.  
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

---

## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{		Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh. Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Alice D. Grimes, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Miss Lucile Murchison, Wilmington.
SECRETARY	-	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

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## EDITORIAL

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The Founders' Day MUSE, which is to be given up to matters of especial Alumnae interest, and especially to contain an account of the campaign for collecting the information necessary for the publication of the Alumnae Register and for completing the Alumnae Scholarship Fund, has been delayed in order to give accounts of all the Founders' Day Meetings of the Alumnae.

A goodly number of Chapter Meetings were held this year, but some of them were several weeks delayed and the reports have just been received. The Alumnae MUSE will now be published about December 10th.

While the results of the campaign to date have not been as encouraging as might be wished, it is still possible, as was stated in the beginning, to accomplish the purposes if all the Alumnae will work together and each will do her part. There has been a lull in the work since the Founders' Day Meetings, but it will now be pushed until the first of the year. The Alumnae are asked to do everything possible to help in the ways which have been and will be indicated.

---

## With the Class of 1913

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JENNIE WOODRUFF, '13.

"Gone, but not forgotten." We all want this to be the case always at St. Mary's, for we can never forget what she has done for each and every one of us.

Just before we said goodbye to each other we had the pleasure of seeing ourselves as one of our classmates thought we would be in twenty years. We cannot yet say that she was wrong, but we can say what we are doing now two years from then.

First, each and all of us are wishing that we had just begun at St. Mary's, not as Freshmen, but as Preps. But as that cannot be helped, we will tell as much as we have been able to collect in the last two weeks.

Bessie White was our first to get married, but Caroline Jones was not long in following, as she had a very lovely wedding on the 10th of October.

Amy Winston writes of a very busy and gay summer, running from one house party to another. She waited on Bessie Erwin and also attended Caroline's wedding.

Elizabeth Cherry, after teaching at Marshall, N. C., has decided to rest for a while.

Mary Butler taught at home for two years, but this year she is evidently trying to make the "All Southern Basketball Team," from her account of exercising.

Alice Lacy has moved away from Raleigh and is now living in Andersonville, Ga.

Rebecca Kyle is busy making friends in Norfolk, while Lizzie Lee is at home taking in the gaieties of A. and M. and the city.

Jennie Woodruff is teaching in Wilmington. The past summer she spent visiting old St. Mary's girls. She visited Frances Sears Cage and the Eastern Shore girls.

Susannah Busbee, as a Junior at Smith, is continuing the splendid record she made as a Freshman and Sophomore.

Margaret Leard, Ellen Johnson, and Evelyn Maxwell have not been heard of lately, but we hope there will be something interesting to say of them before the next number of the MUSE.

**ALUMNAE MARRIAGES**

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SMITH-WRIGHT. On Wednesday, August 18th, at Gibson, N. C., Mr. James Alfred Smith and Miss Bernice McIntyre Wright. At home, Little Rock, N. C.

LONDON-EVERETT. On Thursday, November 18th, at Rockingham, N. C., Mr. Isaac Spencer London and Miss Lena Payne Everett. At home, Siler City, N. C.

SMITH-CARRISON. On Wednesday, November 24th, at Camden, S. C., Mr. Carl Ray Smith and Miss Hallie Jordan Carrison. At home, Timmons ville, S. C.

CHESHIRE-ROGERSON. On Saturday, November 27th, at Edenton, N. C., Mr. Joseph Blount Cheshire, Jr., and Miss Ida Jean Rogerson. At home, Raleigh, N. C.

SO'RELLE-HARDY. On Saturday, November 27th, at Jackson, N. C., Mr. Walter Byrd So'Relle and Miss Alexina Douglas Hardy. At home, New York City.



## *Read! Mark! Act!*

---

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

---

DON'T FORGET

# TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

---

S. G.—“Oh! what a beautiful ring! Is it an heirloom?”

N. L. (indignantly)—“No, indeed; it's a genuine amethyst!”

G. M. (presiding at the head of the table)—“Oh! girls, I feel so important. I feel like the Queen of England when she's being inaugurated.”

---

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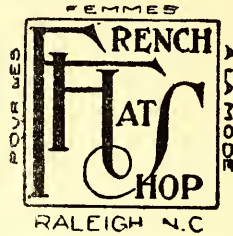
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Girls in chorus—"But we want to ride; it's too far to walk."

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Which flies about at night.  
About three-eighths of it is beak  
And five-eighths appetite,  
And fifteen-eighths or so is buzz  
And nineteen-eighths is bite.

—Ex.

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Dec. 4 (Saturday) 8:30—"The Mikado."  
Dec. 6 (Monday)—U. N. C. Dramatic Club.  
Dec. 16 (Thursday) 8:15—Christmas Entertainment.  
Dec. 17 (Friday)—Christmas Holidays Begin.

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The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



New Year's Number

January, 1916

## SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1916

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- January 4—Regular work resumed. 7:00 p. m.
- January 20-22—Mid-year Examinations.
- January 24—Geraldine Farrar Concert. City Auditorium. 8:30 p. m.
- January 31—The Misses Fuller in Old English Folk Song. Third Peace-St. Mary's Concert. 8:30 p. m.
- February 5—Inter-Class Parties. 8:00-9:00 p. m.  
Sophomore-Senior—Muse Room.  
Freshman-Junior—Parlor.
- February 12—Valentine Party. Parlor. 8:00-9:00.
- February 19—Colonial Ball. Parlor. 8:00-9:00.
- February 26—Parlor Entertainment. 8:00-9:00.
- March 4—University of North Carolina Glee Club. St. Mary's Auditorium. 8:15 p. m.
- March 8—Ash Wednesday. Holy Day.
- March 20—First Inter-Society Debate.  
Alpha Rho-Sigma Lambda. 8:00.
- March 27—Second Inter-Society Debate.  
Alpha Rho-Epsilon Alpha Pi.
- April 3—Third Inter-Society Debate.  
Sigma Lambda-Epsilon Alpha Pi.
- April 9—Passion Sunday. Bishop's Annual Visitation. 5:00 p. m.
- April 21—Good Friday. Holy Day.
- April 23—Easter Day.
- April 24—Easter Monday. Easter Egg Hunt. 7:00 p. m.
- April 29—"Junior-Senior Banquet." Muse Room. 8:15 p. m.
- May 6—Fifth Annual "School Party." Parlor. 8:15 p. m.
- May 12—Alumnæ Day. 74th Anniversary of the opening of St. Mary's.
- May 13—Annual Chorus Recital.
- May 16-18—Senior Examinations.
- May 18-20—Final Examinations.
- May 20-22—Commencement Season.

# The St. Mary's Muse

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

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VOL. XX

JANUARY, 1916

No. 4

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## A Happy New Year

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The year of 1915  
Shook off his garments old  
Ere chimes in high church towers  
The passing year had tolled.  
Draws near a youthful figure  
In snowy robes of white,  
Not torn by stone, unstained by dust,  
His face with hope all bright.

"My son, the road before you  
Is long, and sad, and hard;  
'Tis not such happy journey  
As sung of by gay bard.  
I've passed through death and sorrow;  
I've seen the fields of war;  
The dark, drear clouds of suff'ring  
Hung o'er me near and far."

But the hearts of youthful beings,  
In spite of saddening tales,  
Are hopeful for the best e'er  
'Till every project fails.  
"The fast approaching journey,  
Father, I do not fear,  
But only trust that I, '16,"  
Shall be a *happy* New Year."

A. E. H., '18.

### Wanted—A Birthday

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ELIZABETH A. LAY, '15.

Peggy scarcely waited till the door closed behind her before she burst out, "Please, Miss Mary, I've got sumpthin important to tell you. It's a secrid! Cross your heart you'll never tell. Now listen—I'm goin' to give away my birthday. Yes, and it's day after tomorrow, an' I want you to help me, 'cause it's for a little lame boy at the hospital."

Miss Mary was quite used to all the little secrets and plans of the children in her school. They usually meant parties and "I'm goin' to bring you some flowers tomorrow," and little scraps of small boy quarrels and little girl love affairs. Here was a new "secrid." Still Miss Mary was not surprised. Peggy was always doing the most surprising things, and now since her father had married again Miss Mary was almost a mother to her and shared all her hopes and plans, as well as candy and flowers.

"Father gave me five dollars for my birthday. I told him to give it to me early 'cause I had a special use for it. He didn't ask me anything. I most 'spect he didn't care what I did with it. Can—*do* you 'spose we could have a birthday cake? This little boy never had a birthday, 'cause he was born on Leap Year, same's me, and his four-year-old birthday came when he was way out on the ocean, comin' over to America from Italy, and they were all dreadful seasick; so, of course, they couldn't celebrate at all."

"But weren't you going to have a party yourself, Peggy?" asked Miss Mary, and then suddenly remembered that Peggy's new mother was giving a big party on the night of the twenty-ninth of February, and, of course, little Peggy must wait.

"No; I wanted to, but—mother—" her chin quivered, but she went bravely on. "Mother said I must wait; that I ought to have told her sooner. Miss Mary, you remember when my birthday was, didn't you? Well, anyway, will five dollars be enough to have a real nice party? Could you help me make a cake? I think it will be more fun than having a party at home, 'cause those children need it more."



"And they like it better, too." Miss Mary was entering into the spirit of the thing, as she always did. "Peggy, let's start this very afternoon and get the things for the cake. You must let me supply the eggs and the butter and flour, and we'll buy some nuts and things to make candy, and we'll have plenty left to buy some little surprise presents—oh, yes, and a ring and thimble and dime for the cake. How many children are there in the ward?"

"Oh! Miss Mary, you're a perfect angel! There are eight children in the ward. I remember, 'cause I had nine roses an' I gave Pete—that's the little boy—I gave him the extra one, an' that's how we got acquainted. Do you really not mind, Miss Mary; do you really not?"

"Yes, I do really not mind, Peg," Miss Mary declared. "Come on, we must hurry if we're going to get back before dark. Wait a second. There, now, I'm ready."

Old Mrs. Smith, who lived with Miss Mary, smiled at them through the window as they hurried out.

"I'll bet that Peggy child has some plan in her head, and I'm sure it's lovely. She's a dear child," said old Mrs. Smith, and she pulled the curtain aside to watch them as they passed out of sight down the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Pete lay in his little bed in the big ward and looked hard at the big picture calendar on the opposite wall. Yes, today was his birthday—his eighth birthday—the first birthday he had ever had, and here he was in bed. He clenched his teeth hard as he thought of his old mother, too busy with supporting his brothers and sisters to visit him more than once a week. His mind traveled back through all the crowded poverty-stricken years since his last birthday on ship-board, four years ago, and to the land he dimly remembered as Italy.

He thought of his big sailor father, lost for two years on the cruel blue sea, and of his own struggles to help support the younger brothers and sisters before his accident, the accident which had left him all crippled. He wondered what his mother was doing and whether the operation the doctors had performed on him would make him well. Already he felt stronger and he was hungry. They had let him have ice-cream yesterday!

"Mr. Peter,"—the nurse always called him that for fun; they were great friends, he and the white-capped nurse—"some friends of yours here to see you." The door opened and in came the same golden-haired little girl who had come to see him last Sunday, and behind her was a lovely lady, almost as beautiful as the picture of the Madonna pinned on the wall in his tenement home. And then, after he'd been introduced to "Miss Mary," his nurse brought up a table with a pink flowered paper cover on it, and pink flowered paper napkins were given to all the little children in the ward, and pink peppermints to all those who could eat them, and big chocolate creams to all those who were strong and nearly well—all these on pink plates with pink frills around them, and then—Pete's eyes almost popped out of his head, for his nurse came in bearing aloft a large round cake with white icing and pink candy rose-buds and—could he believe it?—eight pink candles all alight.

Pete drew a long breath; he hadn't ever seen a cake like that—'cept in grocery windows, of course—and now that he had one all his own he just would like to keep it.

"It's most too pretty to eat," he sighed, and that broke the ice. Soon all the children were chattering as if they were almost perfectly well, and then the presents were given around. Some had dolls and some had engines or trains or wagons—no horns or drums, because they weren't strong enough for too much excitement—and little fancy candy-boxes filled with candy to *keep*. Pete could not remember much after that; he was too excited; and the next thing he knew he woke up to find some one calling his name in a husky voice, and then he knew his father had come back, after two long years, when every one thought he was dead. And then the doctor came in and told him that he must rest and be quiet or he would not get well, and so he knew that some day he would be able to walk again. So he stayed as quiet as a mouse, 'cause he was too happy to talk, and soon he fell asleep with his hand tight clasped in the hard, rough hand of his father, and the light of his birthday candles beaming on his happy face.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It all happened just like a fairy story, didn't it, Miss Mary?" said

Peggy, as they walked home in the dusk. "An' what I think was 'most the best part of all was me getting the ring; and that means I'll be married 'fore you are, Miss Mary!"

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### New Year Thoughts

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The rays of the dying sun  
Sinking slowly in the west  
Bring grief to the hearts of many on earth,  
For now the old year is at rest.

Some sigh for the things they have not done,  
While others sigh with the thought  
That the things they have done  
Will bring good to no one,  
And that all their tasks were for naught.

The rays of the rising sun  
Paint the snow and the sky so clear  
That it bringeth joy to all the world—  
'Tis the dawn of the glad New Year!

Some are eager for work they never have done,  
And others face without fear  
The race to be run, the goal to be won  
Through the days of this happy New Year.

F. R. G., '16.

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### True Success

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KATHERINE W. BOURNE, '16.

The old minister smiled down on the handsome young face turned inquiringly up to his, with a pride that only grandfathers know.

"But why did you always stay here, grandfather? I know that you have done a great successful work, that every person in these mountains loves you; but could you not have had greater success in some large city? I know you have had big calls; why did you not go? Aren't you ever sorry that you stayed?"

The old man gazed away into the distant blue mountains, away into the distant past. "Yes," he mused; "yes, I have had some calls

which other men would say were better, but I do not know, I do not know. You see I was very young when I first came here. Three years of hard work in these mountains made me love them, love them and the people. Then came my first big call. I went to the city to look into it. The glamour of the city, the great work to be done and the large salary fascinated me. I thought God had called me. I told the city people that I would let them know in a week, and I came back to my mountain people before accepting.

"When I jumped off the dusty train, thrilled with the work before me, and the pure joy of life (for I now felt that I could ask the girl I loved to marry me), she was the first person I met. Well do I remember that scene. I sprang forward, holding out both hands, but she, without a smile, without a welcoming look, said: 'I do not know whether I want to shake hands with you or not. If you are going away, I do not. There is all the work any one man can do here.' And when she saw my hand drop limply to my side she threw up her pretty head and walked away, leaving me staring dazedly after her.

"That night the vestry met to ask me not to leave. They told me they did not want the money and people that I might send from the city; they wanted me. Well, you know I was feeling rather badly then, and I did not know whether I ought to go or stay. My ambition said go; my love said do that which lies near at hand. In this mood I left the church. The first thing I knew I bumped into somebody, and motherly old Mrs. Brown, holding me by the shoulders, asked me what was all this she heard about my leaving. 'Look here, sonny,' she said, 'If you want to make money, go to the city; but if you want to work for the pure glory of God, stay here. You have a big influence here, but you can not pack it up with you as books to take to the city. Stay here, boy, for your real success will come perhaps not in this old generation, but in the lives of the new. Stay; you will never be sorry.' 'I will stay,' I whispered. She kissed me on the forehead and then I went to ask for another.

"That pretty girl was your grandmother, boy." His eyes rested on the little white church among the hills, and half to himself and half to the little woman waiting for him over there, he whispered, "No, I was never sorry that I stayed."

## SCHOOL NEWS

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### November 22—Mr. Stone Entertains the Seniors

Monday afternoon, November 22, the Seniors enjoyed a delightful time as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stone and their daughter, Miss Florence Stone, '15. In high spirits they left the house, with Mr. Stone as chaperon, and went out to see the A. & M. dress parade. At 4:30, they caught the car and went around to Mr. Stone's home, where Mrs. Stone and Miss Florence Stone served a delicious salad course, tea and wafers. The rest of the afternoon was spent in a home-like manner around the open fire while several of the girls sang and played. It was just a touch of home-life that did each of the girls good, and all were sorry when the time came to leave. Each one declared it was the nicest party of the year. S. E. G., '16.

### November 22—Basketball Game

The game between the Omicrons and the Tillcums was played November 22. It was the closest game that has been played this season. The Mus would throw a goal, and not a second after the Sigmas would make some brilliant play, and up would go their score. At the end of the first half the score was 7 to 6 in favor of the Mus. After good playing on both sides the final score was 10 to 9 in favor of the Sigmas. A. C. L., '17.

### November 23—Inter-Society Meeting

An interesting inter-society meeting in observance of Thanksgiving Day was held in the parlor on Tuesday evening, November 23, with Eleanor Relyea, President of Sigma Lambda, presiding.

After the singing of "America," the general subject of "Thanksgiving—what we have to be thankful for as a Nation, a State, and a School," was treated by Alice Latham, Agnes Pratt, Dolores Holt, Annie Budd, and Nellie Rose. An entertaining poem was read by Josephine Myers and a story by Robena Carter, after which the meeting adjourned. S. E. G., '16.



**November 26—The Teachers' Assembly**

The annual meeting of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly was held in Raleigh November 25-27. A number of St. Mary's Alumnae were among the teachers in attendance, and Miss Harriet Bowen, of Chapel Hill, was the guest of the School for the occasion. Miss Martha A. Dowd, the Music Director of St. Mary's, who had been Secretary of the Music Teachers' Association of the Assembly the past year, was elected President of that Association for the coming year—a well-deserved recognition of her and an honor to the School.

Dr. Lay took his Pedagogy Class to the Assembly on Friday, the 26th, and during the morning the members of the class, in addition to visiting the Grammar Grade Teachers in their session, had the pleasure of exploring the beautiful new county courthouse and the Raleigh High School, where sections of the Assembly were meeting. The entire morning was spent in the visit and Dr. Lay was voted a delightful escort.

On Friday morning Mr. Owen spoke at Meredith College to the Music Teachers' Association on "The Psychology of Singing," and on Friday night, observed as North Carolina Night, the St. Cecilia Club, with Mr. Owen as director, rendered a delightful musical program at the general session of the Assembly in the City Auditorium.

**November 26—Thanksgiving Day**

Thanksgiving Day is always a very special day at St. Mary's, and this year was no exception. Under that rule of long standing that no one can go home for the holiday, the day becomes largely "Box Day," and the many "Box Parties" were as thoroughly enjoyed as usual.

At the 11 o'clock service the Rector preached an inspiring sermon appropriate to the day. Thanksgiving dinner at 1:30 was, of course, an event, and Miss Fenner deserved the many compliments she received on the menu.

**November 28—Miss Tillinghast's Talk**

On Sunday night, November 28, Miss Robena Tillinghast, who is doing mission work among the deaf and dumb in Durham, made a very interesting informal talk in the parlor. Among other interesting



phases of her work she described the way in which the deaf-mutes take part in the church services and repeated for us the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in the sign language.

Altogether the talk was very appealing and instructive, and was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it.

#### November 29-December 5—Preaching Mission

The week of November 30 to December 5, the first week in Advent, was the time appointed by the Church for the Nation-wide Preaching Mission.

We were fortunate at St. Mary's in having Rev. Milton A. Barber, the Rector of Christ Church, as the special preacher. The four services in the Chapel consisted of shortened Evening Prayer, followed by the address. Mr. Barber's general subject was "Self-Discipline," and the four addresses were on "The Discipline of the Tongue and its Words," "The Discipline of the Mind and its Thoughts," "The Discipline of the Heart and its Affections," and "The Discipline of the Will."

Attendance on these Chapel services was voluntary, and the large attendance at each of them was an evidence of how beneficial and stimulating they proved.

We wish to thank Mr. Barber for his talks on these occasions, and hope he may be with us many times in the future.

#### November 30—Junior Basketball Game

On Monday, November 30, the Mus and Sigmas met again in basketball, with the following line-up:

Mu	Position	Sigma
Askew (Capt.) .....	Center	Taylor
Paul, L. ....	Side Center	Ivey (Capt.)
Northrop .....	Forward	Jensen
Bourne .....	Forward	Holt
Burke .....	Guard	Mullins
Blodgett .....	Guard	Bray

The splendid passing of the Mus was especially noticeable. The ball was kept in constant motion, and it can be said that this was the most exciting game of the season to date. The final score was Mus, 6 ; Sigmas, 4.

A. C. L., '17.

December 1—Mr. Cox's Talk

On Wednesday morning, December 1, instead of the regular chapel service the whole School attended a talk concerning the "Men's Forward Movement," given in the school room by the Rev. W. E. Cox, of Wilmington. He spoke of the half of the human race to whom the Gospel had never been preached, of their great suffering and need and of the three great calls for help—social, religious, and educational. Having pictured the great need, he recalled our own obligation and spoke of what has been done in the past and of the inadequacy of the interest and contributions of the people. The ideal of the "Men's Forward Movement" is to bring every single person to take part and to do something to help. Mr. Cox's talk was very interesting and stirring, and was greatly enjoyed.

December 4—Captain Ball Game

On December 4 a most exciting game of captain ball was played between the Sigma Midgets and the Mu Midgets.

The line-up was as follows:

Sigma	Position	Mu
Lucy Jensen .....	Center	Mary S. Morgan
Charlotte Johnson .....		Nina Burke
Elizabeth Baker .....	Guard	Lucy Lay
Marion Lynah .....		Margaret Raney
Inez Cobb .....	Circle	Josephine Ellington
Martina Carr .....		Jane Grimes
Katherine Baker .....	Guard	Mary Wilson
Roe Ella Robbins.....		Elizabeth Woolcott
	Guard	

The teams were pretty evenly matched. At the end of the first half the score was 11 to 6 in favor of the Mus. After good playing on both sides the final score was brought up to 36 to 25 in favor of the Mus.

A. C. L., '17.

#### December 4—The Mikado

When on Saturday evening, December 4, the Chorus Class, directed by Mr. R. Blinn Owen, gave Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, "The Mikado," we witnessed the realization of something to which we had long been looking forward with the greatest interest and enthusiasm. And the reality truly surpassed the anticipation. The audience was a large and appreciative one, and, judging from the hearty applause, thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The acting was especially good, the characters being well interpreted and a great deal of skill and talent being shown in the production.

The stage was beautiful with arbors of wisteria, oceans of cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums and lanterns; and the chorus formed an effective background. Elizabeth Corbitt's and Frances Tillotson's charm of manner were accentuated by the splendidly dramatic qualities of Lois Pugh's acting, while the interpretation of the parts of the Mikado and Pooh-Bah by Edith Blodgett and Lucile Anderson was excellent, and Martha Wright as Ko-Ko amused and delighted the audience, especially in the scene with Katisha.

The cast of characters was as follows:

The Mikado of Japan.....	MISS EDITH BLODGETT
Nanki-Poo, his son, disguised as a wandering minstrel and in love with Yum Yum.....	MISS FRANCES TILLOTSON
Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner of Titipu.....	MISS MARTHA WRIGHT
Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else.....	MISS LUCILE ANDERSON
Pish-Tush, a Noble Lord.....	MISS RUBY THORN
Yum Yum	{ MISS ELIZABETH CORBITT MISS VIOLET BRAY MISS RUBY BARTHOLOMEW
Pitti-Sing	
Peep-Bo	
..Three Sisters, wards of Ko-Ko.	
Katisha, an elderly lady in love with Nanki-Poo.....	MISS LOIS PUGH
Chorus of girls, nobles, guards, and coolies.	

## CHORUS:

MISS SARAH BORDEN	MISS MARGARET MARSTON
MISS HELEN BRIGHAM	MISS HELEN MASON
MISS HATTIE A. COPELAND	MISS GERTRUDE MERRIMON
MISS HATTIE R. COPELAND	MISS JOSEPHINE MYERS
MISS KATHARINE DRANE	MISS CLARA PAUL
MISS FRANCES HILLMAN	MISS SARAH RAWLINGS
MISS MARY HOLT	MISS JAQUELIN SMITH
MISS ALINE HUGHES	MISS CAROBEL STEWART
MISS MILDRED JERGER	MISS JOSEPHINE THOMAS
MISS VELMA JUTKINS	MISS ELIZABETH WALKER
MISS MILDRED KIRTLAND	MISS SARAH WILEY
MISS ELLEN B. LAY	MISS VIRGINIA WILLIAMS
MISS HELEN WRIGHT	

Act I. }  
 Act II. } Court-yard of Ko-Ko's official residence.

Altogether the opera was a great success. We wish to congratulate the Chorus Class on their splendid work, and to thank Mr. Owen for the pleasure he gave us. M. A. F.

## December 6—The Second Mu-Sigma Game

On December 6 the first teams of the Mu and Sigma met for their second match of the season. The line-up was as follows:

Sigma	Position	Mu
Woolford (Capt.)	Center	Brigham
Mullins	Side Center	Holmes
Waddell	Forward	Brinley
Cameron	Forward	Walker
Robinson	Guard	Beatty (Capt.)
Tucker	Guard	Burke

The score at the end of the first half was 10 to 7 in favor of the Mus, and the final score was 20 to 18 in their favor. Special remark should be made of the good playing of the substitutes—Mullins (Sigma) and Burke (Mu).

In this game there was the cleanest playing that has been shown so

far in any of the games. The ball was fumbled hardly at all. The second half was more exciting than the first. At the end of the first half the score was 10 to 7 in favor of the Mus, but in less than five minutes Waddell had tied the score by making a free throw and a neat goal from the field. A second later the ball was down on the Mu side and Walker and Brinley brought the Mus ahead, only to have the Sigmas at once tie the score again. Just as the time-keeper's whistle blew, one of Anne Brinley's "home-runs" slipped neatly through the basket, winning the game for the Mus, 20 to 18.

A. C. L., '17.

#### **December 6—The Carolina Dramatic Club**

Monday evening, December 6, the University Dramatic Club were the guests of St. Mary's and presented their 1916 play, Augustus Thomas' "The Witching Hour," in our auditorium. The presentation was good throughout and the audience was enthusiastic and generous in applause.

Mr. George Wimberly, as the comedian, was exceedingly good, while Mr. Charles Coggin and Mr. Bruce Webb, as leading man and lady, respectively, showed unusual talent in their parts.

J. S. W., '16.

#### **December 9—Dr. Lay on "Fire Protection"**

In the Thursday evening talk, on December 9, the Rector spoke interestingly and instructively on "Fire." He not only told us what to do and what not to do in case of a fire, but gave also many useful facts about fires in general. Among other things, we were glad to know that the Chief of the Raleigh Fire Department agrees with us in thinking that St. Mary's is one of the safest places in Raleigh.

#### **December 11—"Green Stockings"**

On Saturday night, December 11, the Dramatic Club gave for its annual mid-year play a presentation of "Green Stockings," a comedy in three acts. The play was accounted a great success and was considered by many one of the best ever seen at St. Mary's. The charming rooms of the Faraday home, the strikingly pretty costumes of the Faraday girls, and the bright soldier suit of Colonel Vavasour-Smith



all added to the pleasing effect of the whole. Each individual deserves the highest praise for her acting. Julia Bryan, Elizabeth Corbitt, and Jane Norman, as the charming Faraday sisters; Anne Brinley, as father Faraday; Katherine Stewart, as the retired admiral; Velma Jutkins, as the imperturbable butler; Frances Geitner and Roberta McElhannon, as the two young Englishmen; and Josephine Wilson, as the Colonel Smith who would "lie for hours looking out over the thatched roofs," etc., were all judged "just *fine*." Lois Pugh, the accepted suitor of Phyllis and a spoiled blasé young man with struggling political aspirations, well upheld her reputation as one of the Dramatic Club's most talented members. To Robena Carter, taking the part of Celia, the obliging stay-at-home older sister, who, when the "worm finally turned," caused so much commotion in her family and so much worry to dear Aunt Ida; and to Dolores Holt, who was Aunt Ida, special credit must be given as the stars of the performance. In fact, the whole company was a credit to the well-known and well-tried ability of its director, Miss Davis. It is a pity that a driving snow-storm should have kept many outsiders from enjoying such a fine performance and from appreciating the real talent and ability as displayed by the girls and their director.

E. R., '17.

The cast was as follows:

Admiral Grice (Retired) .....	KATHERINE STEWART
William Faraday .....	ANNE BRINLEY
Colonel Vavasour (Colonel Smith) .....	JOSEPHINE WILSON
Robert Tarver .....	LOIS PUGH
Henry Steele .....	FRANCES GEITNER
James Raleigh .....	ROBERTA MCELHANNON
Martin .....	VELMA JUTKINS
Celia Faraday .....	ROBENA CARTER
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham) .....	JANE NORMAN
Evelyn (Lady Trenchard) .....	ELIZABETH CORBITT
Phyllis Faraday .....	JULIA BRYAN
Mrs. Chisholm Faraday (Aunt Ida) .....	DOLORES HOLT

#### SYNOPSIS

- Act I. Room in Mr. Faraday's House, February 11th, evening.  
 Act II. Same as Act I eight months later, about 6 o'clock.  
 Act III. Morning, room in Mr. Faraday's House; evening same day.



**December 12—Muse Party**

On the evening of December 12, in the Muse Room, Mr. Cruikshank and the Muse Club gave one of the occasional Muse Parties to Mr. Owen and the girls of the Chorus Class who had taken part in "The Mikado," to Miss Davis and the girls of the Dramatic Club who had part in "Green Stockings," to Miss Barton and the leaders in the Athletic Associations, and to the "Honor Roll" girls. The party was an appreciation of the good work that had been done during the fall in these various branches of School activities.

The Muse Room was dark when the guests entered at 8:00, but over in the corner a little Christmas tree, aglow with tiny electric lights, reminded one of the season ahead. With the turning on of the lights, showing the net-work of bells overhead and the other decorations about the room, Christmas merriment reigned.

Mr. Cruikshank made a speech of appreciation and Miss Thomas's talk, which followed, thrilled everybody with love for St. Mary's.

The Muse girls served delicious refreshments and "Miss Katie" gave a toast to the Muse Club.

After talking and laughing, the party broke up, wishing everybody a Merry Christmas and carrying with them as souvenirs pictures of the Mikado group, attractively tied with red ribbon.

V. C. A., '17.

**December 13—Elocution Department Recital**

On the afternoon of December 13, the Private Expression pupils of Miss Davis gave a very attractive Christmas program in the auditorium. After two readings, by Anne Brinley and Jane Norman, well done and greatly enjoyed, the attractive one-act play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," was given. The parts were very well taken and the setting was very attractive. The whole entertainment showed the result of excellent training and work, and Miss Davis and the girls deserved and received the appreciation of the School for the pleasure given on this occasion.

**December 16—Christmas Entertainment**

Who could ever begin to tell of all the wonders and excitements and surprises of that wonderful "last night"! There had been such a hurrying and scurrying and racing to and fro all day that you would suppose that everybody would be prepared for *something* unusual; but nobody dreamed how very unusual it was going to be.

The festivities had begun at dinner with the big Christmas bells hanging from the lights and the tiny Christmas trees sparkling on each table, *and* the fried oysters. It was at the end of this gay meal that Dr. Lay arose and, mid the expectant hush, announced that the Faculty invited the student body to an entertainment in the auditorium, to take place at 8:00 o'clock. Two seconds of breathless silence and then such talking! A faculty entertainment? Impossible! They had not heard of it. It could not have been kept so quiet! But so it seemed, for questioning look was answered by questioning look, and amazement met amazement on each face.

The "mail line" was *almost* noisy that night and the scant half hour of study hall was held to be but a trivial thing in view of the glories that were to follow.

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**

It was an eager and excited crowd that gathered in the auditorium, and, although the programs may not have meant much to the new girls, for those who have been at St. Mary's long enough to become familiar with its traditions, the magic words, "Alice in Wonderland," contained volumes of meaning.

All those who have seen it need no description and to those who have not, description would be inadequate. Sufficient to say that it was all that tradition led us to expect, and the laughter and merriment of the audience vouched for its success.

Miss Frances Bottum made a perfect "Alice," and the "Mad Tea Party" was especially enjoyed. The antics of Miss Roberts as the March Hare, Miss Lil Fenner as the Dormouse, and Mr. Owen as the Hatter, caused great amusement, while the dance of the Gryphon (Miss Shields) and the Mock Turtle (Miss Clara Fenner) fairly brought the house down. One of the greatest favorites was the agile

little White Rabbit, that turned out to be no other than Miss Thomas herself!

Altogether the whole play was simply wonderful. We wish to thank the faculty again and again for the pleasure and enjoyment they afforded us.

#### THE CHRISTMAS TREE

But wonders were not to cease with the falling of the curtain on Wonderland, for there was the Christmas tree still remaining, and such a sight as it was in the midst of the Gymnasium, which was made beautiful with Christmas greens, sparkling with tinsel, shimmering with candles and surrounded by gifts and candies! The carol singing was lovely, the girls being dressed in white and carrying candles. Anne Brinley made a splendid Santa Claus and the "knocks" afforded great laughter and merriment. Every one had a lovely time and all were very reluctant to go, but finally, after the singing of some Christmas hymns, in which every one joined, the crowd began slowly to disperse and the girls scattered with many wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A. S. C., '16.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.  
Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF 1915-1916.

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MARY A. FLOYD, '16

RENA HOYT HARDING, '16

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EMMA H. BADHAM, '17

NELLIE A. ROSE, '17

ALICE COHN LATHAM, '17

KATHARINE WIMBERLY BOURNE, '16 }

FANNIE MARIE STALLINGS, '16 }

Business Managers

---

## EDITORIAL

January, 1916! My, how every Senior's heart thrills at that sight! The very first time that *their* year is to find its place in the calendar. It is very hard to realize that the session of 1915-16 is almost half over; but it is, and from this "middle ground" we can look back over what we've done and think of what we're going to do. We all agree that it's been a lovely year so far; and now it's up to us to make the second half just as good as—yes, better than—the first.

Of course, it's an old, time-honored custom to make "good resolutions" on New Year's Day, and, no doubt, we all do it. Whether we keep them or not is quite another matter. Now, this year let's manage it differently. Let's don't merely *resolve* so much: let's *do*. Resolving is such a vague kind of thing, and it has the bad effect of making us think we have accomplished something wonderful when we haven't really *done* anything at all.

For instance, don't let's resolve in a vague kind of way to "uphold athletics." That sounds very fine, but we all know the thing that really helps is not merely resolving; it's going out and playing as hard as you can when it's your turn to play, and cheering on the others when it isn't.

In the same way it sounds beautiful to resolve to "pay up all my dues." But it isn't the "resolve" that fills the treasury. It's the quarter that we'd doubtless much rather pay for chicken salad.

So let's try and "do" all we can to help, and be on the alert to make this new half of the session even better than the first. We are sure that we can, if we try. So let's say, "Hurrah for 1916! and a Happy New Year to each and every one!"

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## ATHLETICS

---

ALICE COHN LATHAM, '17.

Owing to the unfailing energy of our coach, Miss Barton, and the unflagging enthusiasm of every one, not only players but spectators, athletics this fall have been a great success, as we predicted at the beginning of the year.

The following program was carried out:

- Oct. 25. Track meet, won by Sigma.
- Oct. 25-Nov. 29. Tennis Tournament, won by Mu.
- Nov. 1. Basketball, first teams, won by Sigma.
- Nov. 8. Basketball, junior teams, won by Mu.
- Nov. 22. Basketball, junior teams, won by Sigma.
- Nov. 29. Basketball, junior teams, won by Mu.
- Nov. 29. Tennis finals, won by Mu.
- Dec. 4. Captain ball, midgets, won by Mu.
- Dec. 6. Basketball, first teams, won by Mu.

As is seen, the Sigmas won the Track Meet, but the Mus made a clean sweep in Tennis, and the score of points in Basketball is 9 to 6 in favor of the Mu.

The program for January is:

- Jan. 10. Basketball, junior teams.
- Jan. 15. Captain ball, midget teams.
- Jan. 17. Volley ball, first teams.

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.  
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

---

## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-		{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
				Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
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SECRETARY	-	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

---

## ALUMNAE NOTES

---

Misses Harriet and Josephine Bowen, in Raleigh for the Teachers' Assembly, were guests of the School the last of November. Miss Harriet Bowen, after having had charge of the Girls' Canning Club work in Orange County, at Chapel Hill, the past summer, is again teaching in the Chapel Hill schools. Miss Josephine Bowen has a private music class at Lincolnton, where she has been for a number of years, having taught at Fassifern before Miss Shipp moved her school to Hendersonville.

Another valued visitor at the Assembly was Miss Cheliam H. Pixley, for the past eight years Director of Music at Fassifern, Hendersonville. Miss Pixley was called from St. Mary's to Fassifern when Miss Shipp established the school, after having been a member of the St. Mary's Music Faculty for a number of years. She is associated in the minds of St. Mary's folks with her aunt, Miss Emergene Schutt, who taught Piano here and was one of her teachers, and who since leaving St. Mary's has been a teacher of Piano at Winthrop College, and with Miss Charlotte Hull, teacher of Violin here, who has been for some years Professor of Violin at Sweetbriar College.

It has been a decided pleasure of late to welcome back several of last year's class for only too brief visits. Helen Peoples was here for "The Birth of a Nation," Elizabeth Carrison came up for the Dra-



matic Club play, in which she has been starring for several years back, Anniebelle King, Sadie Vinson, and Mattie Moye Adams have all dropped in on their travels "between visits."

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### With the Class of 1914

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LAURA P. CLARK, '14.

There is not much news to tell now, but we are looking for many interesting accounts after the Christmas holidays. However, we have been able to gain some news from the three from whom we heard nothing last time. Hoppe has been fortunate in being able to say she has spent most of her time since Commencement taking lovely trips. Her latest has been one which lasted five weeks and which took in Canada to Vancouver, from where she came south through San Francisco, San Diego, etc., to Mexico, and then home through Colorado.

Grace Crews, who has been in training as a nurse since July, 1914, has been at the Episcopal Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital since the last summer, but expected to go on the 28th of December back to the Children's Hospital. Both of these hospitals are in Washington, D. C.

Melba McCullers spent the summer at Narragansett Pier, coming home in October, where she is spending the winter.

## ALUMNAE MARRIAGES

---

BRINE-WAUGH. On Wednesday, November 24, at Vancouver, B. C., Miss Anna Mathews Waugh, formerly of Buena Vista, Va., and Mr. Harry Frederick Brine.

WALKER-CLEATON. On Saturday, November 27, at Portsmouth, Va., Miss Carrie Cleaton and Mr. Russell Walker, both of Portsmouth.

CHALMERS-SEAMON. On Monday, December 6, at Washington, D. C., Miss Isabelle Gordon Seamon, formerly of Chihuahua, Mexico, and Dr. Henry Coleman Chalmers. At home, Red House, Charlotte County, Va.

CLEMENTS-DAVIS. On Wednesday, December 8, at Henderson, N. C., Miss Eleanor Florence Davis and Mr. Richard Erskine Clements, both of Henderson, N. C.

BOWERS-HILL. On Monday, December 20, at Lexington, N. C., Miss Louise Hill and Mr. John C. Bower, both of Lexington.

GATTIS-HOLLOWAY. On Saturday, December 25, at Enfield, N. C., Miss Sarah Vernon Holloway and Mr. Elmo Heathcliff Gattis, both of Enfield.

LONG-DURKEE. On Wednesday, December 29, at Griffin, Ga., Miss Effie Louise Durkee and Mr. Alexander Campbell Long, Jr.

*Read! Mark! Act!*

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The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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DON'T FORGET

**TAYLOR'S**

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

---

Miss D. (at the end of the re



S. M. (pointing to a copy of the Mona Lisa).—"Say, who pinned that Madonna up over my bed?"

---

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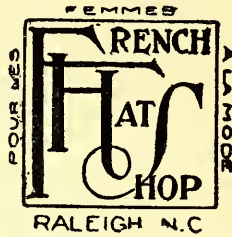
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T

Ex.

"This is very confidential, Dorothy."

"Yes, love; I shall be very careful to whom I tell it."—Ex.

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*The Footery Shop*  
RALEIGH, N. C.

L. P. (in Psychology).—Mr. C., when do we begin to think?"

Mr. C. (despairingly).—"Some of us never do."

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"MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE"

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He began to wag his tail.  
"Well, I never!" said the donkey,  
"There's a mule that's been in jail."—*Ex.*

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RALEIGH, N. C.





The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Mid-Winter Number

February, 1916



## SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1916

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- February 5—Inter-Class Parties. 8:00-9:00 p. m.  
Sophomore-Senior—Muse Room.  
Freshman-Junior—Parlor.
- February 12—Valentine Party. Parlor. 8:00-9:00.
- February 19—Colonial Ball. Parlor. 8:00-9:00.
- February 26—Parlor Entertainment. 8:00-9:00.
- March 4—University of North Carolina Glee Club. St. Mary's  
Auditorium. 8:15 p. m.
- March 8—Ash Wednesday. Holy Day.
- March 20—First Inter-Society Debate.  
Alpha Rho-Sigma Lambda. 8:00.
- March 27—Second Inter-Society Debate.  
Alpha Rho-Epsilon Alpha Pi.
- April 3—Third Inter-Society Debate.  
Sigma Lambda-Epsilon Alpha Pi.
- April 9—Passion Sunday. Bishop's Annual Visitation. 5:00 p. m.
- April 21—Good Friday. Holy Day.
- April 23—Easter Day.
- April 24—Easter Monday. Easter Egg Hunt. 7:00 p. m.
- April 29—"Junior-Senior Banquet." Muse Room. 8:15 p. m.
- May 6—Fifth Annual "School Party." Parlor. 8:15 p. m.
- May 12—Alumnæ Day. 74th Anniversary of the opening of St.  
Mary's.
- May 13—Annual Chorus Recital.
- May 16-18—Senior Examinations.
- May 18-20—Final Examinations.
- May 20-22—Commencement Season.



# The St. Mary's Muse

MID-WINTER NUMBER

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VOL. XX.

FEBRUARY, 1916.

No. 5

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## The Call

---

ANNIE S. CAMERON.

A call to me comes in the evening wind  
From mountain and hill and plain,  
'Neath the tinted skies  
Where the red sun dies,  
And the stars creep forth again.

Down through the ages of by-gone days  
Unto the years to be,  
It is ringing still  
Over vale, and hill,  
Over the world to me.

And my heart leaps up with an answering cry  
Born of this call of old,  
And with wild desire  
My heart is on fire,  
Under the skies of gold.

Oh! for a voice to carry it on,  
To send it forth again,  
In words of flame  
This message that came,  
Over the world to men.

To see and be silent! Hear and be dumb!  
Barren of words and weak!  
Yet to know and to feel  
Life's throbbing appeal—  
Ah, but for a voice to speak!

## A Fancy

---

(Suggested by Keats's Poems.)

DOLORES HOLT.

The moonlight flooded the glen and lit the dark waters of the brook as it made its way—now laughing and gurgling, now sighing and dreaming—on and on to the broad deep river beyond. The stars smiled down and the winds caressed the cheeks of the tall young man, who stood spellbound before the beauty of the night. He breathed in the pure air, threw out his arms, and laughed softly with the pure joy of living. At this moment, like the spirit of night, an exquisite Grecian-clad Naiad stepped from the shadow of a giant pine and danced, lightly, joyously, and with the utmost abandon, across the glen to the very banks of the brook where she stood laughing a moment at her reflection in the moonlit waters. Keats caught his breath. "Is it only a wonderful dream?" he half sighed. No, surely he was awake. But who could this beautiful creature be who danced to the song of the brook, interpreting so perfectly the beauty, the joy, the weirdness of the night?

Softly he crept nearer and nearer until she saw him and, poised half in the air, beckoned him to her. "I am the soul of Beauty, Joy, and the Night," she said, and her wonderful eyes rested for a moment on his. Keats felt himself sinking to the ground, but instantly her arms bore him up, and the exquisite voice continued: "Thou worshiper of Beauty, behold in me her very soul! I appear to thee, for thou art the only one of my worshipers who is noble and pure enough to see me, but the penalty, best beloved, is death! Thou hast reached thy goal and hast beheld the spirit that dwells in all things beautiful and joyful and now shall I claim thee for my own! Come, my Adonais and dance with me, for tonight will I unravel all the mysteries of Beauty, Joy and Truth to thee and then my young, my beautiful Adonais, shalt thou fade, droop and die. Fear not death, best beloved, for thou shalt dwell forever with me, the Spirit whom thou hast worshiped and loved so long." The musical voice ceased and the young poet floated away with the spirit to the world

f mystery. What the soul of Beauty, Joy and the Night imparted to him, no mortal has ever known for the secret was locked in his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Day by day the poet seemed to fade, like a proud lily that after its brief reign on earth droops its proud head and dies—but only to awaken to its everlasting reign in the land of immortal flowers. So Keats bowed his head and half sadly, half joyfully, gave up his almost fulfilled place among the first of English poets.

It was on a beautiful moonlight night six months after the spirit had first appeared to the young poet that she again came. Keats lay dreaming, his pale face calm and still against the pillow, when suddenly he was awakened by the sound of soft music. With a cry of joy the dying poet stretched his arms toward the vision. She smiled down at him, "Come, long sought" she cried.

In a moment all was dark and still in the room, the moon had gone behind a cloud and the soul of Keats was once more a portion of the loveliness he had made yet more lovely.

---

## The Successful Doctor

---

ELIZABETH CORBITT.

She was only twenty-one but she told herself that she was truly a hundred! She was tired and weary and her head was throbbing with all the jarring and grinding of the train. Her brain just would not stop working; it insisted on reviewing again and again her whole past life. She had a great horror for it all. She had never been happy for there was always a burden too heavy to bear. She had been to college two years; but she had been called home at her mother's death to take charge of things. After that, "I swallowed too much dust, I guess, for the doctor said I had germs," she groaned. She had been ill some time before the doctors could discover that she must go west. Then followed the wretched, almost ended journey over the continent. Oh! would the train never stop!

At last, morning came and the train stopped with a jolt, and the journey was over.

Out in Colorado the Big Doctor had built his hospital. The doctor—big, gruff but tender hearted—was working out a cure for a dreadful disease, and his patients were those which had been given up as almost hopeless by other sanitariums in the West. He had been very successful; but, on losing a recent case he had lost all faith. Suddenly his life seemed empty and not worth while. He was about to give up. He needed something to restore his faith in God and mankind. This Big Doctor was after all only a Big Discouraged Boy, hungry for a woman's love and care—though he never, never dreamed that was his need. On some days his sense of failure was by far keener than at other times. It was on one such gloomy day that feeling that only work would help him, he rushed in his automobile to the hospital.

Through the halls the white robed nurses were passing silently and swiftly. The worst case yet received had just arrived. The doctors sadly looked at the pitiful little girl, her white face, with its pathetic eyes, her head covered by bright curls, and turned away almost in tears. They felt as if they could do nothing and their consultation was ending with anxious headshakings, when they saw a huge car drive up with the Big Doctor in it.

"Yes, I've come for the most hopeless case. I want to do something big right now! Where is he?" he said.

They led him into the little room of the girl patient from the East.

"Here is the worst case," the physician said, "but it happens to be a lady."

The doctor frowned, for he had never treated women. Then, when he saw her, his heart leaped with joy. Here was the girl, the Littlest Lady who had been haunting him; and who was to fill the big empty place in his heart! He would save her or die!

First came weeks of illness. Then the Littlest Lady got strong enough to let a little spark of life creep into her eyes. One day they opened wide to see what was happening. Everything seemed dead; no one seemed to care whether she lived or died. Yes! She was looking into the eyes of the Big Doctor. She looked at him

and gave a glad little sigh and turned over to dream of this wonderful man who was performing a miracle just for her. She was, though, not the only dreamer. The Big Doctor knew that life had just begun for him as well.

A month later they were riding and it was twilight. She was all again and bubbling over with laughter, chatting like a school girl. Then came a moment of seriousness.

"You see I want to do something good and make others happy, you have made me. I want to stay in your hospital and be a nurse. I could do good if I tried, don't you think?"

"Do you really want to do one good deed, little girl?" he asked.

She hesitated and then said, "Yes."

"Well, lean over here, my Littlest Lady."

---

### Cupid's Dart

---

FRANCES GEITNER.

A song is in the air,  
The very skies are fair,  
Where bides "Dan."  
All sadness flees the heart  
When pierced by the dart  
Of his clan.

Yes, it's useless to withstand  
An arrow from the hand  
Of Dan Cupid;  
So you might as well admit  
That your heart is sorely hit,  
Else you're stupid.

Is he, then, a warrior brave  
Or, in truth, a common knave?  
That's the question.  
That his darts don't always hit—  
Oh, that isn't true one bit;  
Mere suggestion.

So your smiles to frowns must change—  
And be sure you're out of range  
Of his dart,  
Else he'll draw it from his quiver,  
And, alas, it soon shall shiver  
Through your heart!

---

### The Schoolroom Clock Gives His Views on Strikes and Strikers

---

LAURA BEATTY.

"I believe," said the clock in the schoolroom to himself, "that I have the best place in the whole School to observe the girls. I see them in the morning and afternoon, during school and again at night in Study Hall. They are very interesting, which I never expected them to be, when I was bought for a girls' boarding school. Why! I just love it here, although some of the girls do not.

"There goes the Study Hall bell. I like this time for I can study the girls while they study their lessons. There's that little girl with the light hair and old fashioned ways. She is always the first one here; I believe she is afraid she will get left sometime. I thought she never did anything wrong, but I heard the English teacher tell her this morning that she knew better than to talk after the bell had rung.

"I do wish that girl with the black hair and eyes would keep still. She is forever turning around and talking to the girl behind her. I reckon she likes to turn around because she sits on the front seat and can't see anyone. I believe the girl behind her with the light hair was just reported. Well, no wonder, because she is forever talking about Ravie. She seems to be quite crazy about her, but I think Ravie is an awfully queer name for a girl, don't you?

"Why on earth doesn't that girl take her seat? She is always jumping up and down after everyone else is quiet. I believe she does it on purpose because she knows it gives me a headache.

"Whew! I agree with Hattie, it certainly is stuffy in here, I



guess you wonder how I came to know her name. Well, I couldn't very well help it with that girl in the second row yelling it at the top of her lungs the minute the bell rings. Oh! I know lots about the girls; I've learned more names. There's Katherine and Margaret and Elizabeth. Speaking of Elizabeth I always thought she was very constant until I heard the girls talking about her the other day. It seems that she has a desperate strike on a girl named Helen. The girls all said she was fickle, and at first I believed they were old gossips, but what do you think I saw with my own eyes the other day? Well, I saw Elizabeth run up to Helen and give her a note. Her face was the color of the middy tie she wore.

"I have been thinking lately, and I have decided that maybe I have a strike too, but when I see her my face doesn't turn the color that Elizabeth's does, so I am not quite sure. However, I have one symptom that generally indicates a strike. That is, my heart begins to beat awfully fast, and it is all I can do to keep from running faster. The girl's wouldn't mind that, but I am afraid that if I began to run fast, the principal would say I was out of order and take me away. Just think! Then I wouldn't see my strike any more! Oh, that reminds me, I have never described her to you. Well, she is not too tall and is slender. Her hair is a beautiful reddish brown, and her eyes are large and gray. They are beautiful eyes, so much expression in them. To make a long description short she is beautiful in every respect. I have never seen the girl yet that could surpass her. There is one thing though—she is not particularly crazy about studying, though I don't know that I should call that a fault. I do detest a bookworm. I never was quite sure whether I had a strike on her or not. Oh, no, I am not going to tell you her name. You can guess that for yourself. Why if I did you'd tease both of us nearly to death. One day, when there was only about one second more of Study Hall, she seemed to be weary and turning around in her seat, she looked me square in the face, and then I must confess I struck.

## The End of a Day at St. Mary's

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JULIA BRYAN.

Nine-thirty! St. Mary's is wrapped in a studious quiet when suddenly a stacatto ringing of electric bells announces study over. A slight murmur heard below stairs increases to a chorus of laughter and chatter as one hundred and fifty girls surge up the steps. Messages are called back and forth and doors close temporarily while kimonos and boudoir caps are donned.

The murmur, which has been momentarily subdued, gradually increases as doors are heard to swing open and the young people trip into the halls. They flit by in twos and threes on their way to a feast, perhaps, or if nothing better affords itself, even to an humble box of candy.

Now they are gathered in little chatting knots. Glimpses into various rooms show them sitting tailor fashion on the beds and always laughing—always bubbling with the spirit of untroubled youth. Quite a gay company they are as they chatter and “have fun.” In the hall where a piano sounds merrily the latest ragtime “hit,” couples dance and spectators occupy convenient trunks.

When the merriment is at its height the lights flash three times. Five minutes to get into curl papers and scurry into bed. Such a chatter as fills the buildings. Pink, blue, green, lavender—all colors flash by the doors. Sounds of laughter, giggles and shrieks are heard. Last flash! A final chorus of goodnight messages. Doors slam, lights flash off and the air is filled with a noise like a covey of birds settling to rest. All the buildings are in darkness. Somewhere a door slams. Perhaps whispers are exchanged for a few minutes—then absolute quiet.

Outside the moon looks down on a majestic old grove with its group of buildings all dark and quiet, looking like a little city resting. St. Mary's is asleep.

## SCHOOL NEWS

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### January 14—"Miss Katie's" Birthday

On Friday afternoon, January 14th, Miss Elizabeth Lay, in the absence of her mother who was still in New Hampshire, acted as hostess at the Rectory to a small party of Miss Katie's Faculty friends in honor of her birthday.

Though the absence of Mrs. Lay was deeply regretted the party was a charming affair. The refreshments consisted of Lady Baltimore cake, chocolate with whipped cream, cakes and candy, all made by the young hostess, were greatly enjoyed.

Miss Katie cut the cake which was brightly lighted with the correct number of candles for the years and the extra one on which to grow in the hearts of all of us and continue her useful work here at St. Mary's.

### January 17—Miss Katherine Smith's Tea

On Monday afternoon, January 17th, a number of St. Mary's girls had the pleasure of attending a large tea given by Miss Katherine Clark Smith, last year of St. Mary's, given at her home on Wilmington street in honor of Miss Elizabeth Gold, of Wilson, Miss Jean Smith, of Baltimore, both former St. Mary's girls, and two other guests.

Among those invited from St. Mary's were Katherine Stewart, Charlotte Howard, Nettie Daniels, Sarah Borden, Jacque Smith, Elizabeth Corbitt, the two Hattie Copelands, Gertrude Merrimon and Margaret Gold.

### January 19—Lee's Birthday

On Wednesday, January 19th, the usual Inter-society Meeting was held in honor of Lee's Birthday. The meeting was held in the parlor at the Lunch Period, and after the singing of "Tenting Tonight" Dr. Lay made a short, interesting talk on General Lee's character, pointing out the high ideal that his life had set for each and all. The meeting closed with the singing of "Dixie."

**January 22—Rev. Mr. Phillips's Address**

On Thursday morning, January 20th, a short address was made in the chapel by the Rev. Henry Phillips, Chaplain of the University of the South, Sewanee. Dr. Phillips who was formerly in charge of the well known Mill Work La Grange, Ga., was in Raleigh for the Conference of Mill Workers, which was held at Christ Church, January 18-20.

Dr. Phillips impressed the point that the way to accomplish the big things in life is to begin with the little duties that lie nearest us, to begin with the "small, near end of things." He assured his hearers that every big thing has a little end and that this little end is often the most important part of the whole. The address was very interesting and helpful, and we hope to hear Dr. Phillips again.

**January 22—Dr. Brewster's Talk**

Another of those in Raleigh for the Conference of Mill Workers was Dr. Mary Brewster, who has charge of the hospital in connection with the Training School at La Grange. She was with us for the "Thursday Talk" on the 22d, and spoke of the great work that is being done among the mill people and of the training given kindergarten teachers and nurses at the Settlement. She described many interesting phases of the work and urged upon us the need for trained women and girls. The talk was full of interest and was greatly enjoyed.

**January 24—Basketball Game**

On Monday, January 24th, the first basketball game of the new term was played in the Gymnasium between the Junior teams of Sigma and Mu. A good number of girls gathered to watch the game and their cheers were very enthusiastic. There was some very good playing on both sides and the two forwards, Mary Hoke and Lillias Shepherd, distinguished themselves. The final score was 20 to 15 in favor of the Mus.

**January 29—"Statistics"**

On Saturday night, January 29th, great excitement was caused by the taking of "statistics." The whole procedure had been kept so quiet that the news came as a great surprise, and very exciting

indeed was the scene in the School Room. The first returns were read at nine o'clock and the necessary second ballots were then taken. The final list as posted next morning was as follows:

## STATISTICS, 1915-1916.

Most Popular .....	Annabelle Converse
Most Influential .....	Mary Floyd
Best Dancer .....	Margaret Jones
Most Athletic .....	Annie Brinley
Most Fascinating .....	Sarah Rawlings
Prettiest .....	Katharine Drane
Handsomest .....	Louise Arbogast
Best All-round .....	Alvie Latham
Best Student .....	Annie Cameron
Most Musical .....	Sarah Rawlings
Neatest .....	Helen Brigham
Most Wide-awake .....	Alvie Latham
Most Courteous .....	Frances Geitner
Most Practical .....	Fannie Stallings
Cutest .....	Annabelle Converse
Most Optimistic .....	Frances Tillotson
Most Ambitious .....	Annie Cameron
Most Sentimental .....	Ruby Bartholomew
Most Lovable .....	Frances Cheatham
Most Enthusiastic .....	Nancy Woolford

## January 31—The "Fuller Sisters'" Concert

On the evening of Monday, the 31st, the third of the Peace-St. Mary's Concerts of 1915-16, was given in the St. Mary's Auditorium. The artists were the widely known Misses Fuller in a program of old English Folk Songs. The unique concert was a delight to all. The Auditorium was full and the audience thoroughly appreciative.

The Raleigh *Times* said of the concert:

The Fuller sisters were like a fresh breath from Old England itself as they swept on the stage at St. Mary's auditorium Monday night. In their quaint costumes of brocaded silk, with billowing hoopskirts, tight-fitting basques, and hair drawn low over the ears, they presented a charming picture. There was stately Miss Dorothy, more or less dignified; charming Miss Rosalind, all freshness and life temperament, and sweet; dainty Miss Cynthia, her Irish harp, from which she drew beautiful strains of music as accompaniment to the songs the sisters sang.

The program was made up of English and Scottish folk songs, most of which have been rescued by the Fuller sisters from many of the hidden corners of



Old England, and they sang them with a freshness and charm that was delightful to listen to. The very untrained quality and natural sweetness of their voices fitted the old folk ballads and children's action songs perfectly. Coming from Dorset, England, they sang many of the old songs and entered into a number of the singing games that they had loved in their old home. The audience was captured more and more by the charm of them, and they responded with a number of encores, an especially clever one being a barnyard imitation.

The songs were grouped into children's action songs, songs of battles long ago, romances, songs of happy lovers, songs of home and country, and the singer's farewell.

The entertainment was one of the Peace-St. Mary's concert series, and was one of the most charming and unique concerts that has been given in the city. Its delightful freshness will not soon be forgotten by those who heard the old songs.

#### February 1—Captain Ball Game

On February 1st there was a very interesting game of Captain Ball in the gymnasium between the Sigma and the Mu Midgets. The score at the end of the first half was 14 to 1 in favor of the Mus. But in the second half the Sigmas proved their metal and brought their score up to 14 points, making the score at the end of the second half 17-15 still in favor of the Mus. The chief feature of the game was the good playing of Mary Wilson for the Mus and that of Roella Robbins for the Sigmas.

N. P. W.

#### February 5—The Inter-class Parties

##### THE SOPHOMORES TO THE SENIORS.

The Sophomore Party to the Seniors in the Muse Room on the evening of February 5th was a great success. Katharine Drane, the Sophomore President, welcomed the guests at the door and presented each with a Valentine place-card. The room was tastefully decorated in red hearts, including a 1916 design of them on the wall. The game also was Hearts, and it was much enjoyed. Mary Floyd, the Senior President, received the souvenir of the evening, a box of candy hearts. After the serving of delicious refreshments the guests departed, feeling that the Sophomores were delightful hostesses. In addition to the Seniors a number of the Faculty were also present as guests of the Class.

K. W. B.



## THE FRESHMEN TO THE JUNIORS.

On February 5th, the Freshmen gave a party to their sister class, the Juniors. The invitations, written on children's paper, warned the guests that they were to come clad as little girls or boys. And such an array of infants there was! Some were attended by faithful nurses who kept their naughty fingers out of mischief, some came in groups, and some little ladies were escorted about by little gentlemen.

Though at first the children were a little bashful the ice was soon broken. Some one suggested games, and then there was a clamor. First they attempted "Little Sallie Waters," but so few knew that they had to resort to "Farmer in the Dell," which soon proved to be very popular. Again and again they went through with it. The monotony was broken by "London Bridge is Burning Down," but they soon returned to "The Farmer in the Dell."

Shortly after nine o'clock several Freshmen disappeared, and soon the refreshments were served. They consisted of ice cream, lady fingers and old-fashioned stick candy. Every one found them delicious, especially after the strenuous games.

The remainder of the evening was spent in general conversation and dancing. At nine-thirty, the tired but happy guests and hostesses departed, all declaring they had had "a perfectly gorgeous time."

D. H.

## February 12—Valentine Party to the School

St. Valentine's day was celebrated at St. Mary's on Saturday night, February 12th, by a delightful party given to the School under the auspices of the Senior Class. The Muse Room was gay with hearts and Valentine decorations; the victrola made the music; and in the room delicious sandwiches, cakes, candy and ice cream were sold. In the adjoining hall games were played at several tables. The most popular game of the evening proved to be the archery contest. A tiny heart on a big one was the bull's eye, and the prize for hitting this with the arrow was a box of candy. Many were fascinated by the shooting and showed varied degrees of skill. Miss Thomas finally won the box of candy.

All the guests proclaimed the party a great success and a most delightful and enjoyable one.

E. R.

### February 14—Volley Ball Game

The first game of Volley Ball between the Sigmas and the Mus was played Monday afternoon, February 14th, in the Gym. The game was very exciting and very interesting. The good playing of Mary Mullins (Sigma) and Anne Brinley (Mu) was especially noticed. At the end of the first half the score was 11 to 5 in favor of the Mus, and at the end of the second half the score was still in favor of the Mus, being 19-14.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma.</i>	<i>Mu.</i>
Waddell (captain) .....	Holmes (captain)
Mullins .....	Brinley
Robinson .....	Dodd
Woolford .....	Lay
Converse .....	Paul, C.
Yates .....	Burke
Hughes .....	Collins (first half)
	Latham (second half)

### February 14—Miss Thomas's Valentine Party

Miss Thomas delightfully entertained the Faculty at a Valentine Party on Monday afternoon, February 14th. The guests were received from four-thirty to six, and were welcomed at the door by Miss Thomas, Miss Sutton and Mlle. Rudnicka. The room was tastefully decorated to suit the occasion. Hearts and arrows were on the wall, and the red shaded lights with many candles shed a warm glow throughout the room. Violets and other flowers were effectively arranged in various places. At a side table Miss Katie served the coffee, while other delicious refreshments of creamed chicken, grapefruit salad and mints were served by Fannie Stallings and Katharine Bourne of the Senior Class. The whole evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended, for Miss Thomas, as always, proved a most delightful and gracious hostess.

K. W. B.

### February 14—The Cotillion Club Dance

The Cotillion Club, the youngest of the student social organizations, composed of the dancing girls who "lead," gave its first cotillion in the Parlor on the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day. Attractive

white cards trimmed with red were arranged for twenty dances, and all were thoroughly enjoyed. Katharine Drane was at the piano and Nina Burke and Margaret Springs served punch.

The members and their guests were as follows:

Estelle Ravenel and "Miss" Flora Denham.  
Annie Robinson and "Miss" Nancy Woolford.  
Laura Beatty and "Miss" Annabelle Converse.  
Helen Brigham and "Miss" Sara Borden.  
Margaret Jones and "Miss" Alice Latham.  
Jane Norman and "Miss" Lillian Riddick.  
Anne Brinley and "Miss" Eleanor Relyea.  
Sara Bacon and "Miss" Nellie Dodd.  
Katherine Arbogast and "Miss" Nettie Daniels.  
Louise Arbogast and "Miss" Hattie Copeland.  
Janet Fairley and "Miss" Josephine Myers.  
Sarah Rawlings and "Miss" Mamie Holt.  
Constance Kent and "Miss" Catherine Gilmer.  
Sue Northrop and "Miss" Katherine Elliott.  
Stags: Mae Tredwell, Lucile Anderson, and Minerva Stockton.

#### February 15—Expression Pupils' Recital

On Tuesday afternoon, February 15th, Miss Davis's Expression Pupils gave a very entertaining recital in the Auditorium, followed by a one-act play. All the numbers on the program were interesting and were well done, especially "The Sociable Seamstress," by Velma Jutkins. The play, "Our Aunt From California," proved very amusing. The clever acting of Ruby Bartholomew deserves special mention. The popularity that these recitals have won was shown by the large attendance and the enthusiastic applause.

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#### School Notes

Miss Georgia Wilkins, of Columbus, Ga., a St. Mary's girl of a number of years ago, was the guest of the School, for a few days after the holidays, meeting old friends, making new ones, and taking great interest in noting the improvements. She was on her way to New York City for the winter.

It is a great pleasure to have back Nellie Dodd, of Atlanta, and

Mary Bleakly, of Augusta, Ga., last years girls, who did not get back for the Fall Term, and to welcome Virginia Staten, of Charlotte.

Mrs. Lay's return to the school on January 22d, gave us all much pleasure. She was called to New Hampshire just before the holidays by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Balch. It is good to know that Mrs. Balch is steadily improving, though she will not be able to visit the Rectory this winter as she has done in a number of past years.

Word has just reached her friends at St. Mary's of the sudden death, last October, at her home in Tampa, Fla., of Miss Harriette Larner, S.M.S. 1911-12. Miss Larner is remembered at St. Mary's especially on account of her talent in art.

Among the numerous visitors in town for the Farrar Concert was Mrs. Dan Parrott, of Kinston, who, as Alice Leigh Hines, '10, was a prominent figure in St. Mary's life. This was her first visit to her *Alma Mater* since her marriage to Dr. Parrott last June.

Thursday evening, January 22th, the "Thursday Night Talk" was given by Mrs. Jane McKimmon, head of the Girls' Canning Club work in the State. She took dinner with the Rector and afterward spoke on "Home Economics."

Among the month's visitors have been Rev. Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Drane, of Edenton; Dr. Charles O'H. Laughinghouse, of Greenville; Mrs. E. B. Wright, of Boardman; Misses Elizabeth and Virginia Copeland, of Kinston; Miss Mary Lamb, of Henderson, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley G. Roe, of Maryland, old friends of Mr. Cruikshank, spent Sunday, February 6th, with Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank at the School on their way to Florida. Their home is at Sudlersville, which is also the home town of Laura Beatty.

Among the many Valentine parties Monday afternoon was the one given by Helen Weakley and Jane DeLoatch, in honor of the Seniors. The decorations were of hearts and cupids. Delightful refreshments were served in three courses. Every one enjoyed it, as it proved to be one of the nicest parties of the season.

F. R. G.

Mlle. Rudnicka and Mr. Stone are taking much interest in the Raleigh Branch of the Alliance Française, which has lately been organized. The *Raleigh Times* said of the recent visit of M. Delamarre, on January 29th:

Monsieur Louis Delamarre, of New York, the Secretary General of the Alliance Française in the United States and Canada, was in Raleigh Friday for a conference with that branch of the organization which has been recently formed here. Monsieur Delamarre addressed the meeting in the afternoon, his subject being the "French Vaudeville," which he treated in a masterly manner, not without humor, beginning with an account of its inception and growth to the present day. The entire lecture was in French, and was listened to with eager interest from start to finish. All who heard it (some thirty-five or forty in number) went away with a feeling of keen interest in the subject and much impressed by the charm of Monsieur Delamarre's personality, so typical of the country which he represents.

The speaker was introduced by Mrs. W. E. Shipp, the president of the Alliance in Raleigh; and after the discourse, expressions of appreciation were made by Mrs. Shipp and Mademoiselle Rudnicka of St. Mary's School.

Miss Eliza Pool was hostess to the meeting on yesterday afternoon, and afterwards Monsieur Delamarre was entertained at St. Mary's School by Mlle. Rudnicka and Dr. and Mrs. George W. Lay.

Her many friends of 1913-'14 will be much interested in the following announcement, made in the Savannah papers:

Col. and Mrs. William L. Grayson announce the engagement of their daughter, Lynne, to Lieutenant Leo Charles Mueller, of the Coast Guard cutter "Yamacraw."



# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB. Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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## EDITORIAL

### Isn't It Foolish?

"Thank fortune the examinations are over! Now we can settle down. "Yes, I think that is the way we all feel and we start upon the new term with a sigh of relief. But as for "settling down" I am afraid the meaning of that is summed up in the joyful exclamation, "Now that exams. are over we can stop working and rest awhile!"

Isn't it funny how we keep on fooling ourselves? We blunder along and make big mistakes and get ourselves into all sorts of trouble and then the day of reckoning comes and we denounce ourselves as "crazy" and "idiotic" and determine never to be so foolish again. And then when the danger is all nicely passed, we go right back and do the same things over again and then wonder why we get into trouble.

Just before examinations you can hear exclamations on all sides such as "Why in the world didn't I study this thing!" "If I only had a *month* I could learn something." "Sure thing, next time I'm going to study!" And then when the hurry and fuss are over, we



are so tired and we want to rest! And the May Exams. are such a long way off; such vague shadowy things. Why should we worry?

Isn't it funny that we never learn any better, that we never realize that this putting off from day to day is the very thing that makes examinations such a "bug bear" and necessitates the horrors of a "cram." But we never do, and I suppose we never will. We keep on our way and instead of taking our work easily, bit by bit, we insist on crowding it all into one short week. Well, so it is! But isn't it foolish?

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### The Debates

With the mid-year comes the mid-term election of the Literary Society officers and active preparations for the inter-society debates. The elections resulted in few changes. The officers of Epsilon Alpha Pi cannot succeed themselves, so Rena Harding takes Helen Wright's place as President there, Eleanor Relyea continuing as President of Sigma Lambda, and Frances Geitner of Alpha Rho.

The dates for the debates have been arranged and they will be held on the evenings of the second, third and fourth Mondays in Lent, March 20, March 27, and April 3. This will be the fourteenth year of the inter-society debates and the third series between the three societies. Alpha Rho won both of its debates in 1914, Epsilon Alpha Pi won both in 1915. It would be strange if we were not all much interested in the question of which society will be the winner in 1916.

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### With the Rector

Dr. Lay attended the Convention of Mill Workers which was held at Christ Church, January 18th to 22d and on the following Sunday brought to our minds the great need for such work. The text of the sermon was "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." He pointed out that the social work in the South was the especial duty of us Southerners, that each of us had a responsi-

bility and that to each of us came a call of some sort. He urged the need of training and spoke of the great lack of trained workers.

From January 23d to the 26th, Dr. Lay attended the North Carolina Conference for Social Service which met in Charlotte. The subject of the meeting was "The Welfare of the Child."

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### **The Commencement Marshals**

The selection of the Commencement Marshals by the Literary Societies is always a matter of prime interest. The elections were held this year on February 15th. The Epsilon Alpha Pi had the selection of the Chief Marshal this year, and their choice fell on Alice Latham, '17, of Plymouth, the Junior Class President. The other marshals chosen are Elizabeth Corbitt, of Henderson, and Martha Wright Boardman, for Epsilon Alpha Pi; Katharine Drane, '18, of Edenton, the Sophomore Class President, and Sara Bacon, of Savannah, for Sigma Lambda; and Nellie Rose, '17, of Henderson, and Estelle Ravenel, of Valdosta, Ga., for Alpha Rho.

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

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## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-		{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh. Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Alice D. Grimes, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Miss Lucile Murchison, Wilmington.
SECRETARY	-	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

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## Baptisms in the Chapel

JANUARY 16TH: LUCY EVELYN OWEN. At the Evening Service on Sunday, January 16th, the Rector baptized little Lucy Evelyn Owen, aged three months, the heir-apparent of Mr. and Mrs. R. Blinn Owen. Miss Dowd, Mrs. Sells (as proxy for the absent aunt of Mr. Owen after whom the baby was named), and Judge Hoke, were the sponsors. This was the first baptism of the present school year in the Chapel.

JANUARY 18TH: MARIA DRANE. At a special service on Tuesday afternoon, January 18th, the Rev. R. B. Drane, of Edenton, baptized his little granddaughter, Maria, second daughter of his son, Mr. Brent Drane, who, with his family, is spending this winter in Raleigh. Katharine Drane and her mother (as proxy for her younger daughter, Marian) acted as godmothers. As the daughter of "Florence Thomas" this baby would have a special interest for St. Mary's; and, as both the Dranes and the Thomases have been among the staunchest friends of St. Mary's in recent years it seemed especially appropriate that the baptism should be in the Chapel.

## ALUMNÆ MARRIAGES

KING-BATTLE. On Tuesday, February 1st, at Rocky Mount, N. C., Mr. William Johnston King and Miss Sallie Haywood Battle, both of Rocky Mount.

CLARKSON-MITCHELL. On Monday, January 31st, at Greenville, S. C., Mr. Robert Barnwell Clarkson, of Eastover, S. C., and Miss Mary Gibbes Mitchell, of Greenville.

YATES-ROBERTS. On Wednesday, February 16th, at Raleigh, N. C., Mr. K. Waylon Yates and Miss Lucretia Lydia Roberts, both of Raleigh.

PARDEE-HAUGHTON. On Wednesday, February 23d, at Charlotte, N. C., Mr. John Grove Pardee and Miss Jane Hawkins Haughton, both of Charlotte.

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## ALUMNÆ MUSE

The next number of the MUSE will be the special "School Life Number," which will be ready March 1, and the Alumnæ Number, which has been long delayed, will follow March 10th.

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## AN L-E-G

*Now ON loved sweet MLE,  
And quite B9 was Fate,  
B4 he did with NRG  
SA 2 AV8.*

*He flew with EZ XTC,  
Nor NE did XL.  
A B caused him 1 day, ah, me!  
2 DV8. He fell!*

*They gave 2 ON ODV  
And XS OP8.  
His brow grew IC, 4, U C,  
Y then it was 2 late.*

*"O, ON," MLE did say,  
"No more an NTT,  
I NV even grim DK,  
Your MT FEG."*

LOUIS B. CAPRON, in the Saturday Evening Post.

## *Read! Mark! Act!*

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The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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DON'T FORGET

# TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

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Dr. L. (in Bible class)—“Miss M., if Jeremiah, Elijah, and Amos were living now, what would you call them in terms of today?”

R. M. (hesitatingly)—“I—I think I'd call them good fortune-tellers.”

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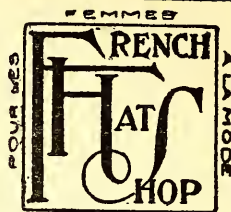
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Miss U. comes in late to dinner and stops by Miss Thomas' table.

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Heard in Biology class: "Now, girls, we'll skip over flowers and turn to grasshoppers.—Ex.

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*The Footery Shop*  
RALEIGH, N. C.

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said Johnny, as he smeared jam over the cat's face, "but you know I can't have suspicion turned on me.—Ex.

Mr. S. (in Civil Government class)—"If the President dies, what happens?"  
A. B.—"He's buried."

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A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer

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Mr. S. (in History)—"Now, can any of you tell me an American town modeled on the old English cities?"

L. R. (eagerly)—"City Point!"

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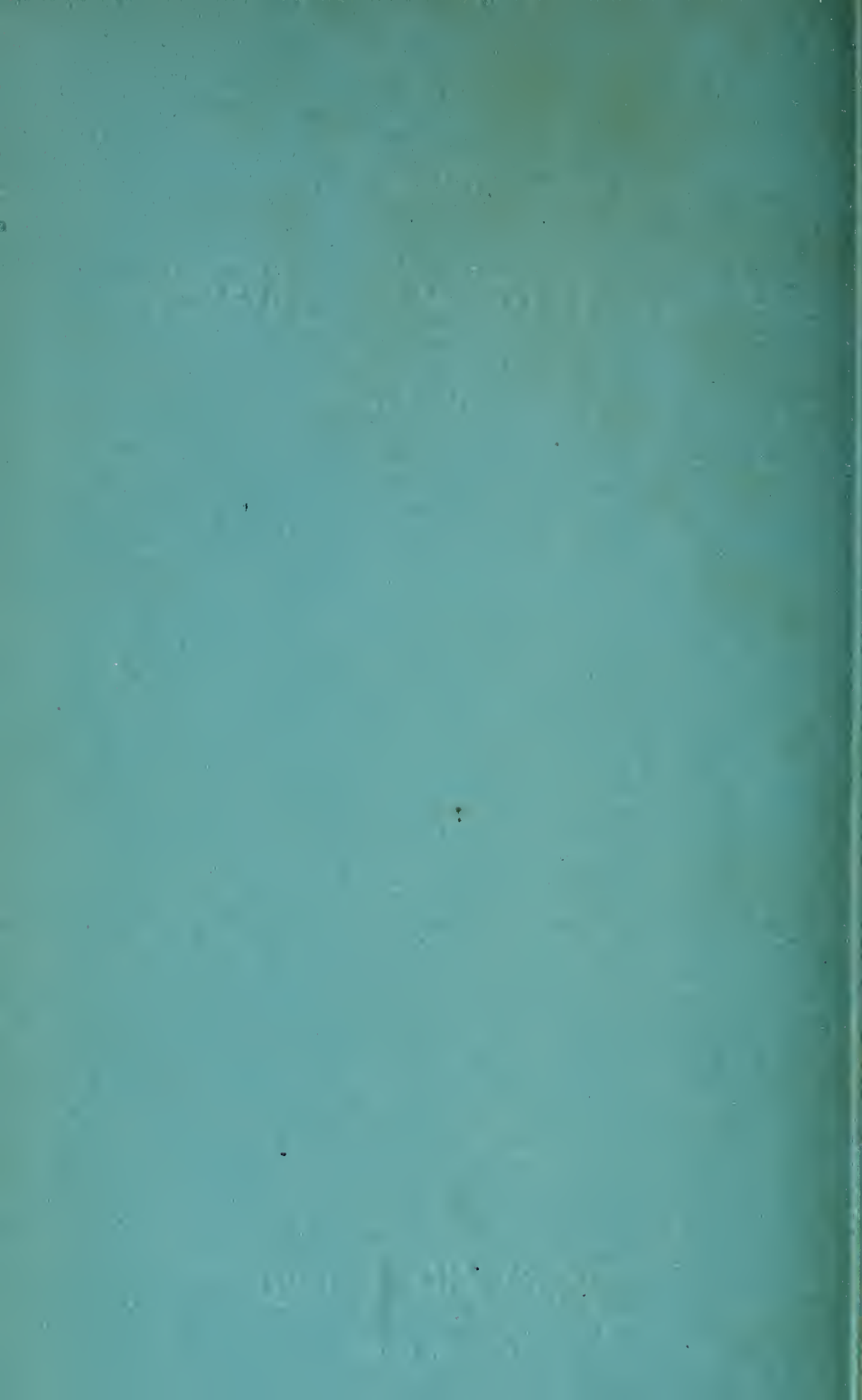


The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

School Life Number

March, 1916



# The St. Mary's Muse.

## SCHOOL LIFE NUMBER

VOL. XX.

MARCH, 1916.

No. 6.

"Undoubtedly, there is a spirit, distinctive, characteristic, which we may call the 'St. Mary's Spirit.' Let us take care that we do not lose that characteristic which has distinguished the St. Mary's girl from the beginning. Let us always remember the qualities for which St. Mary's has been representative—culture, refinement, and, above all, the highest type of Southern womanhood."

N. B. L. 1911.

---

### Alma Mater

(TUNE: "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms.")

St. Mary's! wherever thy daughters may be,  
They love thy high praises to sing,  
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree  
Around which sweet memories cling;  
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name.  
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,  
But the thought of St. Mary's aye kindles a flame  
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!  
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;  
They can never thy happy instructions forget,  
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.  
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;  
An experience wholesome and sweet.  
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;  
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

May the future unite all the good of thy past  
With the best that new knowledge can bring.  
Ever onward and upward thy course! To the last  
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.  
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still  
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove  
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—  
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love.

H. E. HOBSON. 1905.

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## THROUGH THE YEAR AT ST. MARY'S

## I. Month by Month—September

## The First Week of School

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing maids, and missing checks, and text-books dry and drear;  
 Heaped in the narrow passages the scattered trunks lie spread,  
 And the wrapping-papers rustle wherever you may tread;  
 The picnics and the rides are gone, the golf-sticks put away.  
 And Mr. C. makes schedules out all through the gloomy day.

The teachers want certificates from the school you were in last,  
 And recall to you the old exam. in which you have not passed;  
 They talk about the courses, years, the terms and hours required,  
 And dash the soaring hopes that have to entrance high aspired,  
 And with music and electives this truth they have impressed:  
 The course may be expanded, but it cannot be compressed.

The Seniors feel the dignity their new position bears,  
 And think 'tis reprehensible that youngsters put on airs,  
 E'en in these very early days they debate about the MUSE  
 And the "ads" they must collect, and the rings that they shall choose,  
 And presidents and officers speedy meetings do not shirk,  
 For societies and clubs are all preparing for their work.

The Juniors are elated with their senior year in view,  
 The Freshman o'er her algebra feels just a trifle blue,  
 The Sophomores endeavor to "double" all they can,  
 And many a puzzled maiden the catalogue doth scan,  
 While the older girls are telling wondrous stories to the new,  
 Of what they are expected in meditation-hour to do.

But when the rules have all been read and the conflicts all arranged,  
 And pianos go, and classes meet, you find there's little changed,  
 And when the lumps have melted in the strangers' breasts that swell,  
 Soon the new girls, like the old girls, come to love St. Mary's well!

E. E. CHECKLEY. 1904.

## The Solitary Weeper

(AFTER WORDSWORTH.)

Behold her, single in the gloom,  
 Yon solitary, homesick lass,  
 Sighing and sobbing by herself—  
 Stop here or gently pass.  
 Alone she now bemoans her lot,  
 Forsaken in this dreadful spot.  
 Ah, listen! for the air around  
 Is rendered dismal by the sound.

Will no one tell me why she weeps?  
Perhaps the plaintive wailings rise  
From memories of her happy home  
That spring before her eyes;  
Or does she sit and meditate  
How dire and awful is the fate  
Of her who needs must wisdom seek  
And go down town but once a week?

No place as this in all the world  
Seems quite so God-forsaken,  
And at the thought her cringing form  
By choking sobs is shaken.  
No sweeter thing was ever heard  
Than her dear mother's parting word;  
But she's two hundred miles away,  
And this is just the second day.

Whate'er the cause, the maiden wept  
As if her grief would have no ending.  
'Twas up to me to comfort her,  
So o'er the damsel bending,  
Although not very good at it,  
I tried to cheer her up a bit—  
"Ah, well, this week's always the worst;  
We all felt just that way at first."

NELL BATTLE LEWIS. 1910.

---

### A Dreamer at St. Mary's

---

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

---

She sits at her desk with an open book before her. The day is bright and sunshiny, but not so, she; her eyes are seeing so far-away, and on her lips is a dreamily mournful half smile. Her thoughts wander on from the front door of her home into mother's sweet room where—the bell! such a harsh, jarring, terrifying, clanging bell!

She is pushed, crowded, elbowed, punched through a crowd of girls down a long passage-way, and finally reaches dry land in the shape of a chair under the very nose of some teacher.

Her neighbor begins to recite. A dim realization, gradually assuming immense proportions, creeps into her mind,—she does not belong



there. After rushing into several Senior and Junior classes, she finally discovers the right room, and with a sigh of relief opens the door just as her class is being dismissed.

Back again to the school-room she is jostled and hustled until she does not know whether she is standing up or sitting down. After collecting her thoughts sufficiently to know that she is doing the latter, she begins to rejoice in the quiet of the study-hall, when with a rush all the home-sickness comes back to her,—and there are three long months before Christmas holidays! What did the girls at home do last night? Sister went to a ball, she knew, but that was for the older set. Her own friends, perhaps, went out rowing. Could she not see them now with the glorious moon mystically lighting up the little white boats and glistening on the wet oars as they came out of the water? Yes, there go Connie and Tom up the river where her boat used to meet theirs every night. For an instant she almost thinks she is with Jamie in the bateau, drift—that bell again!

From now on she has not time to think any more until she gratefully journeys

#### IN THE LAND OF NOD.

It is such a peculiar place, so quiet, so still, and yet with a confused rumble in the air overhead, and it all seems to come out of a big, black cloud, called "Where-to-go." In front is a forest of little trees named Duties, which begin to grow as soon as she looks at them. Looking to the left end, she sees a large sign-board marked, "Do not take time to read this, but go in to your classes at 10:30; go to A Latin, B Science, M History, D English, N French and P German, all at the same time. You have not time to stop. Go on forever, and keep on going."

She stands gazing at this, reading it over and over, until something catches her elbow, and shrieks, "What's your name?" "Where are you from?" "How many brothers and sisters have you?" "How old are you?" "When did you come?" "How do you like it?" "How many lessons?" "Hard course?" She scarcely has time to ask a breathless "What?" when a more imposing something with "Senior" printed on its forehead grasps an inch of her sleeve, and in a stentorian squeak demands, "Can I do anything for you?" "I want to go home," is all the answer she can give.

"Well, replies the Thing-named-Senior, "I never have tried, but I suppose I could take you there and back, before the next bell rings. I can do most anything. . Come on."

In an instant she and the Thing-named-Senior stand before her mother's door. She throws open the door and rushes toward her mother. Midway her guide grabs her, and squeaks hurriedly, "Can't stop, come on."

She is hauled on past her own room, past the dining-room, and when she gets to the parlor and is just about to sit down on her favorite divan, her guide again angrily shrieks, "Can't stop, come on, half a minute before the bell!" Back out of the front door they race together, on down the street to Connie's house. She is just about to speak to her friend when the Thing-named-Senior squeaks, "Come on, can't stop."

On, on to the river, and somehow it is moonlight there. Jamie is waiting at the landing in the bateau for her, and she is just about to step into it, when the Thing-named-Senior gives her sleeve a desperate twitch, and with a last farewell "Can't stop, come—," disappears, and there is in the distance a faint sound of a bell which comes *nearer*, NEARER, NEARER.

SADIE M. JENKINS. 1904.

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October

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## Two Serenades

The night was fair in its glory—  
Ah! that was long ago—  
And beneath a maiden's window  
A youth sang soft and low.  
He played his guitar gently,  
The music could scarce be heard,  
But the maiden who listened above him  
Caught every soft-breathed word.

The serenade—it was Schubert's—  
Ah, that was long ago—  
And a red rose fell from the window  
To the singer who stood below,  
Who strummed then a wild, glad scherzo;  
Its strains showed his pure delight—  
A perfect harmony reigned there—  
Music, love, and a star-lit night.

---

The campus was dark with shadows,  
The night was—a short while ago—  
There stood 'neath a schoolgirl's window  
Six youths with their cigarettes aglow.  
They whispered with laugh and cajolery  
Before they began to sing;  
With tenors and basses so hearty  
They made the whole welkin ring.

The serenade—was it Schubert's?—  
On that night but a short while ago,  
When no red rose fell from the window  
To the singers who stood below.  
Ah! no, 'twas no such sweet melody  
Broke the silence of night divine;  
They sang of a goat named Hiram  
That ate shirts from mother's clothes line.

PATSEY HARRY SMITH. 1912.

---

## After the Fair

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

Broke, broke, broke!  
That's the state of the case with me;  
And I would that I my coin had spent  
Not quite so lavishly.

Oh, 'tis well for the fakir to fake,  
 And pocket the coins with a grin;  
 Oh, 'tis well for the showman to boast  
 And rope all the credulous in.

But the pleasant ice cream man  
 Has most of the pelf, I ween,  
 And it's oh for the sight of my hard-earned cash  
 One glimpse of the lost "long green."

Broke, broke, broke!  
 I moan in deep despair.  
 But 'tis only what one might expect  
 From a day at the "Great State Fair."

NELL BATTLE LEWIS. 1910.

---

### "The Great State Fair"

"State Fair Day"—that precious day on which we have the privilege of wandering out to the Fair Grounds (a very dignified wandering and well chaperoned) and spending an afternoon in being educated by the exhibits, agricultural and otherwise, watching the fakirs and patronizing the "great side-shows," with an occasional glimpse at the races or the balloon ascension or the aeroplane flight; coming home at five laden with "squaredunks" and balloons and red candy and toy dogs and such like treasures for those of our less fortunate sisters as seemingly lack the faculty of enjoying such delightful hilarity—that great day is over.

As we look back at it, it is not so very different from other State Fair Days. Perhaps mindful of that familiar little verse,

There was a young lady named May—  
 Who was perhaps just a bit gay;  
 She went to the Fair  
 And flirted while there,  
 The train took her home the next day.

we are on our usual good behavior, for there are no evil consequences of our visit. We have a very good time and see many old friends. Why even the "trained fleas" are there.

Our chief authority on the subject, "Ducky," whose unbiased appre-

ciation is never tempered with regret of past pleasures, says, in rehearsing all her wonderful experiences:

"Honey, I seen so much I jest don't know whar to begin, but there was one thing I'll tell you 'bout—'Old Mammy Jane'—she knit with her elbows—yes, darlin', her *elbows*. They said as how she was an ol' witch and got her arms burnt off some way and now when she says 'Howdy do' to anybody it'll bring 'em good luck. Anyhow, I seen her crochet with her elbows, myself. Sugar, she stuck her needles in them little places where the bone used to be and knit better'n I could.

"Then I seen an old nigger do the 'rag-time dance.' He was all spotted up—a black spot here and a white one there, all over his face, and when he danced he kicked up his heels to his nose—honest, honey—no, I didn't see him *hit* his nose, but he come mighty nigh doing it. He sho' did dance lively.

"A little farther down they had a show with the ugliest little woman in it. She was just about so high and fat—ugh! She was a sight, and her jaw stuck out and her nose come down 'till they most meet. When I come out the man axed me to give all the people standing 'round my opinion of what I thought of the show, and so I stood up and told 'em it was *truly fine*—it was only ten cents, but it was certainly worth a quarter. Then they all hollered and laughed and a man asked me if I had ever seen a 'snake eater.' I told him, 'Lord-a-massey, no,' and he said 'You come on, then.' So he took me up to where a man was sitting in a big tin pan and he was all a-growling and snakes crawling all over him, and his teeth—. Sugar, you never seen such teeth; they was *that* long and all pointed—and he bit into the snakes, going 'g-r-r-r.' I said, 'Master, help me—lemme git out of here.'

"And next thing I went up to see the oscrades—yes'm, you know them things—you git feathers out of 'em. Yes'm, I knew it was something like that—'oscrades'—I can't say it like you do, so let's call 'em birds—the man he called 'em birds, and, honey, he said they was so strong they could knock a horse down with one wing and then he went and got on one and rode him up and down jest like a horse.

"Oh, but, darlin'—the funniest thing I *ever* seen in *all* my life. Sugar, it was them trained hoppergrasses and crickets! Honey, it beat the world—they drug little wagons round like they was working for their living, and I 'bout died laughing. The man axed if I ain't ever seen any before. I told him, 'Honey, I've seen many things, but I ain't never seen a trained hoppergrass like that before'—oh! yes, and fleas, too—trained fleas. I was that tickled he let me stay in for another round. Darlin', it was worth a lot. No'm, I can't tell you any more, 'cause if I don't clean up I'll git into trouble, but, Sugar, you jest ought to have seen them crickets—you missed a sight."

MARY C. SHUFORD. 1911.

### Hallowe'en

Hallowe'en! There comes the thought of witches and elves and brilliant autumn leaves and pumpkin lanterns, grinning at the thought of their own ugliness, and apples, very red. That is the time when those





THE DAY AFTER "HALLOWE'EN" OR AFTER THE "COLONIAL BALL."



of us who are still children enough to believe in fairies are glad of the belief. It is good to think that somewhere under the clear, crisp stars the witches are a-riding, and that somewhere in the moonlit woods the gay elves dance.

The afternoon before Hallowe'en is a very busy one. Everywhere girls sew or crimp paper or paint busily, or do some other of the thousand and one things that must be done before the costume can be finished. And then, when the dressing-up begins, what a hurrying and scurrying and a little fussing too, on the side. For it is provoking when you—a would-be "pirate bold"—find that your room-mate has very carelessly used your "whiskers" as a fringe for her Indian costume. But when the "big bell" rings things straighten themselves out somehow and a very motley throng crowd into the schoolroom to form in line for the "Grand March." Everybody is laughing and whispering and wondering "who in the world is that?"

Ah! The first note of the grand march sounds; the "little children" giggle and scamper ahead, and the procession starts. It circles round and round the parlor with slow and solemn tread, while the Jack-O'-Lanterns blink from among the leaves. A very strange procession it is—ghosts and witches and clowns and nuns and gypsies, and many other strange and fanciful characters compose it. Then the lights are turned on, and the dancing begins. To be sure there is quite a little jostling and treading on toes, but who cares? And so the fun goes on.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half-past nine! A discordant bell, a groan from many throats, and the Indian whose war paint is slightly smeared puts an arm around the little girl with disheveled hair, whose sash is awry, and they go slowly upstairs; and the convict kisses the witch good-night.

And so it ends.

NELL BATTLE LEWIS. 1910.

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### Hallowe'en

11:00 A. M.

She's just a plain St. Mary's girl,  
A dainty little maid,  
Who hates to get the fatal "slip"  
And loves a serenade.

8:30 P. M.

But now she is a powdered dame  
With gems and rare old lace,  
Whose sweeping train is managed  
With dexterity and grace.

Or now she is a fearful "spook,"  
Who moves in solemn gloom;  
And now an old and wrinkled witch,  
A-riding on a broom.

With clumping sabots now she comes,  
A Dutch girl "just too cute";  
Nor does she fear the Indian brave  
That's in such hot pursuit.

She turns now to the happy days  
Of childhood, free from care;  
A little girl, with flowing curls,  
She hugs her Teddy Bear.

Now quite demure she "tells her beads,"  
And counts them one by one;  
Absorbed in meditation deep,  
A sweet and pious nun.

She now appears a Puritan,  
In simplest fashion dressed;  
And now, with clanking spurs, she comes  
Straight from the "wild, wild West."

And now a sporty college chap  
With trousers rolled just right,  
And now a little "nigger gal"  
With "pig-tails" plaited tight.

10:00 P. M.

Oh, yes, she can be all these things,  
But at the stroke of ten  
You'll see, if you're observant,  
Just the same sweet girl again.

NELL BATTLE LEWIS. 1910.

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November.

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**All Saints' Day at St. Mary's**

"Hm——, 7:30! Another half-hour to sleep, thank fortune." And suiting the action to the word, the slumberer turns over, and knows practically nothing more until breakfast time. For one's early morning thoughts are, if not vague and indefinite, at least anything but keen.

What a strange mixture of the week today seems; this holy day, of All Saints. Half the subdued quiet of Sunday, and yet the drowsy, day-after-a-frolic feeling still lingers in the air.

Last night was Hallowe'en and in proof of this, girls in gay attire flock out into the Autumn sunshine in merry groups; and laughing, chattering, and swinging kodaks, gather to have their pictures taken; paper dolls, witches, Indians, cadets, ghosts, stately ladies and gentlemen, all mingle together. Other girls are seen strolling idly around the grove, enjoying the nothing-is-hanging-over-me feeling of a holiday. Still others are seen hurrying busily back and forth from chapel, filling vases, or looking for "Miss Katie" to ask directions of her; plainly bespeaking the Altar Guild.

Then the bell rings for the eleven o'clock service, and the girls assemble, form and march toward the chapel. They pass the covered-way, and the notes of the organ swell out on the air; the choir takes up the words of the hymn and gradually down to the end of the line girl after girl joins in the triumphant song:

Hark, the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:  
Multitude which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

The last girl has passed on, over the threshold of the chapel and into the holy quiet within.

The crown over the altar and the lighted candles burn with a white light; the bunches of chrysanthemums filling the chancel form soft

masses of color; and now the silence and stillness grows in intensity, until it seems as if the solemn hush pervading the chapel could be felt, by a congregation made one, by the words of the Bishop: "I believe in the communion of saints"—

At length the organ sounds the recessional and one by one the chapel is deserted, and the music fades into the words

Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine,  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia!

drift and linger, then die away at last, and are succeeded by quiet for a minute, but only for a minute, for a jolly babel breaks out as soon as the girls pass the silence bounds.

Assembly over, they disperse into groups, wander out on the grass and fall into a discussion of last night's events. Snatches of sentences are caught by the passer-by: "Didn't she look simply dear?" and "I never *would* have known who she was"; "Oh how funny, I knew her voice right away!" Well, I had the *time* of my life bobbing for apples, but it certainly was disastrous to my water-color complexion." "Surely, hun, you don't indulge—" The ringing of the lunch bell just then proves an interruption as well as a welcome sound.

MARGARET STRANGE BROADFOOT. 1911.

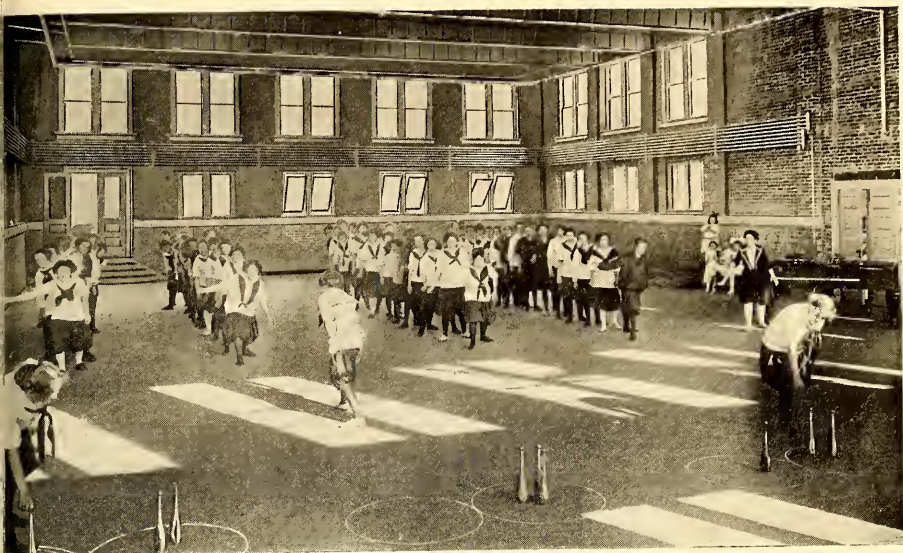
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### Basket Ball

For days before the great event, one hears at lunch period songs and yells issuing from the different class rooms where Athletic meetings are being held and on this fated day itself, enthusiasm and excitement reign supreme. Even the laziest, most languid, unenthusiastic girls in School do not escape the infection. We see one displaying a blue arm band while another appears with a huge red bow pinned to her sleeve.

And now at half past two the two associations are massing to march to the field. Out on the court some of the Faculty and a few nonpartisans have gathered. Suddenly in the distance appears a flash of color, flowing ties and glowing armbands, a swaying mass of crimson and triumphant voices singing. The Sigmas are coming on the run. Hardly





GAMES IN THE "GYM."



THE EAST TENNIS COURTS.

have they reached the court than around the Chapel swings a long line swaying in rhythm to their chanting. Everywhere blue,—blue ties, blue armbands, blue hats, blue stockings,—and everywhere strong triumphant voices ringing determination, shouting defiance. The Sigma cheer leader is rallying her forces to cheer, the Mus are gathering for an answering yell. Back and forth fly yells and songs, and taunts and choruses of defiance until the referee's whistle sounds and the two teams run to their positions. Again that shrill whistle striking chill terror to quaking hearts and the ball goes up in the center. A tense fraction of a second and the Blues have it. Down the court it goes flying to the goal. Jump, Red guard! Break it up! Ah, she has it. Back it goes again to the center where it is again whirled to the Blue side only to be caught and sent spinning to the Red goal. Back and forth it goes. Now it is in the basket; now it is almost in. Each side holds its breath, tense with excitement. The whistle sounds loudly. Some one has made a line foul. A forward takes the ball and steps back for a free throw. Everyone holds her breath, one could hear a pin fall. She takes slow steady aim. The ball slips from her hand and falls into the basket. A roar of triumph shakes one side of the court, broken in upon by the shrill whistle calling time on the first half. And now the two sides rally for more cheering, those who are ahead elated with the vision of victory, the others determined not to appear discouraged. Behind their sturdy supporters the teams are resting, wrapped in their sweaters and surrounded by enthusiastic groups of admiring friends. Again the whistle calls them to position and the game is on. The side lines are tenser now, the game is more vital, they are playing in more deadly earnest. Fewer goals are made but in one basket the ball falls oftener and the whistle calls time on a score of eight to six.

One side of the court seems to have gone mad, screaming and crying and hugging each other while the other puts on a brave face and takes defeat like a sportsman.

Slowly the crowd streams away to where ice-cream is being sold, red ties and blue mingled together, the defeated bent on treating their victors. And each side is determined to win next time, the victors to maintain their record and the conquered to wipe out their defeat.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.



## December

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The Christmas Tree

The excitement began at dinner. You will not soon forget the big Christmas bells hanging from the lights, the tiny Christmas trees shimmering and sparkling on each table, the sigh of joy that greeted the fried oysters, and the merry talk and laughter. But that is over now.

The big School Room clock ticks monotonously. Cruel monster to drag along at that slow pace when a hundred hearts are pounding in a hundred ears, when a hundred pairs of eyes gaze longingly, beseechingly at its face, and excitement like a charge of electricity fairly vibrates in the room. How can you even pretend to study with tomorrow staring you in the face and tonight in the shape of a big Christmas tree calling you, calling you to the gym. All afternoon girls have been working there, gaily and steadily, twisting crepe paper, twining cedar, sorting out candles and hanging wreaths. All day long a big hamper has stood in the office to receive "knocks" and now its contents lie in gay heaps at the foot of the tree. A few girls are still there taking a last glance at the bright candy bags, straightening the candles or stepping back to admire it all.

In study hall the situation has become intolerable. The slow hands have crept around to three minutes, two minutes, one minute,—There! Eight o'clock: A sudden tap of the bell, the tension snaps. A hundred gay voices, laughing, singing, shouting, chattering all at once, a rush and a scramble for the door and the procession is off to the gym. But it is a gym no longer. No wonder that the first to reach the threshold stand agape, unmindful of blocking the way until pushed forward by the impatient ones behind. No, it is not the gym. It is a realm of fairy-land, the abode for Santa Claus and all his elves. In the middle of the room stands the big pine tree, the dim recesses of its misty boughs twinkling and shimmering with a hundred tiny candles. At its foot are heaped the "knocks" and the candy bags, mountains of color. From the ceiling overhead, to the ends of the room wind streamers of red crepe paper, while wreaths adorn the windows and the big cedar rope is looped along the walls on the window ledges. Flickering in the gentle night

wind, the white candles shed their soft mellow light over all. Hark! In the distance the sound of clear voices ringing. A hush falls over the babel of the room. Nearer and nearer they come till in at the side door, dressed in white and each bearing a candle come the girls singing, singing. Clearly and reverently the fresh voices rise through the hushed stillness. "Holy Night, Silent Night." Carol follows carol, Christmas hymn and merry Yuletide song. Everybody joins in until again there falls a hush and through the midst of the merry crowd comes Santa Claus himself, the jolly old rogue, accompanied by four elves. Then the lights are switched on and the fun begins. What laughter and clapping there is as Santa Claus reads out the "knocks" and the gay pile at the foot of the tree is distributed.

Over in the corner the servants are looking on with shining eyes, awaiting with eager expectation the moment when their presents are to be given out, for they too have their part in the Christmas Tree. At this jolly celebration no one is forgotten.

Everywhere is joy and merriment, and that night when you go to bed you are thankful for Christmas, thankful for tomorrow, thankful for the home to which you are going and away down in your heart, though you may not realize it just then, you are thankful that you are coming back to St. Mary's after the holidays.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.

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"I brought the Christmas season when I came,  
And filled St. Mary's full of joy and mirth;  
I covered all the grove with whitest snow,  
And soon the maidens glad did homeward go  
To keep the time of peace, good-will on earth."



## January

### Examinations

A feeling of gloom is in the air. This morning as the girls file slowly, reluctantly, out of Chapel one can not help thinking of the proverbial "Lamb to the Slaughter." Now it is almost time for the "English exam." In the office girls are scrambling for pencils. Their conversation drifts out to us while we are passing.

"Did Milton write 'To a Daisy'?"

"No! You crazy! But, tell me, did she say Carlyle's work was inadequate?"

Hark! What is that? The bell! It strikes chill terror to the quaking hearts. Slowly the girls are gathering in the School Room, giving last frantic glances at their notebooks at the door. And now the papers are being given out. Happy the one who glances at the questions and can give a sigh of satisfaction and relief and begin to write. Unfortunate one who has not studied and does not know! The clock ticks on relentlessly and her mind remains a blank.

Out in the grove the lucky few who have no exams today laugh and talk and feel that after all, exams are not so bad.

In all sorts of odd corners girls are studying for the next exam.

"Who came after Henry VIII?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let me see, the area of a circle is equal to the base—. Oh, goodness, I can't learn Geometry."

The English Exam is over now. Girls drift out in twos and threes and talk it all over. Then comes History and French. One exam follows another and by degrees the atmosphere lightens and brightens.

Finally the last one has been stood and you heave a great sigh of relief. You are quite sure you are going to study harder next term and although you have to admit that the exams were not as bad as you imagined, still you are very glad to settle down again into the daily routine.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.





## February

### The Colonial Ball

Who said there was no such thing as magic? I defy him: Let him come with me into the parlor on the night of February 22d and see for himself. Surely this is the good year 19— A. D., but we find ourselves in the midst of the 18th century. Everywhere are curtesying ladies with flowered panier and powdered curl, with dimple and with beauty spot, and a big fan to blush behind. And everywhere are young gallants in knee breeches, silverbuckles, powdered queue and high stock. If this is not magic, what is? "Ah" you say, "But you have not seen behind the scenes. You have not witnessed the mad search for bloomers, the frantic crimping and basting of crepe paper, the raid upon talcum powder, and the scramble for pasteboard and tinfoil." No matter, I still maintain it is magic. The magic of forgetting ourselves, the magic of being someone else. So let us laugh and dance and bow and curtsy and be our grandmothers and grandfathers, just for tonight.

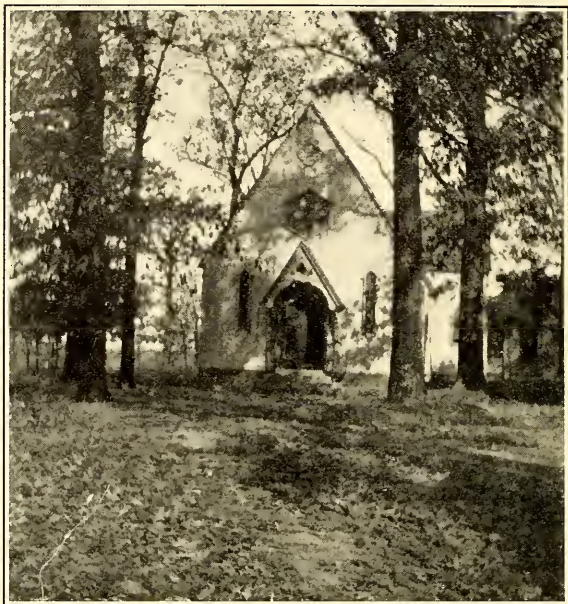
What a gayly mottled throng it is. There goes an English officer, splendid in his red regimentals, and here an American patriot in his buff and blue. Strange guests have found their way to the ball. Two pirates pass us, knives in their belts, red handkerchiefs at their throats, rough beards and fierce eyes, glorying in their own ugliness. Here is a staunch backwoodsman with his cartridge belt and hatchet and over there an Indian Chief is dancing with a beauty worthy of his majesty's court.

At the other end of the room the prosaic ones who refused to be their grandmothers look on rather wistfully and wish that they had not been so literal minded.

Starting with the Virginia Reel, figure follows figure, melting at last into the waltz and two-step. What light feet, what light hearts, what merry laughter!

All too soon comes the dreaded sound, the harsh clang of the ninety-three bell and, as with Cinderella at the stroke of twelve, the spell is broken, the magic dispelled. Out of the romance and glamor of "Yesterday" we come, to climb weary flights of steps, to go to bed to dream of shoe buckles and powder and crepe paper and lords and ladies of the olden times.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.



And I'll see dear old St. Mary's,  
And the Chapel in the light,  
As the golden glory floods the sky,  
And the sun sinks out of sight.

Girls pouring from the doorways  
In one continuous stream,  
Gay as the bridge to Asgard,  
Will come into my dream;  
And like the pious Arab,  
When called to prayer at night,  
I'll join the throng at Chapel  
As the sun sinks out of sight.

The organ's solemn pealing—  
"Dear Lord, abide with me,  
For fast doth fall the eventide,"  
Will often comfort me,  
While visions of St. Mary's  
Will come to me at night,  
And I'll see the Chapel in the glow  
As the sun sinks out of sight. . . .

ANNE ARCHBELL. 1905.



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March

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## Lent

Ash Wednesday: and Lent has started. Down in the class-rooms the Sunday School classes are gathering to get their mite-boxes. The girls laugh and talk as they fold the pasteboard into shape. "What are you going to give up?" "Butter," says one; "candy," another; while a third declares grandly, "I'm not going to be late at Study Hall a single time. See if I am!" The days slip by quickly. On Wednesday and Friday evenings the girls in hats and coats may be seen going to Chapel. There is no dancing at night but a merry group still gathers in the parlor to laugh and talk and sing.

On the whole, the days are very pleasant; but there are tragic moments, as when *ice cream* appears on Wednesday (an unheard of thing) and you have given up dessert. In the dormitories you may hear such conversations as "I'll make up your bed and pull down the window for ten cents a week." "Thank you, but I guess I'll do it myself. I'm going to stop being lazy this Lent." Or out in the hall—"What have you got? *Not* a box! Well, I declare, this is the *limit*. That's the *third* box on this hall since Lent started and I'm not eating between meals. It's just the 'Irony of Fate.'"

There is to be a ball game and the girls look at the passing crowds wistfully. "Never mind," they say, "We'll go after Easter." Indeed Easter is the "great event" now. Everyone is looking forward to it and longing for it to come. But each girl realizes on that morning as she enters the Chapel bright with flowers and joins in the joyous Easter anthem that this glorious day would not be so bright and beautiful had there been no quiet days of Lent.

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON. 1914.

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The Battle Cry

A crowd of girlies hurry  
Through the streets at fearful pace;  
A res'lute gleam is in each eye,  
A set look on each face.  
And to the wondering shopper  
That may chance to pass them by  
There rises from the hurrying throng  
This grim, determined cry:

"We'll pass straight by dear Cally's,  
 His luscious fruits we'll spurn,  
 And if he speaks of 'Love's Delight,'  
 The shoulder cold we'll turn.

"Not the joys of chicken salad,  
 Not the last 'Best Seller's' fame,  
 Not the charms of Brantley's sherry  
 Can our worthy ardor tame.

"Not the most delicious package  
 Of the sweets that Royster hath  
 Can serve to turn our feet aside  
 From duty's rugged path.

"And we'll pass the tempting 'Fashion'  
 Without e'en a fleeting look,  
 For we're on our way to Tyree's  
 To have our pictures took."

\* \* \* \* \*

Now as in the dusk of evening,  
 Home the girlies wend their way,  
 The shopper hears, in passing them,  
 The tired damsels say:

"Oh, we've shown such wild school spirit,  
 It would satisfy e'en Crook,  
 For we've *spent the day at Tyree's*,  
 But we've had our pictures took."

NELL BATTLE LEWIS. 1911.

### The Debate

What a buzz of conversation! An Auditorium full of excited girls all talking at once! Full did I say? No, that is not true, the whole middle section is almost empty. The reason is simple. It is the inter-society debate and only a few "sit on the fence" tonight. All day the excitement has run high. The debaters themselves have been surrounded by eager groups with the vital question, "How do you feel?" "Goodness, you're not going to be scared?" "Don't forget I'm counting on you." The office has been crowded with an eager knot who are buying "colors" and everywhere the bright bits of ribbon flutter defiantly, pinned over loyal hearts. All afternoon a little group of girls has been busy decorating the stage—pinning up big pennants and banners with many a pause

for a rapturous hug and the fevered exclamation "We've just got to win!" And now this preparation is over, the time has come and the opposite sides of the Auditorium are packed with loyal partisans each confident of victory.

Suddenly the talking stops. All eyes are fastened on the stage where a girl in a black gown enters, followed by four girls in white dresses—the debaters. A wave of enthusiasm sweeps over the audience and the girl in the black gown waits patiently for it to subside. Now she is speaking; she states the query and then "The first on the Affirmative, Miss —————" and a girl rises from the right hand table and steps to the front of the stage amid a storm of applause. "Madam President, honorable judges, fellow students"—There is a slight quiver in her voice, her face is rather pale but there is about her an air of "do or die" determination which is impressive. Clearly and logically she develops her argument. At last she has finished. The right hand side of the audience seems to have gone wild. With flushed faces and shining eyes they clap as though they never intended to stop. Then the first on the negative; the affirmative, and, the negative again. Clear girlish voices filled with earnestness and conviction, fine young faces fired with enthusiasm and determination; the same wild clapping; and then comes the rebuttal. At last it is over. The girl in the black gown rises quietly. "Let us sing 'Alma Mater,'" she says and the whole audience rises to its feet as one person.

From a piano hidden somewhere behind the scenery come the strains so well known and so well loved, and *sing*—how the girls are singing. Their voices shake with emotion and the building rings with their song "St. Mary's, wherever thy daughters may be." Their voices rise clear and eager. During the last verse a girl is seen to leave the audience. In her hand she bears three envelopes—the judges' decision. In a moment she appears on the stage and giving them to the girl in the gown, quickly retires. The girl holds them in her hand; she is looking at them. Slowly the last strains of the song die away. There is a tense stillness, a stillness that can be felt. Then a clear voice breaking the silence: "The judges have decided in favor of the Negative." One dazed instant; a quick intake of breath and then—Has everyone gone mad? Pandemonium breaks loose! Screams, screams that rend the

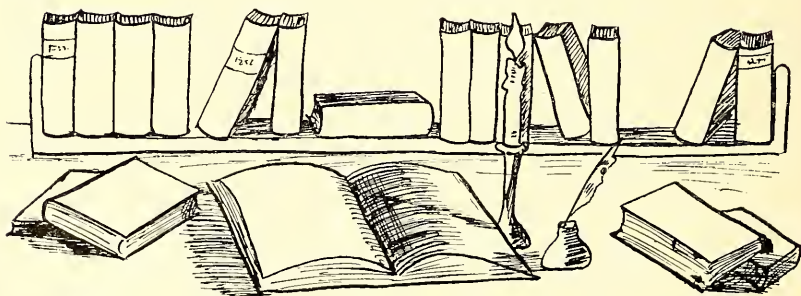
air, laughing and weeping, everywhere girls locked in each other's arms and more than all a mad rush for the stage—a regular whirlwind of shouting, screaming, laughing, crying girls. The scenery reels and totters before this irresistible tidal wave of triumph. At the first word the defeated debaters had hurried across to congratulate the winners; but they are not together long for this wild mob bursts upon the stage to grab them and revolve round and round, fighting for a place next to them, every one talking at once, laughing and weeping and here and there a few with tears of joy rolling down their cheeks too excited or too hoarse to scream any more, meeting their friends in a silent embrace of pure rapture. Long as it seems it lasts only a few minutes. There is a general movement towards the door and amid the laughter and tears and joyful shouts of their companions the debaters are borne away in triumph and the crowd disperses to celebrate the victory by “mid-night feasts” or similar forms of hilarity.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.

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She took her place before good Father Time,  
'Mid tears and smiles, and all in pretty rhyme,  
Began a tale of maidens, ah! so wise:

“Oh, Father, had you seen those maidens there,  
Studying from early morn till midnight late,  
Lost in the pages of some monstrous books,  
Their faces bearing wise and knowing looks,  
You'd wondered what the cause; 'twas the Debate.”



## April

### Easter

The sun has risen. Long yellow rays slant over tender green grass and tip with gold the feathery young leaves of the grove. It is early morning and the glad earth in her young green and early flowers welcomes again the Glorious Resurrection. Out in the grove the birds are singing as though mad with joy, and through the beautiful morning sunlight down the path to the Chapel come the girls two and two dressed in simple white. The morning light itself is reflected in these bright young faces and all the joy of the rejoicing world seems filling their hearts as the fresh voices rise clearly, triumphantly, through the hushed perfumed stillness of the Chapel.

"At the Lamb's high feast we sing—" Everywhere we are surrounded by flowers, by flowers and light. The Chancel windows cast long rays of purple and scarlet which tinge the white Altar Cloth with color, and creeping farther touch the bowed heads at the Altar rail. And as we kneel there in that place made holy by the prayers of all those who have gone before us, we feel a deeper realization of that bond between us, the bond of fellowship and of brotherhood, the close bond of love.

At last the Service is over.

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain—"

Out into the sunshine again come the girls singing joyously.

There follows the eleven o'clock Service and Evening Prayer. All the services are beautiful, all joyful and triumphant, but the spirit of them all seems embodied in that fellowship of the early morning, that coming together through the fresh still Easter Dawn to meet the Risen Lord.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.



### Easter Egg Hunt

The Chapel line is certainly in a hurry tonight. The girls fairly tumble up the steps in their haste to get through into assembly, and wait with tense eagerness to be excused. A *stranger* might ask the cause of such excitement—a stranger, but no one who had been at St. Mary's on Easter Monday night and had attended the big egg hunt in the grove. At last the bell is tapped and what a rush and scramble for the door. They dash down the steps and out under the trees where big Japanese lanterns nod a cheery invitation. Such hurrying and scurrying, such talking and laughing with every now and then shouts of triumph as some new hiding place is discovered. "How many have you, Mary?" "Seven, and mercy! here's one, two, three,—*four* more. That's eleven! What you bet I get the prize?" "Well goodness, I haven't found but one, I don't see where you get them from." Red, yellow, pink, white, and purple eggs—there seems to be no end to them! After a while however the discoveries become fewer and farther between and at last the big bell is rung for the searching to stop. Everybody hurries to Main Building steps where the eggs are counted. One girl has twenty-one so amid much laughter and joking she is presented with the prize—a big white rabbit. Then laughing and talking and eating her candy eggs, everybody hurries to join the "Mail line" which is quickly being formed in front of East Rock.





## May

### The School Party

For the past week there has been a Class meeting almost every day at the lunch period and all sorts of plans have been whispered about, to say nothing of the secret cutting and basting and crimping of crepe paper.

And now on the night of the School Party all the classes in costume are gathered in the School Room awaiting the moment when the parlor doors shall be thrown open to them. The parlor itself has been transformed into a bewildering maze of color. From the lights at the ends of the room wind paper streamers, green and white, purple and violet, scarlet and gray, black and orange, and pink and blue. All the class colors lead to the places where the classes are to sit.

At last the doors are thrown open and the march begins. The "Preps" in the lead, dressed in white aprons and blue sunbonnets with pink bows. The Freshmen follow in black and orange caps, and then the Sophomores in purple and violet paper dresses, to be followed in turn by the Juniors in green frills and white flounces. Last of all come the Seniors in their red caps and gowns carrying diplomas, and gather around the piano.

At this party the Seniors are hostesses and now they are singing a song of welcome to the Faculty and girls. As the applause dies away the little sunbonneted Preps rise to sing their Class Song. They are followed by the Freshman, the Sopomores and the Juniors, each President speaking a few words for her class. At last it comes the Seniors' turn and they too sing their Class Song followed by other songs and toasts. Songs about those whom we love and admire and comic songs about things around School. Toasts to the Faculty and the whole School and a few words from the Rector, Miss Katie and Miss Thomas are spoken. Finally the President of the Senior Class steps forward. She is going to present the gift of the student body to the School.

The rector accepts it and again the room is filled with applause. During the commotion several girls are seen to slip away through the side door. More songs are sung. The Juniors glance at the piano and imagine how they will feel standing there next year. The Sophomores,



CLASS DAY, 1915. THE SENIOR CLASS IN THE "SCHOOL GIFT."



CLASS DAY, 1915. THE PROCESSION FROM "EAST ROCK."

the Freshman and even the "little Preps" cast wistful glances at the Seniors. And the Seniors themselves? They are not so happy as the others may think. To them this seems the beginning of the end. They look with envy upon the lucky ones who will have more School Parties to attend. How gladly would they exchange places with them tonight.

And now the girls who slipped away are coming back with plates of ice cream and little cakes. Conversation and laughter begin in earnest and a jolly time they all have until suddenly a chord is struck on the piano. All spring to their feet for it is "Alma Mater."

"St. Mary's, wherever thy daughters may be—"

Fresh voices filled with a new love and reverence, happy voices tinged now with the sorrow of coming partings. Slowly the last note dies away. There is a hush and a pause. Tears are in many eyes, everyone is loath to go. And then the light flashes. Slowly, reluctantly the girls drift out of the parlor and the School Party is over.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.

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### Class Day

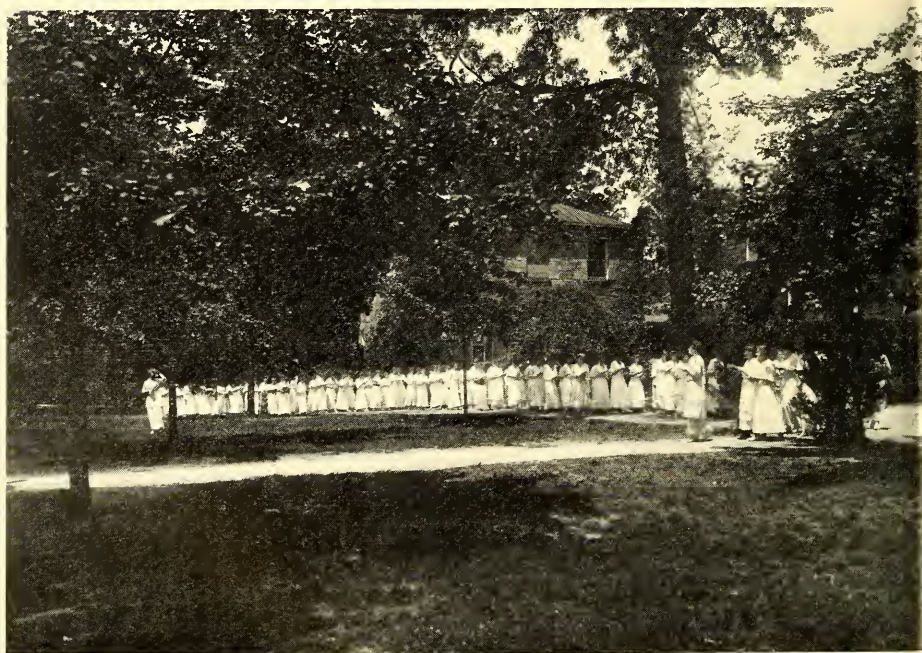
The Muse Room is indeed a scene of confusion. Everywhere heaps of daises, balls of twine and merry groups of girls. The Juniors have been up since five o'clock and under their hands the long daisy chain is striding foot by foot towards completion. That was before breakfast and now it is nearly half past ten and the arrangements in the grove are almost completed. A last touch is given to the green arch built over the main walk and two or three girls drag out two or three more cushions and benches. Some one hurries by with an armful of flowers. She is on her way to the studio where great preparations are being made for the Art Exhibit which is to take place in the afternoon.

From the distance comes the faint sound of singing. The Seniors are practicing over for the last time their various class songs. And now it is almost eleven o'clock. Visitors are beginning to drift into the grove,—mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, relatives and friends—until the benches are overflowing and the grove is bright with happy faces.





CLASS DAY, 1915. THE SENIORS WITH THE DAISY CHAIN.



CLASS DAY, 1915. THE PROCESSION OF THE LOWER CLASSES AROUND "WEST ROCK."

Suddenly the sunny calm of the May morning is broken by clear fresh voices singing:

"In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees,  
Where the sunlight lies—"

Around the corner of West Rock winds a long line, white clad. The Preps come first, then the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors. The long line parts and down the center, led by the Chief Marshal, and bearing the daisy chain, come the Seniors. Down the midst of the long line they march and to the platform to the semi-circle of chairs awaiting them. The other classes file by, still singing, and take their places. Then a hush falls over the grove. The President of the Senior Class is speaking. She is welcoming the many guests. As the applause dies away the Preps rise to sing their class song. They are followed by the Freshmen, the Sophomores and the Juniors. Finally comes the Senior Class Song. Then the class roll is called and the Seniors one by one answer "Present" for the last time at a class gathering. The History and the Prophecy follow and the "Last Will and Testament," calling forth peals of laughter at its ridiculous bequests. Another hush falls over the grove. A girl has stepped forward, the Business Manager of the Muse. She is going to present the annual and no one but the Seniors know to whom it is dedicated. There is a moment of tense listening and then what a storm of applause. Evidently the choice of the Senior Class is the choice of the School as well. Suddenly a chord is struck on the piano. All spring to their feet, at the sound of "Alma Mater." Slowly the last note dies away. There is a moment's pause, a moment's hush and then—the President steps down from the platform and Class Day exercises are over.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.

### Commencement

At last it is over, the Salutatory, the Class Essay, the Commencement Address, the honors and promotions, and the Valedictory all are over and the long line is wending its way to Chapel. At the door the Chief Marshal turns and divides the line, the Juniors at the head, the Preps at the foot, and down this avenue of girls come the Choir, the Trustees, and lastly the Seniors led by the Chief Marshal. "Ten





COMMENCEMENT, 1915. THE STUDENT PROCESSION, HEADED BY THE MARSHALS.

We're the happiest girls in all the realm of schooldom,  
 We feel as though we'd triumphed over fate,  
 We've reached a goal we've ever sought,  
 A day of which we've ever thought,  
 That wondrous day on which we graduate.

And so it's all come true as in a story,  
 Commencement morning with its golden sun  
 Has risen upon our sight in all its glory.  
 For us there'll never be such other one.  
 And yet we say with heartfelt sigh  
 For the happy days of the years gone by:

Good-bye, School, we're through,  
 Dear School, where we have met,  
 We say good-bye to you  
 With very real regret.  
 Our day of jubilation  
 Is full of fascination,  
 But we'll e'er to you be true;  
 Good-bye, School,  
 Good-bye, School, we're through.

*From "Good-bye, School, We're Through" (a song of Graduation Day,  
 after "Good-bye, Girls," from "Chin Chin.")*



Thousand Times Ten Thousand" the clear voices ring out triumphantly—everybody is singing.

Prayers, lessons and Psalms follow each other. To others it may seem the usual Commencement Service, but not to that little group for whom this celebration is being held, that group in whose lives this marks the first crisis. If you are one of that group it is very different. You kneel, and sit, and stand as in a dream. You go forward when your name is called. The Bishop is speaking to you, he is handing you something, your diploma. Four years of work for this. Did you ever imagine you could be so miserable? Four years, and it seems only a moment. You would give anything to go over it again. But there is an indescribable thrill as it touches your hand, this bit of paper that means so much to you. Then follow a few words by the Bishop and you are back again in your seat.

A prayer, the final benediction, and then the organ peals forth "Jerusalem, High Tower." The line is filing out again. A sudden terror seizes you. You want to catch the flying moments and hold them fast. Through the numbing pain that you are suffering flashes the thought that this is the last time you will march out of St. Mary's Chapel, "a girl." You would give anything to turn back, to be a Freshman, a Prep, but the line moves on and you are out again in the dazzling sunshine, on around the path to join the long semicircle that stretches from West to East Rock. Slowly the Clergy and Trustees file past and there falls a sudden silence. The Chief Marshal steps forward. There is a moment's pause, a moment's hush, and then—she raises her hand and your life at St. Mary's is ended.

ANNIE S. CAMERON. 1915.



## Hail, St. Mary's

In a grove of stately oak trees,  
Where the sunlight lies,  
Stands St. Mary's true and noble,  
'Neath the southern skies.

Far and wide, oh sound her praises,  
Chorus full and free,  
Hail, St. Mary's, Alma Mater,  
Hail, all hail to thee!

Well we love the little chapel,  
Ever hold it dear;  
Hear the echoes of the music,  
Rising soft and clear.  
Far and wide, etc.

There the ivy and the roses  
Climb the old stone wall,  
There the sweet, enticing bird-notes  
Sound their magic call.  
Far and wide, etc.

And the bonds of friendship strengthen  
As her beauties charm,  
We draw close to Alma Mater,  
Trust her guiding arm.  
Far and wide, etc.

*After* MARGARET MASON YOUNG. 1898.

EVERY DAY SKETCHES

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## Saturday Evening

Choir practice is over at last and the girls in pretty dresses troop into study hall for assembly. A few "harmonize" softly on the melody of the last hymn. After assembly, over in East Rock, and far out the door the line extends, waiting for mail. It is a jolly, good-natured line tonight. Some sing; others beat time on the backs of the unfortunates who happen to be in front of them; others make would-be witty remarks about those who pass them, coming from the office.

A girl with a worried look pushes through the crowd with a murmured "Beg pardon, but I must get to——"

But it's:

"Oh! No you don't! We're on to your tricks and you don't pass us."

"Well, it's past my understanding why you should object."

The crowd emits a groan of anguish and the disturber of the peace subsides.

From the parlor comes the sound of "rag-time." They are dancing over there.

"Oh! Pink! give me the third?"

"Got it! Sorry, but I can't help being popular. The fourth?"

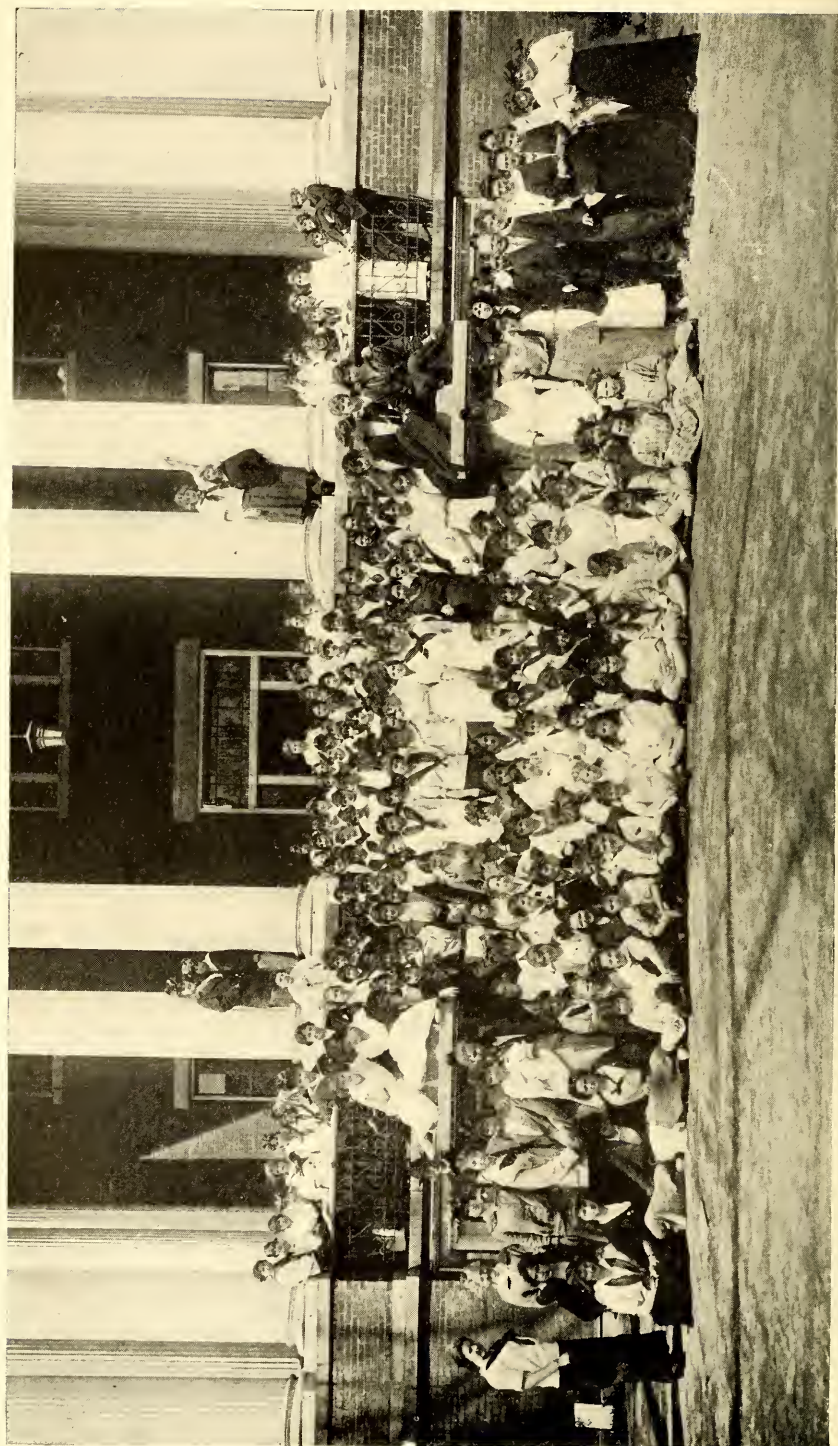
"Good!"

It is a very pretty sight. They all dance well. You notice one couple that dance especially so. Another couple are trying a new step with tolerable success, and considerable laughter. Over in one corner stands a bright-eyed girl who is evidently a favorite, for the "Preps" surrounding her are squabbling for dances with her.

Somebody suggests a figure, and the crowd falls in with alacrity.

By the door, the "Lady of the Night" bustles busily, searching for some lass for whom the inevitable Saturday night "suitor" waits; while the timid-looking suitor sits gingerly on a bench in the school-room and toys with his hat.

In the school-room there is a busy murmur of conversation, broken sometimes by light laughter. There are a number of boys and girls in





the room, each couple seated at a separate desk and obviously oblivious of the presence of the others. But at the clang of the "big bell" the "suitors" reluctantly depart.

### Sunday Morning

The little maples by the path rustle their red-gold leaves and grow more brilliant in the soft sunshine of Indian Summer, and the pillars of the big porch gleam white against the dull red of Main Building.

A group of girls are lounging idly on the broad steps. Some one murmurs the opening lines of the collect for the day, and the crowd takes it up, chanting in sing-song fashion, then relapses into its former tranquillity. They watch the girls scattered over the grove or the squirrel that works busily, or survey with tranquil satisfaction their own carefully manicured nails, and drowsy in the warm sunshine rest silent, idly content.

Off somewhere a whistle sounds, a window is raised, a head is thrust out, and,

"Hello! In a minute," and the window bangs shut again.

A girl comes out of East Rock, her arms full of yellow chrysanthemums. The crowd hums, "Here comes the bride," and laughs. Some one jumps up from the steps, and leaving the crowd lazily protesting at the disturbance, runs down to the girl with the flowers, throws an arm around her shoulders, and they go over to chapel together.

Over at the chapel people are busy. Chapel is the heart of the place. They are dressing the altar with chrysanthemums. The organist is playing the Processional over softly, and two girls are collecting the hymnals. Miss Katie is there.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening service, the sweetest service of all, is ending. The Recessional is "The Son of God goes forth to war," and everybody sings. After supper people drift into the parlor, and into the schoolroom to write letters. Out on the porch the moonlight is very bright and the stars are crisp and clear. In the parlor some one with a very sweet voice is singing the "Song of the Soul," and you sit in the shadow of a column with your arms around your best friend and think, and don't say much.



After a time some one comes out and suggests ghost stories in the parlor with the lights out, and you go in.

Pretty soon you find that you and the crowd around are the only ones that are left in the parlor. So the crowd rises slowly, yawns, and disperses.

#### Monday Morning

Monday morning! In the alcove by Miss Thomas's door, the crowd of girls wait their turn, chatting in subdued voices. The floor is strewn with scraps of yellow permit blanks. Over in one corner some one is writing out a permission, using a friend's back as a prop. The office door opens, the girl comes out, radiant, and dances down the hall; then another emerges, and disappears with a tearful look.

Out in front of the Main Building the "Preps" are collecting, waiting for the chaperone to take them "down-town."

In twos and threes the other girls come; leave their permissions with the "Lady of the Day" who sits sewing in the corner of the big, sunny porch, and with a swish of skirts, and clink of silver bags, hurry down-town to "Cally's" and ice cream.

Scattered about the grove are the other girls—some "uniting," some working busily over books or papers, others merely lounging idly, watching the departing crowds.

A clatter of hoofs, and the horses for the Riding Club appear. Then girls come out of different buildings in varied riding attire, and the youngsters in the grove settle themselves for another hour to watch the mounting. But at last they are off, and the solitary Senior on the steps of the Art Building turns again to her Current History; and the red-headed wood-pecker flies back to his drumming on a tree from which the horses in passing had frightened him.

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#### Just Any Winter Morning

"Oh the bell, bell, bell,  
Hear it clang and crash and roar,  
What a horror does outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air."

We will have to apologize to Poe, but this is exactly the way the rising bell sounds when its never failing peals disturb the blissful dreams of

the St. Mary's girls at the "absolutely unearthly" hour of seven. The catalogue does not know how wrong it is when it states in flaring letters that the girls rise at seven o'clock, and have breakfast at seventy thirty. It never occurs to any one to get up when the rising bell rings. Then you just yell to your roommate, "Wake up! The bell's rung and it's your morning to pull down the window," and soon a sleepy voice cries "It's not, you know I put it down yesterday—oh *why did* you wake me up?" Then you both turn over for just one more nap, and quiet reigns at St. Mary's for about a quarter of an hour longer. Then sleepy heads are popped out of doors with cries of "What time is it?" "How long since the bell rang?" "Oh, I'm so sleepy I can't get up." From then until seven-thirty the St. Mary's girl works harder than any other time, trying to do in ten minutes what it takes an hour at home to do. There are mad cries of "Please give me the shoe-buttoner." "O dear—what am I going to do? There is not a single hairpin in this room." "Oh, there goes the bell. Please button my dress." "I don't know where my hair ribbon is." "Oh I know I'm not going to get there, and I've been late twice this week already."

A mad rush for the dining room follows the ringing of the bell, and then the doors are closed, shutting out those who were just too sleepy to get up.

JULIA WASHINGTON ALLEN. 1913.

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#### Getting the Mail

"Why *does* Miss T— insist on making us stay in here all this time, just because some one made a little noise?" whispers some one in the back of the schoolroom, at assembly from chapel. How can she have the heart to make us wait in here, when she sees our looks of longing and anxiety only "to get our mail?" Soon, however, the "spirit moves her," and she taps the bell. My! Such a hustle to get there first! Anyone in the way between Main Building and East Rock doesn't have to be told to move aside.

"I wish those girls wouldn't push through the line to see if they have any mail. Why don't they get in line and go around?"

"That's what I say, Katherine; think of the time they'd save. And all those toes that are stepped on would be spared! It frets me no little," murmurs Janie, as she settles back against the wall.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB IN "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA."



THE CHORUS CLASS ON THE AUDITORIUM STEPS.

"Oh, you 'Fudger'! I don't think it's fair to save places! She certainly ought to run for herself," whispers Nellie in a lower tone to the girl in front of her.

How slowly the line moves! It seems as if I'll never get to the window. "What?" mumbles Sallie, "Do you mean to say I haven't any mail today, either; I guess everybody has forgotten me. I didn't expect to hear from home, as there's no one there except mother and father. They *never* write me unless somebody gets married or dies; and there's not much danger of their 'retying the knot'!" And Sallie slowly makes her way out of East Rock.

"What's the matter up there? Everybody buying stamps? Well, I might have known it. I'll declare! I have *three* whole letters; and I've been waiting back yonder all this time! But here I am at last. 177, Miss Sutton, please." ELIZABETH ANDERSON TARRY. 1913.

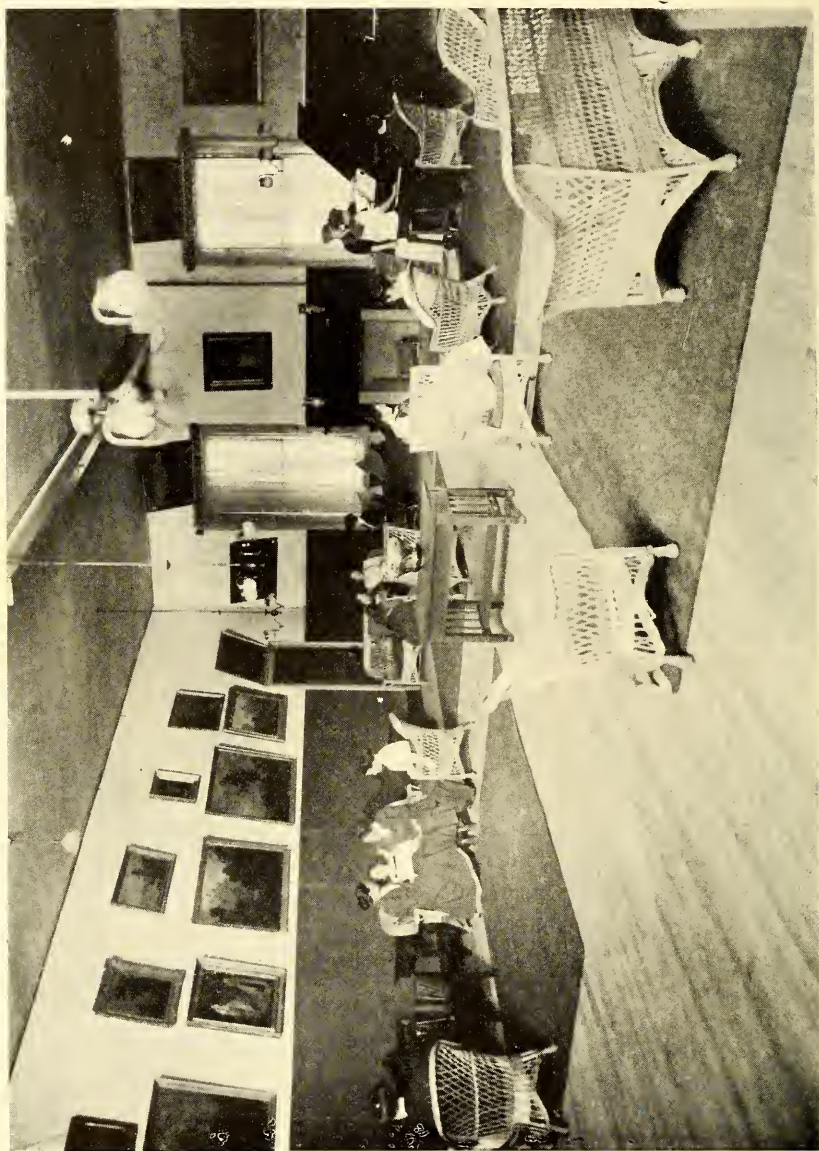
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#### The Usual Occurrence at Lunch Period

Oh, dear! How much more time have we before the bell? I'll declare we certainly ought to have more than fifteen minutes at this lunch period. I never know whether I'm coming or going, for I'm always in such a hurry and rush. How some people find time to stroll around the grove now is beyond me. But I *know* they must be the unfortunate ones who never get any mail! Isn't it just too provoking? The mail never gets here in the morning before chapel time any more, and there is always such a mob over at the office at lunch that I never can get mine. And then, too, I never have time to read all my numerous (?) letters in just fifteen minutes! The bell always rings for class when I'm in the most thrilling part.

And I always have something "most important" to tell some one at this time, and I *never* can find them, of course. By the time I chase a girl all over this place, and go from Miss Shattuck's dormitory to Senior Hall searching for her, why I have entirely forgotten what I had to tell her. Oh yes! I forgot that permission! I knew I had something on my mind. I forgot to file my permission to go out this afternoon, and now I'm afraid it's too late. However, I'll be brave and try. Where is a pencil? Dear me! I never can find a thing when I get in a hurry. For mercy's sake, somebody lend me a pencil!





THE SOUTH AND WEST SIDES OF "THE PARLOR."



And I did want to find time to glance over my lesson before class. Of course I'll get a question in the part I haven't looked at: Guess I'd better study a little. Goodness gracious!! You can't mean that's the bell already! Here I have been sitting down talking away so fast that I haven't done a single one of the many things that I was *just obliged* to do. And I don't even know where my book is! I simply must find it, as I went to class yesterday without it and got reported. I see now where I get late today. "To get late" or "to go to class without a book," that is the question!!

MARY BROWN BUTLER. 1913.

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“Unit-ing”

(AFTER KEATS.)

Oh, what can ail thee, little maid  
 Alone and slowly sauntering?  
 Thou has a most unhappy look,  
 Poor little thing!

Ah, what can ail thee, little maid?  
 So wistful and so woe-begone?  
 A better time will surely come,  
 Unhappy one!

I heard this morn a dreadful thing.  
 The Rector said in study hall  
 That beauty without exercise—  
 No go at all.

The “L. P.” also had her say:  
 That exercise henceforth would be  
 (As idle moments here abound)  
 Compulsory.

So, though I much prefer to read  
 In some sequestered, quiet nook,  
 Avowals of undying love  
 In some sweet book;

Or rather to the grill room go,  
 And with my friends select and few  
 There with much merriment prepare  
 A candy stew.



THE KODAK CLUB AT EAST ROCK.



THE WALKING CLUB ON THE EAST CAMPUS.

Yet must I face the cutting wind  
This bitter cold December day,  
And here, though almost frozen—pace  
The hours away.

So this is why I wander here  
With faltering steps and many sighs,  
Because nine "units" I must check  
Of exercise.

NELL BATTLE LEWIS. 1910.

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#### A May Afternoon

The grove is silent and the tall trees seem to be waiting for some one to come and wake them. They do not wait in vain, for a bell is ringing and out of all the buildings come pouring many girls. Now the trees are awake, and with the rustling of their leaves they call to the girls to come and sit beneath their shade.

"Oh, Margaret, please bring me my sewing when you come out, as I have to write now."

"Oh, all right, Mary, I have to go to gym. first, but then we can sew until time to dress for dinner."

Many girls drift into the grove and settle down to finish embroidering the things they are making for their friends who are to graduate in a few weeks. Soon a crowd gathers on the benches under an old oak and at once some one suggests singing. And as their needles fly they sing, "In the Evening by the Moonlight," or "Mobile Bay" and many others; but they come back again to these first two because Sarah and Julia can sing such *good* tenor.

"Oh, I can sing fine tenor to 'O You Beautiful Doll,' " and so Catherine starts the tune and the rest take it up until toward the end Sarah comes in with her tenor.

"Oh, girls, let me tell you something grand," cries Elizabeth as she rushes breathlessly up to the group, "Brother is here and he is coming out to see me."

"Please give him our best, oh! somebody please go and see who has any express. I see the wagon coming into the grove."

"I have finished my scalloping," says Bessie, "and so I'll go and if any of you get boxes or candy, I'll take them and eat them all by myself."

"Oh, that's agreeable to us if you will only go and see if we've got any."

And off she goes toward East Rock.

"Oh, Julia," she yells from the door after a minute, "you have some candy, and please come and get it."

And Julia runs—no she flies, to the office and emerges a few minutes later with a big box of candy.

"Oh, hurry, don't walk so slow, Julia, for we are about to die for some 'victs.'"

Then comes quiet for awhile as the girls eat and sew.

The big bell is ringing and some of the girls reluctantly rise and tread their weary way to detention and after they have gone the rest settle down to really sew, but soon the crowd starts thinning, for some must go and dress and write before dinner. Now the five-thirty bell rings and the last reluctant one leaves to dress for dinner.

The old trees do not have time to go to sleep again as in a few minutes girls start coming out from all of the buildings in white and light colors and they stroll slowly around the grove. Some go into East Rock to see if the afternoon mail is up. And others, as they walk are looking at the glorious sunset. Some one starts singing:

"The sun is sinking fast  
The daylight dies."

But now the dinner bell rings and the girls go toward Clement Hall.

Again the trees are still and a gentle breeze stirs the leaves and again all is quiet and the old trees that have watched over young girls for almost a century stand quiet as sentinels.

CAROLINE CLARKE JONES. 1913



## The Line as Seen by the Chapel Oak

Have you ever seen that Chapel Line at St. Mary's? I have watched it for many, many years, and the thing that strikes me most is the effect that the months and certain days have on the expression of that line's faces. September is a horrible month for the poor Chapel Line's faces. They are all swollen and sometimes they are really bedewed with tears. But in November the tears are cleared away and the line is wreathed with smiles, and when December comes that line fairly radiates with happiness—now isn't that queer?

On Sundays the line appears most dressed up. It is both gloved and hatted. It carries itself with the greatest of dignity and is even led by the Minister himself.

It has always been hard for me to decide whether that line appeals to me more on that early Easter morning when it is all clad in white and seems so joyous and jubilant, or whether it is dearer to me on that glad, sad Commencement Day, when part of it leaves me forever—perhaps it is then. Such choking thoughts rise up in my limbs—to think that some of the dear faces that are passing, that I have seen daily for so many years, I may never see again.

And so it is—that line with time goes on forever: each year taking away old faces from my sight yet quickly adding new ones which do not always take the places of those gone before.

ALICE COHN LATHAM. 1916.





## A Little Song

(TUNE: Uncle Ned.)

I will sing a little song,  
Which shall not be very long,  
All about the sweet St. Maryites;  
Some sober, and some gay,  
Some with nothing much to say,  
And some prepared to set the world to rights!

CHORUS:

O those dear St. Mary's girls,  
With their graces and their curls,  
How delectable, detestable they are!  
Their dresses and their hats,  
And their funny little spats!  
You will hardly find their equal near or far!

Ah, they study very hard,  
And they work and toil and plod,  
Each ready for the teacher's beck and call;  
But some there are who state—  
(’Tis a wonder to relate)—

There's a girl or two who studies not at all!

Chorus.

There's a college, I would say,  
Not a half a mile away,  
That educates entrancing little boys;  
And when life seems rather dry,  
And the time goes crawling by—  
On Saturdays they serve as charming toys!

Chorus.

Now of course it's understood  
That these girls are very good,  
But the teachers just occasionally find  
To restrict a litte bit,  
In detention hall to sit,  
Are attentions they consider very kind.

Chorus.

If you take them all and all,  
From the Dorms to Senior Hall,  
And weigh them in the balance carefully,  
You really might do worse—  
To be very short and terse—  
They absolutely suit me to a tee!

Chorus.

*After "CHAW SIR." 1913.*

## St. Mary's Down in Dixie

(TUNE: DIXIE.)

Down in the South in the land of cotton,  
Dear old school not a bit forgotten,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!  
For St. Mary's dear we'll never fear,  
The thought of her brings only cheer,  
Hooray, hooray! hooray for dear  
St. Mary's!

St. Mary's, yes, great place for schoolin',  
Where you work and play and do some foolin',  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!

Chorus.

E. A. P.'s or Sigma Lambda's,  
Alpha Rho's or Namby-Pamba's  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!

Chorus.

We're sometimes Sigma's, sometimes Mus's,  
Whatever we are you'll please excuse us,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!

Chorus.

## ST. MARY'S—MY ARRIVAL AND MY DEPARTURE

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There are two ways of looking at everything, I've been told, and though I believe there are many exceptions to this rule, I think it is true of the ways in which I've looked at St. Mary's: that is, the way I looked at it on the night of my arrival three years ago, and the way I looked at it to-day, when for the last time as a school-girl, I drove out of the Grove.

Long ago, as we rolled up Hillsboro Street, I stretched my neck out of the carriage window and stared into the mysterious blackness, which a distant flood of light from all the windows of St. Mary's seemed to make more oppressive. I thought I was going to suffocate as we came closer and closer, and the full glare of light was worse than the darkness. All too soon the carriage came to a stand-still in front of the Main Building and I grew rather choky and huddled against my father. Countless heads bobbed out of the windows and a myriad of eyes were turned upon us. As we went up the steps I saw, through the mass of heads in the windows to the right, a room full of girls, dancing in bewildering haste. Just then several couples left off and rushed out on the porch, and I was hugged breathlessly, dashed through an introduction, to some thirty girls and told to "come on and see how grand the room looks."

Vaguely I felt my father kissing me, but before I could secure him he had disappeared, so I moved on between my muslin-clad, chattering room-mates-to-be, feeling very dusty and curious. "Isn't it simply great? and we've got more Turkish trophies—look out! you're sitting on the cake."

I immediately left off sitting on the cake, which, by the way, was secluded under a mound of pillows; and tried to look entirely at home and to discover the charms of the perfectly bare room. I thought maybe they were joking, but I'd been told whatever happened, never to be "fresh," so I simply said, "Yes, it's lovely," and wondered to myself why all the furniture should be in a clump in the middle of the floor, and how we were to sleep on bare mattresses. This latter fear was soon allayed, for one of my roommates began: "You see, we didn't have time to make up beds after we did all the rest," (the "rest" con-

sisted in opening the trunks and rooting out the cake) "so we might as well do it now, then we can go dance. Here, kid, take these sheets; don't guess your trunks will get up to-night." I grasped the bed linen thrown at me and approached the bed pointed out. This was a horrible ordeal! I'd meant to practice bed-making before leaving home, but somehow I'd forgotten to. I hoped my ignorance was not being laid bare before these girls and under cover of the continuous conversation that they kept up I trotted from one side of that bed to the other, trying to pull the sheet smooth. I thought I was progressing neatly when I heard a snicker behind me followed by convulsive giggles. Then I was pushed aside and told to cut the cake, I'd find a shoe-horn on the dresser. I seemed to take to shoe-horning cake less awkwardly, and by the time the others had finished my bed, I had two nice chunks ready for them. I was very grateful to them for making my bed and overcome with admiration at the rapidity with which they had accomplished it. Later on my gratitude and admiration sunk very low, for "Pie-beds," it is needless to say to those who've had experience, deserve neither. But my room-mates didn't seem to resent any lack of thanks in the least. Late into the night my meditations as to how long it would be before I could leave this big, bare place and be home again were interrupted by spasmodic *chuckles and shrieks from the other beds.*

And that was three years ago! Three years is quite a long time but everything looked so different this morning, it doesn't seem as if it could have been the same place. Perhaps it was because long ago I saw it at night and to-day in the morning sunshine. But I hardly think so. It was not the sunlight or the flowers that made the place so lovely. I can't tell exactly what it was. But as I stood on the carriage step, clinging in a lasting good-bye to those same room-mates who had shown themselves such expert makers of Pie-beds that first night, all of us suffering a mutual case of suffocation, I forgot all about the joy of going home and of being free. I just wanted to stumble up those old Main Building steps, late to roll-call, and once more to accomplish the feat of plunging in the schoolroom, just as my name was called. I would have endured the agony of not getting any mail, and delightedly have gotten into line for chapel and progressed funereally out again.

Walking hour seemed a pleasure; I would willingly have walked round and round that grove until I was dizzy.

And oh! for the joy of dancing once more on the parlor floor—to be once more a man!

If I might again brave Miss ——— and rush spasmodically up and down East Rock Hall in order to get the ice out of the cooler for lemonade or some such refreshment!

Once more to be awaked by the dulcet tones of “A’s and M’s” in a well-meant serenade!

In drowning, it is said a man’s whole life flashes before his eyes. So at leaving did the life at St. Mary’s whirl before me, and I looked with envy on those younger ones who would return to do as I was wont to do.

But Raleigh hackmen are not given to indulging sentiment, so I was forced to wrench myself from my room-mates and with a last desperate good-bye to the crowd of girls, every one of whom I had been thrown with in one way or another, I was gone from St. Mary’s.

HELEN STRANGE. 1907.

#### Farewell, St. Mary’s

There have been times in the past, we know,  
When we eagerly longed for that happy day  
Toward which all our toils and labors go,  
When with home-turned faces we could say,  
“Farewell, St. Mary’s!”

But now as the day draws swiftly near  
There comes another feeling, too.  
Somehow everything seems more dear  
When it’s being taken away from you—  
“Farewell, St. Mary’s!”

St. Mary’s! What volumes in that one name!  
It has been our very life in the past,  
To many more it will be the same—  
But—our final parting has come at last!  
“Farewell, St. Mary’s!”

We are leaving the days of our school life behind—  
Yes, with all their hearty endeavor.  
Before us untrodden our life-path winds,  
As we say, perhaps forever—  
“Farewell, St. Mary’s!”

M. R. DuBOSE. 1905.



## St. Mary's Hymn

(Music by R. Blinn Owen. 1913.)

Come one and all, your voices lend;  
In radiant tones our hymn we raise  
To Alma Mater's glory, spend  
Our every effort for her praise.  
With glowing hearts we view these walls,  
To them our girlhood mem'ries cling;  
You campus green and well-loved halls,  
To you our grateful hymn we sing.

Hail, hail, contant, true  
Gleams thy light serene!  
We, thy loving daughters,  
Hail St. Mary's queen!

Dear Alma Mater, praise we bring  
For friendships nurtured at your side;  
No dearer, sweeter ties will cling  
To any hearts than here abide.  
Inspired by you our thoughts enfold  
A larger aim. In all you've seemed  
To guide our steps, our lives to mould  
To nobler things we had not dreamed.

Hail, hail, constant, true  
Gleams thy light serene!  
We, thy loving daughters,  
Hail St. Mary's queen!

## When School Days at Last Have Been Ended

(AFTER KIPLING.)

When school days at last have been ended,  
And the big world we take as our stage;  
When the Book of Life's open before us,  
And we tremblingly turn the first page,  
We shall pause for a while in the turning—  
Drift back for a moment in dreams,  
Till the light of our love for St. Mary's  
Surrounds us with soft shining beams.

We shall see all our days there transfigured,  
Recalled in our vision serene,  
The whole as a precious fabric,  
With friendship and love for its sheen;  
The dream pictures, books, and our lessons  
As values not trivial nor small,  
But the bonds of our faith in St. Mary's—  
The force that had strength above all.

As onward we go in the future—  
Awake from our dream of the past—  
We will carry St. Mary's traditions  
Wherever our lot may be cast;  
And no one shall falter, shall waver,  
But brave'y walking afar  
We shall guide our course by her teachings  
As the mariner follows the star.

THE ANNUAL MUSE. 1912.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.  
Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF 1915-1916.

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MARY A. FLOYD, '16

RENA HOYT HARDING, '16

### *Junior Reporters*

EMMA H. BADHAM, '17

NELLIE A. ROSE, '17

ALICE COHN LATHAM, '17

KATHARINE WIMBERLY BOURNE, '16

FANNIE MARIE STALLINGS, '16

} Business Managers

---

## THE SOUVENIR MUSES

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This "School Life Number" is the second of two souvenir numbers of the monthly MUSE, which have been planned and in course of preparation for several years. The first of these numbers—the "Tenth Anniversary Number," appeared last May.

The "Anniversary Number" was intended to remind those interested of the passing of the tenth milestone since the MUSE was reëstablished in September, 1904, and to recall some of the more typical of the contributions that had been published in the MUSE during those ten years by republishing them. The "School Life Number" is an attempt to collect together for the first time descriptions of some of the life and occasions of interest at St. Mary's which recur from year to year in such way as to be of continuous interest to St. Mary's girls of all years. Nell Battle Lewis, '11, the Editor-in-Chief and chief spirit of the MUSE in her Senior year, was the originator of the idea, and her "Every Day Sketches" were a feature of the 1910-'11 MUSE. To Annie Sutton Cameron, this year's Editor, it has fallen to write the necessary sketches to make the account of the year reasonably complete, and they are one further evidence of the

devoted service which has characterized her four years at St. Mary's. The two MUSES combined are a further "souvenir" in recalling especially those whose writings have served to make the MUSE what it has been. "Margaret DuBose," "Helen Strange," "Helen Liddell," "Serena Bailey," "Ida Rogerson and Mary Shuford," "Virginia Pickel," "Irma Deaton," "Margaret Broadfoot," "Nell Lewis," "Patsy Smith," and "Annie Cameron," have not been alone in their aid to the MUSE, and many of those who have taken less conspicuous parts are worthy of equal recognition; but the work of all who have worked is worthy of recollection, and it is a pleasure to remind them and all others interested that they are not forgotten and are still to be a help and stimulus to their younger sisters who are working in the present and those who shall work in the future.

E. C.

*Read! Mark! Act!*

---

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

---

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

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ANNUAL MUSE

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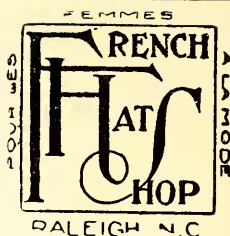
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## THE SCHOOL AUTHORITIES

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We should like every one interested to have at  
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### THE ALUMNÆ ARE REMINDED

that a complete *Alumna Register*, which should include  
information about *all* past students of St. Mary's, is  
now in course of preparation for publication.

Information for this Register is solicited.

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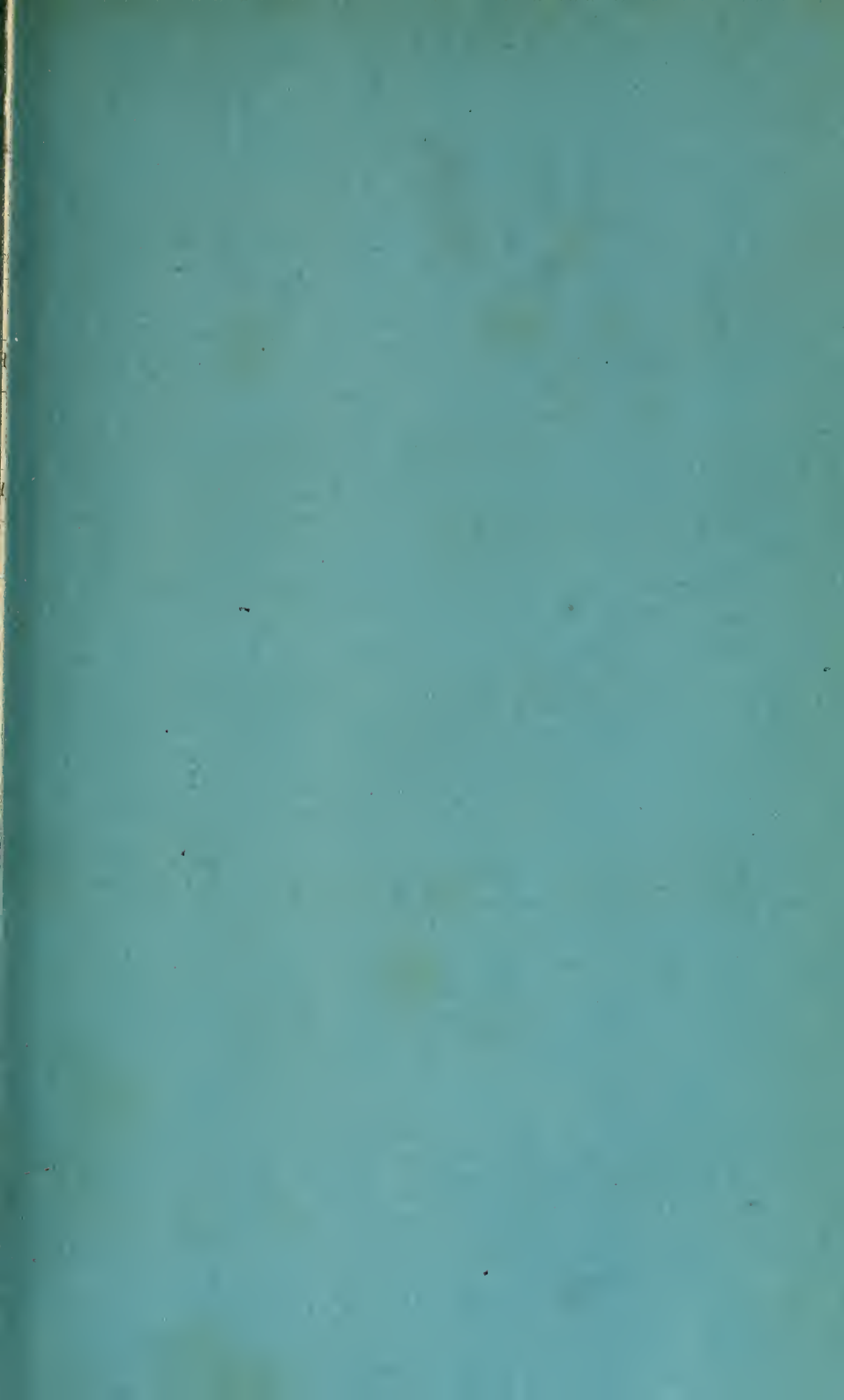
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The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Spring Number

April, 1916

## SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1916

### April-May

- Thursday, March 23: Pupils' Organ Recital. Chapel. 5:00 p.m.
- Thursday, March 30: Certificate Recital in Piano. Miss Martha Wright. Auditorium. 5:30 p.m.
- Thursday, April 6: Certificate Recital in Organ. Miss Helen Wright. Chapel. 8:00 p.m.
- Sunday, April 9: Annual Visitation of the Bishop, and Rite of Confirmation. Chapel. 5:00 p.m.
- Thursday, April 13: Certificate Recital in Elocution. Miss Jane Norman. Auditorium. 8:00 p.m.
- Monday, April 10: Inter-Society Shakespearian Contest. Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.
- Sunday, April 16: Palm Sunday.
- Friday, April 21: Good Friday. Holy Day.
- Sunday, April 23: Easter Day.
- Monday, April 24: Easter Monday. Easter Egg Hunt. Grove. 7:00 p.m.
- Saturday, April 29: Junior-Senior "Banquet." Muse Room. 8:00 p.m.
- Monday, May 1: Shakesperian Festival. 8:15 p.m.
- Wednesday, May 3: Certificate Recital in Voice. Miss Martha Wright. Auditorium. 8:30 p.m.
- Saturday, May 6: Fifth Annual "School Party." Parlor. 8:00 p.m.
- Monday, May 8: Diploma Recital in Piano. Miss Mary Floyd. Auditorium. 8:30 p.m.
- Thursday, May 11: Certificate Recital in Elocution. Miss Lois Pugh. Auditorium. 8:15 p.m.
- Friday, May 12: Alumnæ Day. 74th Anniversary of the Opening of St. Mary's.
- Saturday, May 13: Annual Chorus Recital. Auditorium. 8:30 p.m.
- Monday, May 15: Diploma Recital in Piano. Miss Helen Wright. Auditorium. 8:30 p.m.
- May 16-18: Senior Examinations.
- May 18-20: Final Examinations.
- May 20-22: Commencement Season.

# The St. Mary's Muse

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XX

APRIL, 1916

No. 6-7

## Spring

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, '16.

Spring, Spring, Spring!  
Spring again!  
With the earth awaking gladly,  
And the birds rejoicing madly,  
In the day-dawn after night.  
Spring, Spring, Spring!  
Spring again—and Light!

Spring, Spring, Spring!  
Spring again!  
With its wonders and its thrill  
Over meadow, vale and hill,  
With its vigor and its strife.  
Spring, Spring, Spring!  
Spring again—and Life.

Spring, Spring, Spring!  
Spring again!  
And the orchards breathe perfume,  
Meadows faint with clover bloom,  
As the blue sky laughs above.  
Spring, Spring, Spring!  
Spring again—and Love!

## Fate

EDITH BLODGETT.

Hang it! Why were people always pairing unmarried young men off?

Jack Travis sighed despairingly as he snapped the Pullman curtain down full length and settled back lazily into the green plush chair. He was a good-looking young man, as young men go; lean of



frame, broad-shouldered and tanned with outdoor living; a strong, determined face lit up with a pair of deeply shaded brown eyes possessing the very merriest of twinkles, and a straight mouth, surprising one with its almost girlish dimple at the corner. So really perturbed he was at this moment that an ominous frown had darkened his eyes, still more ominous, indeed, for his match-making aunt, toward whom every movement of the speeding train was bringing him. Really, you know, this was getting to be too much of a good thing, this having house parties twice a year with the sole purpose of making Jack fall sincerely in love. And the girls she chose! Aunt Ruth certainly had a fondness for either these heavily eye-glassed, terrifically literary maidens, or sweet gushing girls without a grain of sense. Now, the kind of girl that any sane young man would want to marry would most surely possess blue eyes—as deep blue in color as the sky at night, with lashes violet-black. For instance, that pair of eyes up at the other end of the car would exactly fit the description. Now they seemed to laugh like summer seas, now they deepened into violet and when the lashes lowered and hid them from sight one wondered frantically how they would look at the next glimpse. Just at this critical moment the owner of these eyes became uncomfortably aware of the young man who stared so fixedly at her. She shifted her magazine and became intensely interested in the joke column, reading them all over seriously and with true student-like concentration. Then, this failing, she turned her chair about, leaving to Jack the view of an unsatisfying blue broadcloth back and a very pink ear.

The pinkness of this last-named feature was some consolation to Jack, and for a long time the only consolation granted him. Occasionally, when the color faded, he took great pleasure in calling it up again by a suggestive cough.

In certain situations men's minds attain astonishing rapidity, and now Jack's worked like lightning. As the train drew nearer and nearer his destination, he found himself thoroughly in love with his little blue-eyed train companion; and he also found the thought of the approaching house party at Hampton, with its "love battle," exceedingly distasteful to him. He was frowning again and generally looking very cross, indeed, when he suddenly looked down toward the other end of the car, and, although the little lady's back was still toward him, her face looked right up to him, her blue eyes dancing

and mouth dimpling in amused laughter. He only caught a glimpse, however, for the laughter changed to indignant surprise, and the face disappeared. It took some minutes for the young man to realize that it had been a mirror. And this was after the girl had made a hurried retreat, bag and baggage, from that section of the train.

Jack waited for her to come back. They passed Hampton, and still he waited, but the blue eyes did not appear again. So Jack left all to the fates and got off the train at the next stop.

\* \* \* \* \*

His aunt met him at the door. "She is darling! absolutely darling! Come in this minute and meet her, and, for goodness' sake, don't look so cross!" He was ushered hurriedly across the big, shadowy living room. He heard his aunt murmur some name, and he looked—down into the blue eyes of that face in the mirror.

---

### The Secret

---

ALINE HUGHES.

The wild March wind  
Is over the hills,  
Chasing the clouds from the sky.  
What is he shouting  
O'er lowlands and hills?  
Hush, now, and listen—'tis "Daffodils,"  
That joyous, triumphant, glad cry.

The daffodils  
Give warning of Spring;  
Of buds that will soon peep out;  
Of blue birds and red  
Coming caroling.  
You ask the subject of all they sing?  
I'll whisper. Don't spread it about.

This secret deep  
Is not a known thing  
Save to birds and each small cloud.  
I will let you in  
To this secret ring:  
Their secret—'tis Spring! 'tis gladsome Spring!  
Alas! now I've said it aloud.

## Noyes, the Out-of-Doors Poet

---

KATHARINE W. BOURNE, '16.

Have you ever gone to sleep on a dark, drizzly night, to be awakened in the morning by the call of the first bluebird? The sweet music of that song, the balmy southern breeze, the bursting of the first tiny apple bud, all have the irresistible call of spring. It is the same with the poetry of Alfred Noyes. His is the poetry of springtime which has the power over man to make him remember, and to make him forget. Noyes expresses this call, and the influence it has over all people, in his "Barrel Organ" when he says, "Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time; it isn't far from London"; he said it for all people—everywhere. Just stop in your busy working London life, in the city as the sun sinks low, and you can find yourself at Kew, in the dreamy, magic Kew of springtime. Who can ignore that call? The proud lady in her carriage, the beggar on the street, alike hear it; and they, with "the wheeling song remember, all the wheeling world forget"; and their thoughts alike wander back for a moment,

"Through the meadows of the sunset  
To the land where the dead dreams go."

In his poetry Noyes has pictured three kinds of outdoor scenes which, though sometimes separate, are more often blended. They are the light cherry-blossom scenes of Japan, the deep woodland scenes of Old England, and the magic enchanted scenes of Fairyland. In all his poetry is that touch of nature which adds life and beauty to it.

In Japan, "The cherry trees are seas of bloom, and soft perfume and sweet perfume." Lightly and lovely he paints those pictures. Over the purple cherry tops you see the blue pagoda tops, and above these rises the outline of the snow-peak against the silvery sky. His more constant use of the Japanese beauty, however, is to put the purple glow, the cherry-blossom touch, into the other out-of-door scenes.

Being a true Englishman, he loves to go back into the deep woodland dells of old England. Into the stately Sherwood forest he places

gain Robin Hood, with his merry men. The bugle notes sound through the leaves, and through the shady glens; across the glades of fern the robber band meets again at the old trysting tree. Other glimpses of this forest appear many times in other poems.

Best of all, however, he loves his wonderful fairyland. Come into "The Forest of Wild Thyme" and join the children in their search for Peterkin, and you will find fairyland in all its charm. It is twilight, a purple haze hangs softly over the woods, and the bluebells ring sweetly through the enchanted glades, as with the tiny fairies you go on the journey. What a dreamer Noyes is, that he can see things again as a little child, and go with them into that wonderful fairyland:

"Oh, grownups cannot understand,  
And grownups never will,  
How short's the way to fairyland  
Across the purple hill;  
And yet at just a child's command  
The world's an Eden still."

But he understood; and, as you go through the violet glades and climb the purple perfumed hill, you understand in part. In those woods lives Little Boy Blue, and you almost hear his golden horn. There the Spider invites you into his queer cobwebby parlor, and you see the Sparrow who killed Cock Robin. Among all these wonderful things his Fairy is the most beautiful:

"Men upon earth  
Bring us to birth  
Gently at even and morn;  
When as brother and brother  
They greet one another  
And smile—then a fairy is born."

How, but with such fairies, could you pass over a broad blue bridge of forget-me-nots into the realms of Noyes' wonderful Fairyland?

In all of his descriptions we find the same wonderful imagination:

"And God sighed in the sunset,  
And the sea grew quieter than the hills."

He finds the place where the rich light mellows away in the west, and he hears the laugh of morn.

Is it a wonder, then, that with such a store of charm he can draw all men unto him? It is for this reason that they say he plays upon a lyre, the lyre which charmed in olden days even the wild creatures of the ancient forest. So, again, we pause as Noyes, our out-of-door poet, plays lightly upon his lyre, and sends forth sweet music of nature and human things.

---

### The Seasons

---

ANNIE S. CAMERON, '16.

Wake, Field, and wake, Forest!  
For Spring is returning.  
Put on your green robes  
And appear at the dance;  
Our champion, the sun,  
The cold snow is burning;  
It melts from before him  
At each ardent glance.

Wake, Field, and wake, Forest!  
For Summer is coming.  
Oh, darken your green leaves  
And put forth your shade.  
The wild bee has come—  
List his musical humming  
As he flits o'er the flowers  
Of meadow and glade.

Rest, Field, and rest, Forest!  
For Autumn is calling.  
Oh, doff your gay robes  
And prepare for your sleep.  
Swift from your branches  
The bright leaves are falling;  
Soon they'll be wrapt  
In a white winding-sheet.

Sleep, Field, and sleep, Forest!  
'Till Spring shall release you  
From Winter's cold bonds  
And his chill, icy chain,  
When, with gay flowers blooming  
And sweet song-birds singing,  
You in your beauty  
Shall dance once again.



## An Old Valentine

ALINE HUGHES.

It was a rainy, dismal day, the thirteenth of February, and Ruth was in despair as to her costume for the Valentine Masquerade. Finally she decided to appeal to her grandmother for an idea.

Mrs. Peyton, seated by her window, had been gazing out on the dreary February landscape, and had sent her thoughts far away into the bygone days, so that Ruth's knock had to be repeated several times before it was heard. However, when grandmother discovered the cause of Ruth's distress she was all attention. After thinking for several minutes she said, "Run up into the attic, dear, and far back under the eaves you will find an old wooden chest. Here is the key to it, and down in the very bottom you will find a square box with a red heart on it. If you will bring this to me, Ruthie, I think I can help you. Be sure to lock up the chest!"

Ruth ran off quickly and presently came back into the room, carefully holding a large, white cardboard box, on the top of which a red heart was painted. Mrs. Peyton opened the box and tenderly lifted several layers of white tissue paper, which sent out a soft sweet perfume into the room. As she lifted the last sheet she disclosed a large old-fashioned valentine, on which were fat doves, forget-me-nots, pansies and Cupids in profusion.

After Ruth had exclaimed enthusiastically over this, her grandmother drew from the box a little old-fashioned dress of purple and gold, made to represent a pansy.

"My dear," she said, "this dress looks very queer to you now, but I must tell you its story and why I love it." She smoothed the dress softly and smiled to herself, then began the story.

"You see, my dear, your grandfather and I were sweethearts, even when we were merely children; and as we grew up there was a tacit understanding between our families that some time in the future we would marry.

"When I was eighteen, and he only two years older, James was offered a splendid position in the west which required his immedi-

ately leaving home. He wanted me to marry him then, and when I refused he left me in a temper, and caught the night coach that started him on his western journey. Child, I discovered very soon that my heart had gone with him, and I grew more and more wretched as the months passed and I received no word from him. I was too proud to give in first and write to him.

"And then, dear child, came that great calamity, the war between the North and South. My father and brothers, as loyal North Carolinians, soon left my mother and me at home, with a few old servants while they went to join the ranks, and the report was brought to me that James had come back to join General Lee's army, though he never wrote me a word.

"It was on one thirteenth of February, while my father was at home on a short visit, that several of my young friends and I planned a small dance to cheer up our own spirits and those of the few soldiers then at home on furlough. And it was while we were eating our very meager dinner that a courier rode up to the house with a note for me—from James! In this note he said that he had just recovered from a severe wound and that during his sickness he had realized that he was in the wrong about our quarrel. He said that he would try to be at our little valentine dance, and at the last he asked me to be heartsease to him by forgiving him everything. With the note was this valentine, and, my dear, perhaps you can imagine how very happy they both made me, although I fully realized that I, not he, had been in the wrong.

"Out of my very scanty wardrobe my mother and I managed to make this dress into the likeness of a pansy, because of his reference to one in his note. That night I saw him, dearest, and pledged myself to be his wife, and never, through all our years together, did I ever regret that pledge."

There was silence in the room for a while, and then Ruth, kissing Mrs. Peyton's cheek, softly whispered, "Thank you, grandmother for the story and for a lovely idea." She slipped away leaving her grandmother to thoughts of the strong but gentle partner who had now left her even now, but had "only passed on before."

## The Coming of Spring

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HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18.

A radiant gleam upon the hills,  
A gleam that pierces through the mist,  
Which sorrowing Nature notes with thrills  
And stops to hold her breath and list.

To hear the soft footsteps of Spring—  
The princess and the maiden fair  
That traces, with her light steps, rings  
Of magic 'mid the earth and air.

The sheltering arms of flowers upspring,  
The tiny arms, both green and stout,  
That clasp the heads that wish to fling  
And dance and flitter round about.

Those slender heads of white and gold  
Will grow and rise and strengthen fast  
To height and beauty yet untold,  
And seek the children's arms at last.

So thus the princess works her charm,  
Forth wandering over hill and heath—  
The hills and plains and valleys warmed  
By fragrance of her smile and breath.

The princess is a priestess, too,  
As shown by all her magic arts,  
And brings, as each day dawns anew,  
New living hope to human hearts.

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## The Little Red House

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EDITH BLODGETT.

I have a passion for red houses—not your great, ugly city houses, daubed with red, because, perhaps, it is a lasting color; nor yet neat, uninteresting edifices of red brick, lining an equally uninteresting concrete sidewalk, but for the little cuddly, aged red wooden houses,

neatly finished with white shutters and window casements and permitting admittance by glistening brass knockers.

I have one in mind now—just fitting my description: a little set back from a white dusty country road, on a slope of dandelion-dotted grass. The little path leading up to the house is unbordered, seeming to save all the radiance of flowers for the sides of the house and the garden itself. A lilac bush, profuse with its nodding fragrant blossoms, guards the worn doorstep; and you must always stop to pick a branch. It is none of your city bushes placed for ornament and display of a well-paid gardener's ability, but a genuine country bush laden with fragrance and beauty and promise of more blossom for every one you pick.

Once inside the door of my little red house you are still more assured of its country bounty. The long, low-ceiled dining-room, with its ample cupboards gleaming with blue china, its strong yellow painted chairs and broad table, and last, but surely not least, its surprisingly enormous fireplace. Though its old brick bottom is not hollowed out with patient bearing of heavy burdens and its worn hearth a little uneven and shaky, the fireplace still bravely supports huge logs, and roars with big, honest blazes on wintry eves.

The rest of the house is unimportant in my eyes compared to this room. One might describe the tiny room at the back, quaint with its old-fashioned spinnet and yellowed etchings, and with its long glass door leading to the sunny garden; but my imagination leaps beyond the other rooms, perhaps to the view of the long shadow-laced hills from the tiny paned windows in front, or to the prim paths of the drowsy garden.

This little house of my reveries is unchanged from the first day I knew it, and waits, now, away back in the New England hills, for my ever new enthusiasm.

### Monday Morning at St. Mary's

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EMMA BADHAM, '17.

"Oh! there is that old rising bell again; really it must be ringing an hour too soon." These thoughts are in the sleepy mind of every St. Mary's girl when she wakes up on Monday morning, the best of all mornings. Then there is a general scuffle to get dressed, and afterwards can be seen girls from all directions, some tying on their ties, others holding up hair which seems to be escaping from at least three hairpins. After the usual muffins and toast have held their attention for a very few minutes, the girls make one dart for the mail line, although some, having given up all hopes of getting near to the window, take one "unit" around the grove. Then to the mail box they go, often coming away with a blank look upon their faces until they meet an everlasting treasurer and with a smiling face and willing manner give up a dollar or two without a whimper. Those who have money enough left—and in some way there are plenty who seem to get it—come forth dressed in the height of fashion to go "shoppin'." But, alas! there are others less lucky than these, who file into the English Room just as the little bell taps at ten o'clock a welcoming to the disappointed.

A lull in the noise and bustle now calms everything except an occasional ragtime piece on a Victrola or piano or some romping about by the younger children. After about an hour of this halfway quietness the exciting or, at least, noisy time comes. At twelve-thirty sharp there can be seen a long line of girls get off the street car and come up the front walk, as if to say, "What a grand time we did have! Saw lots of people we know, and are going to be so good next week that Miss Thomas will let us go again."



## SCHOOL NEWS

### February 17—St. Cecelia Concert

The St. Cecelia Club, composed of Raleigh women music-lovers, which Mr. R. Blinn Owen is director, gave its annual recital in the St. Mary's Auditorium on the night of Thursday, February 17th. The audience was large and enthusiastic and the concert was very much enjoyed.

The program was made up entirely of American music, which made it a particular pleasure to those who are interested in the promotion of a national music. The opening number was delightful and the violin selections of Miss Abbott were thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Owen sang with her usual charm of manner. Of the last group the "Louisiana Lullaby" was particularly enjoyed by the audience, and the "Slave Dream," an adaptation of Longfellow's poem of that name, made a very dramatic ending.

The program was as follows:

I've Been Roaming.....*Marschal-Loepe*  
Morning .....*Victor Harris*

#### Incidental Solo—MRS. PALMER JERMAN

A Milk Toast.....*Reginald Spier*  
Swing Song .....*Ethel Barns*  
Chant Nègre .....*A. Walter Kramer*  
From a Wigwam .....*Cecil Burleigh*  
To the Warrior .....*Cecil Burleigh*

#### MISS MURIEL ABBOTT

The Charm of Spring.....*Robert Coningsby Clark*  
Sweetheart, Sigh No More.....*Charles Fonteyn Manney*

#### MRS. R. BLINN OWEN

#### Violin Obligato—MISS ABBOTT

The Bee .....*Godard-Shelley*  
Louisiana Lullaby .....*Fay Foster*  
Bouna Notte .....*Ethelbert Nevin*  
The Slave's Dream (Choral Ballad).....*Harry A. Matthews*

#### Incidental Solo—MRS. B. MOORE PARKER

#### ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT

MISS MURIEL ABBOTT, 1st Violin	DR. GEO. SUMMEY, JR., Cello
MISS JERGER, 2d Violin	MISS PHILLIPS, Accompanist

**February 19—Mrs. Sutton's Talk**

The Good Shepherd Branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, under the leadership of Mrs. Louis V. Sutton, whom St. Mary's knew as "Canty Venable," is much interested in the establishment of a Girls' Lodge in Raleigh. It was a pleasure to have Mrs. Sutton at St. Mary's on Saturday evening, the 19th, and to hear her in the School Room. She made a short but very interesting talk, in which she spoke of the work that is being done by the Society, and especially emphasized the great need for the Lodge. The Chapel offering on the following Sunday was devoted to the cause.

Mrs. Sutton, who is a daughter of former President Venable of the University of North Carolina, was recognized as having much talent in art in her St. Mary's days in 1902-'04, and a number of her drawings are preserved in early numbers of the MUSE.

**February 19—The Colonial Ball**

It seemed as if the ladies and gentlemen of former days had stepped down from their picture-frames on the evening of Saturday, February 19th, when the procession of beautiful colonial dames and handsome young gallants, led by Jo Wilson and Alice Latham, marched proudly into the old parlor.

After the grand march, in which the little flag favors were distributed, the couples formed for many figures and dances. Among them the old-fashioned Virginia reel was danced with as much grace and gallantry as in the colonial days. When the bright intricacies of the figures had been traced out and the whirling of the reel was over, simple refreshments of orange ice and cake were served.

All too soon the prosaic lights flashed and, like Cinderella at the stroke of twelve, the festivities of the evening came to an end.

V. C. A. '17.

**February 22—Father Harrison's Address**

The Rev. McVeigh Harrison, of the Order of the Holy Cross, conducted a two-weeks mission at Christ Church, from February 19th to March 6th, in connection with the nation-wide preaching mission. Many at St. Mary's were able to hear him at the services at Christ Church and were greatly helped by the mission.

We were fortunate at St. Mary's in having Father Harrison with us at the Chapel service on Tuesday, February 22d, when he made a brief talk on the Incarnation. His message of the life and immortality brought into the world by the birth of Christ was indeed beautiful.

Father Harrison's special work is at St. Andrew's, at Sewanee, Tenn., where the Order of the Holy Cross conducts a school for mountain boys.

#### **February 22—Washington's Birthday Celebration**

The annual joint meeting of the three Literary Societies in honor of Washington's Birthday was held in the parlor on the afternoon of February 22d, with Frances Geitner, President of Alpha Rho, presiding.

The meeting opened with the singing of "Washington," after which Frances Waters read a short sketch of Washington's life, and Josephine Myers read his Speech on Being Made Commander-in-Chief. "Carolina" was heartily sung. Then Frances Hillman read "The Battle of Trenton," and Elmyra Jenkins gave an interesting account of "Why Washington Was Great."

The program closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The day was observed by a half holiday, which was introduced by the meeting.

R. H. H. '16.

#### **February 26—Parlor Entertainment**

On Saturday evening, February 26, in the Parlor, a very ingenious entertainment for the benefit of the MUSE was given under the active management of Josephine Wilson, who had previously "won fame" through her "Ragtime Band." The girls and the Faculty greatly enjoyed the Gipsy Chorus, in which Lois Pugh, Frances Geitner, Violet Bray, Frances Hillman, and Ruby Bartholomew were featured, and "Miss Outasight's" voice, sweet and strong, had a pleasant reminder of Frances Tillotson, while the master of ceremonies herself afforded a large part of the enjoyment of the program.

**March 3—Miss Crandall's Talk**

During the first week of March, Miss N. A. Crandall, R.N., of the Nursing and Health Department of Columbia University, was in Raleigh, under the auspices of some of the city civic organizations, giving practical lectures along her special line. It was our pleasure to have her at St. Mary's on the morning of Friday, March 3d, when she spoke briefly of the origin of nursing, its development, the work in hospitals and social work, and emphasized the opportunity for service which the profession affords young women. It was a pleasure and a stimulus to hear her.

**March 4—University Glee Club**

On Saturday evening, March 4th, the Carolina Glee Club gave a delightful concert in the St. Mary's Auditorium. The concert was very enjoyable from beginning to end, and the Glee Club, the Orchestra, the Mandolin Club, and the soloists each gave much pleasure, and did the University credit.

Particularly enjoyed by the audience were the novelties of the program: Mr. Simmons' yodeling, Mr. Long's accordion playing, and Mr. Wimberley's juggling.

The visits of the Chapel Hill organizations are always bright spots in the St. Mary's year, and this was no exception.

**March 6—Miss Abbott's Faculty Recital**

It is the general opinion of those who know that St. Mary's has had no greater artist on her Faculty than Miss Muriel Abbott has shown herself to be the past three years here. She is a master of the violin and her audiences are always enthusiastic.

Miss Abbott's recital on Monday evening, March 6th, was up to her usual standard and was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. James Bonner sang his songs well and Mr. Owen was the usual satisfactory accompanist.

The following was the program:

**I**

Symphonie Espagnole ..... *Lalo*  
 Allegro non troppo  
 Andante  
 Rondo

II

- (a) Sing Me a Song of a Land That is Gone.....*Homer*
- (b) June .....*Quilter*

MR. JAMES BONNER

III

- Caprice XXIV .....*Paganini-Kreisler*

IV

- Slavonic Dance No. 1, G Minor.....*Dvorak-Kreisler*
- Viennese Popular Song .....*Kreisler*

MISS MURIEL ABBOTT, Violinist  
MR. JAMES BONNER, Baritone  
MR. R. BLINN OWEN, Accompanist

March 16—Music Pupils' Recital

Music pupils' recitals are held regularly in the Auditorium on every other Thursday afternoon during the session, and that of March 16th was unusually entertaining. The program consisted of violin, piano, and vocal selections, and each of those who took part did her part well.

Frances Tillotson excelled in her two vocal selections—Salter's "Her Love Song" and Foster's "The King." Martha Wright's rendition of d'Albert's "Allemand Gavotte and Musette" was very much enjoyed; and Mildred Jerger, Frances Sears, and Helen Snyder played very effectively Papini's "Ballata," a very pretty violin trio, in which they were accompanied by Helen Wright.

March 17—Physical Training Exhibition

On Friday afternoon, March 17th, the Annual Exhibition of the Physical Training Department was held in the gymnasium. It was decidedly the best that has been held and reflected great credit on the excellence of Miss Barton's work and on the work of each participant.

The program opened with the Highland Fling, danced by girls dressed in tam o' shanters and Scotch plaids. All of the dancers were graceful, but Liliias Shepherd deserves special mention. Next followed the Primary children in a Singing Game and Flower Race, both interesting and well done, and then came the dumb-bell drill excellently done by a large company.



The Couple Race of the Sub-Preparatory Department was exciting, and the Dutch Dance was so popular that it was encored. Marching tactics showed the result of the good training and the Pyramids were a unique feature of the program. The ease with which the acrobats placed themselves in all sorts of unheard-of positions called forth the heartiest applause. The apparatus exercises were well done and were watched with much interest and excitement.

One of the most effective numbers was the dancing of the Æsthetic Dancing Class. The dances were very pretty and graceful and the dancers very attractive. The program closed with an Indian Club Drill, well done.

It was an In-the-School function, and practically all of the School were present and fully enjoyed the occasion.

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### School Notes

Many of the girls have been taking advantage of the spring privilege of a week-end at home; a number of others are looking forward to similar pleasure in the next few weeks. With a late Easter the post-Easter season will be too crowded with good things for any to wish to be away during that brief month, and so all that are to go feel that they must get off at once, and as only a few can go each week it is not as easy as it seems.

Lucile Anderson, Jaque Smith, and Virginia Williams were at home in Wilson on Sunday, the 5th, and Nellie Rose, Frances Cheatham, and Elizabeth Dorsey went to their homes in Henderson over Sunday, the 19th. May Tredwell, who had spent several weeks at home in Norfolk on account of sickness, returned on the 21st and Frances Geitner got back from Hickory on the 20th.

On Monday, March 13th, Clara Urie Mardre entertained a party of her friends at the Yarborough, where her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Mardre, of Windsor, were staying a few days en route from Florida. Their guests were Misses Emma Badham, Frances Cheatham, Elizabeth Corbitt, Katherine Drane, Nellie Rose, and Sarah Wood of St. Mary's, and Fannie Gatling and Janie Lyon of Meredith College.

It is always a pleasure to welcome back the old St. Mary's girls, and those of us who did not have the pleasure of knowing them in their school days are still greatly pleased to make their acquaintance and to make them feel at home. Lanie Hales, Elizabeth Gold, and Arabelle Thomas have not been away from St. Mary's long enough to be embarrassed by being "old girls," and their several visits to the School this year have given us much pleasure.

Mr. Owen, Miss Abbott, and Miss Shull have given several out-of-town recitals the past month, with much credit to themselves and to St. Mary's. On March 7th Miss Abbott appeared in Henderson under the auspices of the Women's Club, assisted by Miss Shull and accompanied by Mr. Owen, and on March 14th they gave a recital in Cary for the Cary High School.

On February 16th the Thursday Talk was given by Dr. D. H. Hill, the President of the North Carolina A. and M. College. Dr. Hill spoke very interestingly of the important place which the women of today are to fill, and his talk was much enjoyed.

Miss Martha A. Dowd, head of the Music Department, and President of the North Carolina Music Teachers' Association, attended the Annual Convention of the Presidents of the State Music Teachers' Associations in Chicago, February 16-21.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price  
Single Copies

One Dollar.  
Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB. Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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## EDITORIAL

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### An Endowment for St. Mary's

No school for higher education is firmly established on a permanent foundation in these days until it has a proper endowment. Hence the endowment question, from the day that St. Mary's became the property of the Church and no longer a private institution, has been a question of the keenest and most living interest to all those interested in St. Mary's and the work of the School.

While no public announcement has yet been made, and the plans are not yet quite ready for a public announcement, it will be a matter of satisfaction to every friend of St. Mary's to know that, following preliminary meetings of the Executive Committee, the Board of Trustees in special session on March 17th authorized a campaign for the raising of a fund of \$250,000—\$50,000 for paying off the debt, etc.; \$100,000 for buildings and equipment, and \$100,000 for an Endowment Fund. The plans are being worked out and a definite announcement may be expected at any time.

### The Shakesperian Celebration

Perhaps nothing which has happened this year has caused as much excitement, interest and enthusiasm as the plan for the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration. The storm of applause which met the proposal spoke well for the success of the plan. The celebration is divided into three parts: first, a literary contest among the literary societies, then the pageant or festival proper, and, finally, the Shakespearian play at Commencement; so that ample opportunity is afforded for every person in the school to join in and take an active part. And to make it the great success that we wish, every one must join in and bring with them all the interest and enthusiasm they possess.

As the celebration this year is taking the place of the inter-society debates, in order not to lose the spirit of contest, the first part of the celebration is to be a literary contest among the three societies. Here, especially, is where every student should enter in. Heretofore the honor of each society rested in the hands of its four debaters, and the loyalty of the other members has consisted in wearing their colors and joining in applause on the night of the debate. The plan of this year's celebration offers every member the opportunity to take an active part. All can, and all should, enter individually into the preliminary contest, and in doing so feel that they are honoring their society, regardless of whether the offering is good enough to win out in the contest or whether it is even especially good in itself. The main thing is for every one to do her best, not merely as an individual but as a loyal member who wishes to do all she can for the best interest and honor of her society. This is the true test of loyalty, and we are looking for a hearty response from every member of each literary society.

Many forces will combine to make the festival a success. Miss Barton and her dancing classes, Miss Shull and other members of the Music Department, the Primary Department, which is to furnish the fairies, and all the others who are to make up the townspeople, dignitaries, and Shakespearian players, are all making their plans to join in a wonderful whole, and it is with the greatest interest and enthusiasm that every one will be preparing for and awaiting the great night.

The series of celebrations will close with the performance of "As You Like It," as the Commencement play, which is the especial province of the Dramatic Club.

We feel it to be a privilege as well as a pleasure to be able to join in and have our part in the great Shakespearian Celebration which is being observed this year throughout England and America. And we intend to join all forces with all the interest, enthusiasm and energy at our command to make it the greatest success not only of this year but of many years.

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### An Apology

In the February number of the MUSE there was published a story entitled "The Successful Doctor." It has been brought to our attention by the editors of the *Winthrop Journal* that this story is taken almost bodily from a story entitled "The Littlest Lady," by Miss Annie Norine West, published in the November, 1915, number of the *Journal*.

It is hardly necessary to say that the editors of the MUSE are much humiliated by this unfortunate occurrence, and in making proper amends wish to express their deepest regrets to the *Journal*, and to Miss West.

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### Honor to "Nell Lewis"

The present editors of the MUSE and her old friends at St. Mary's join in congratulation to Miss Nell Battle Lewis, now a Junior at Smith College, on her election as editor-in-chief of the *Smith College Monthly*, the most prominent of the Smith publications.

Miss Lewis, who is a daughter of Dr. R. H. Lewis of Raleigh, a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's from the time the control of the School passed to the Church, graduated from St. Mary's in 1911, and entered Smith in September, 1913.

During her St. Mary's days she contributed to the MUSE some of the best of the writings published in it, her pointed verse and her



Everyday Sketches attracting especial attention. She was editor-in-chief of the MUSE and Chairman of the Muse Club in her graduating year, and it is very pleasant to see that her talent is recognized by her selection to similar positions in the larger field at Smith.

It is an interesting coincidence that this honor should come to Miss Lewis in the same week in which was published the School Life number of the MUSE, which is largely a reminder of her.

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### **The Lenten Services**

Lent is this year very much later than usual, and there is a scant month of the session left between Easter and Commencement. During the Lenten Season, as usual, festivities will be suspended, and especial attention will be paid to the Lenten observance.

The Chapel services will be as in past Lents. The special Lenten services will be voluntary and will be at six o'clock on Wednesdays and Fridays, consisting of shortened Evening Prayer and brief addresses. The Rector will make the addresses, except in the third and fourth weeks, when the addresses on March 29th and 31st, April 5th and 7th, will be made by the Rev. A. B. Hunter, Principal of St. Augustine's School. In Holy Week there will be daily services at six o'clock, with addresses by the Rector on the events of Holy Week.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, D.D., the Bishop of the Diocese, will make his annual official visit to the School on the fifth Sunday in Lent, April 9th, Passion Sunday. As his visitation has usually been on Palm Sunday, it will be this year a week earlier than usual. The Rite of Confirmation will be administered at the five o'clock service.

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### **Darst-Harden**

The MUSE would extend its best wishes to Bishop Theodore C. Darst, of East Carolina, who is to be married on Wednesday, April 26th, to Miss Lauriston Harden, of Wilmington.

## THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

In this year of 1916, when English-speaking people are uniting to do honor to our greatest poet—Shakespeare—on the occasion of the tercentenary of his death, the literary societies of St. Mary's are planning to join in a festival to be our part of the world-wide celebration. The festival, with the literary meeting which will precede it, will take the place of the annual inter-society debates, which will therefore be omitted.

The literary meeting mentioned will occur on the evening of April 10th. At that time will be read papers chosen by competition among the three societies. Members of the several societies will submit essays on subjects relating to Shakespeare and his time, stories with their background and setting that of the Elizabethan age, and poems on the theme of the Tercentenary. The best of these from each society will be submitted in competition, one composition of each kind from each society. The best one of each kind will then be chosen to be read at the April public meeting, the palm belonging to the successful society as well as to the individual winner.

The festival proper will take place out of doors on the evening of May Day. The distinction between a festival and a pageant has been put as that between a good show and a good time; our aim, then, is that our festival in its intention to reproduce amusements of "the merrie reign of Good Queen Bess" will be a general good time for all. All in School—from Miss Katie through Susie May Robbins—are coöperating and will take part; all in School are expected to aid in the illusion of the representation of a past time by wearing Elizabethan costumes—costumes which the ingenuity of St. Mary's girls can easily create out of such mere nothings as present-day smocks and gaily colored cheesecloth.

The program will consist of the May-pole dance by the girls of the Lower Preparatory, a fairy dance by the primary children, songs, singing games, group dances, and solo dances of Tudor England; the closing scene of "Midsummer Night's Dream"—that "silliest stuff that ever I saw"—performed by the class in Senior English—all given for the entertainment of the villagers and high dignitaries of a

town of the England of Elizabeth and of Shakespeare. The merry-making will be under the direction of a major domo or "Lord of Misrule," whose instructions all must carefully heed, even the boy on the hobby-horse and the insubordinate jester with his jingling cap and bells.

The grand climax, however, of our Shakespearian celebration will be the performance at Commencement under the direction of Miss Davis of "As You Like It."

E. W. T.

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.  
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

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## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

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TREASURER	-	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

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## The McKimmon-Iredell Fund Again

The all-important decision of the Trustees to undertake at this time the raising of the endowment which has always been necessary to the permanent success of St. Mary's has a decided and special bearing on the Alumnae question of the McKimmon-Iredell Fund. It is obvious that during the progress of the campaign for the endowment the combined and undivided effort of each and every one interested in St. Mary's must be given to bringing the endowment into successful reality. The Alumnae one and all will wish to do their part.

As a preliminary to the campaign for the endowment, which will hardly begin actively before the fall, it is therefore obvious that the present Alumnae object must be gotten out of the way. Even before the endowment question came up it had been repeatedly pointed out that it was high time that the fund should be completed.

Some have held that it is of chief importance that the Alumnae Fund should be closed, and have therefore urged that it be closed this May, complete or incomplete. The majority have felt that the fund must be completed, even though more time is required; that nothing less than completion is worthy of the Alumnae. The endowment question has at least cleared the situation. All will now see that what is to be done must be done now. It should be all, but if only a part, then we must be content with a part. The fund should be finally closed at this Commencement meeting of the Alumnae.

Last September the fund stood at \$3,500; as a result of the partial campaign in October and November \$750 more was contributed, so that the present amount in hand is \$4,250. The purpose was to raise \$6,000; a less sum than that is hardly adequate for the purpose intended. One thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars more is needed and should be contributed this spring. But to do it the united effort of every alumna is needed. No large gifts can be expected, but even the smallest gifts in sufficient numbers will accomplish the purpose.

There have been many promises of help a little ahead. This is but another case of where the giving must be immediate, or the cause will fail. A final attempt will be made to reach each Chapter and each member of the Alumnae, and all should understand that it is the "last call."

Every old St. Mary's girl approves of the purpose of this fund; every St. Mary's girl wishes to do her part to do honor to and show appreciation of Mrs. Iredell and Miss McKimmon. This is the time and the opportunity.

The spirit of the old St. Mary's girls should be shown in the response to this final call. What will the response show?

---

### **Some St. Mary's Girls in their Chosen Fields**

It not only gives much pleasure to their friends to note the success of St. Mary's girls in their chosen fields, but that success is a distinct encouragement to their younger sisters, who are still in their St. Mary's days.

St. Mary's girls are proverbially good homemakers and mothers; successful teachers who are proud to look back to their St. Mary's days and training are many; and the devotion of her daughters to the work of the Church at home and in the foreign mission field has been widely recognized. We would here call attention to the progress of some of the younger alumnae along other lines, as suggested in some recent developments.

In the past year Miss Mary Mitchell Chamberlain of West Raleigh, St. Mary's, '10, has won the highest scholastic honors which have



come to a St. Mary's girl in recent years. Graduating quite young from St. Mary's, Miss Chamberlain remained out of school a year, and then entered Bryn Mawr, where her record from the first was an excellent one, and where she graduated last June with high honors. Her special work was in physiological chemistry, and so highly was she thought of that on her graduation she was offered a special graduate scholarship in the University of Pennsylvania, giving her the opportunity to pursue her research work and at the same time, in connection with it, win her Doctor's degree. She entered on this scholarship only last September, but her continued success is very clearly indicated by the publication in the November, 1915, number of *The Journal of Experimental Zoölogy*, one of the standard scientific magazines, of the result of some of her experiments in an article entitled "An Attempt at Physico-Chemical Explanation of Certain Groups of Fluctuating Variation," by Jacques Loeb and Mary Mitchell Chamberlain. Though the subject may mean little to the layman beyond the indication that Miss Chamberlain is invading fields of knowledge beyond the layman's ken, the fact of the publication and of her collaboration with such an eminent scientist as Professor Loeb, who is the head of the department of Biological Research of the Rockefeller Institute, are sure indications of the value of the work and of the confidence of the authorities in the worker.

In a more modest field, the success of Miss Louise Evans, a graduate of the Business Department of St. Mary's in 1904, is attested in an article entitled "Little Stories About Interesting People," in the January number of the *People's Popular Monthly* of Des Moines, Ia. The writer says:

"There are few girls without a profession or business who have earned eighteen hundred dollars a year in a small town of about fourteen hundred people. This is what Miss M. Louise Evans, of Warrenton, Va., did and can do any twelve months when she is physically able.

"Miss Evans, who is a graduate of a business school, was fitted for a position of bookkeeper and stenographer. Finding no opening for work of this kind at home, Miss Evans fitted herself for any opening in any kind of clerical work, and this she made known.

"Opening a clerical office, Miss Evans secured several sets of books to keep, went out by the hour or day or week for clerical work, was appointed a notary public, secured several kinds of insurance agencies, built up a trade in type-

writing work, and did no little writing for magazines and newspapers. By a strong personality and lots of energy, Miss Evans made good in everything she undertook. While none of the sources paid anything large in the way of revenue, 'the many irons in the fire' proved lucrative. Miss Evans made \$1,800 in twelve months in a small town in Northern Virginia."

One of Miss Evans' "irons" has been the business managership of the weekly *Fauquier Democrat*, which she has conducted quite successfully.

Any mention of newspaper work must also bring to mind Miss Susan Iden, St. Mary's, 1904, who has been for some years social editor of the *Raleigh Times*, and whose social page is a daily feature of that paper.

Attention is called elsewhere in this MUSE to the college honors conferred on Miss Nell Lewis, '11, by her fellow-students at Smith; and in the November MUSE, it will be remembered, Miss Glenn told of the experiences of Mrs. Madelon Battle Hancock as a Red Cross nurse in Belgium.

---

### Births

GOODSON.—On Thursday, March 9th, at Lexington, Ky., *Georgia Hales Goodson*, daughter of W. A. and Georgia Hales Goodson.

EVERY.—On Saturday, March 11th, at Morganton, N. C., *Isaac Thomas Avery, Jr.*, son of Isaac T. and Margaret DuBose Avery.

CRUIKSHANK.—On Friday, March 17th, at Raleigh, N. C., *Mary Pride Cruikshank*, daughter of Ernest and Margaret Jones Cruikshank.

### The 1917 Anniversaries

On *May 12, 1842*, the Rev. Dr. Aldert Smedes opened St. Mary's to its first pupils.

On *March 10, 1897*, the "Trustees of St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.," having received a charter from the State, the Board met, organized, and arranged to take over the School from Dr. Bennett Smedes.

On *September 1, 1907*, the Rev. George W. Lay assumed the Rectorship of the School.

\* \* \*

In 1917 will therefore occur:

- (1) The 75th Anniversary of the Opening of the School.
- (2) The 20th Anniversary of the Church Ownership of the School.
- (3) The 10th Anniversary of the present Rectorship.

\* \* \*

The Semi-Centennial of the School was celebrated very happily at the Commencement of 1902.

The Hundredth Birthday of the Founder was celebrated appropriately on April 20, 1910.

\* \* \*

At the Diocesan Convention of 1897 the first report of the Trustees of St. Mary's School emphasized the need of a \$100,000 Endowment Fund, as a prime need of the success of the School under Church management.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees in 1908 the first report of the present Rector emphasized the need of proper endowment as a prime need for the permanent success of the School.

\* \* \*

How could the Anniversaries of 1917 be more fittingly celebrated than by making this endowment a reality?

## *Read! Mark! Act!*

---

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

---

DON'T FORGET

# TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

---

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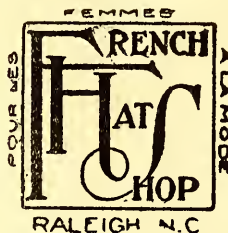
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are at all times pleased to send full information about St. Mary's on request without charge. We should like every one interested to have at least copies of

The Illustrated Catalogue,  
The Books of Views,  
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### THE ALUMNÆ ARE REMINDED

that a complete *Alumnæ Register*, which should include  
information about *all* past students of St. Mary's, is  
now in course of preparation for publication.

Information for this Register is solicited.

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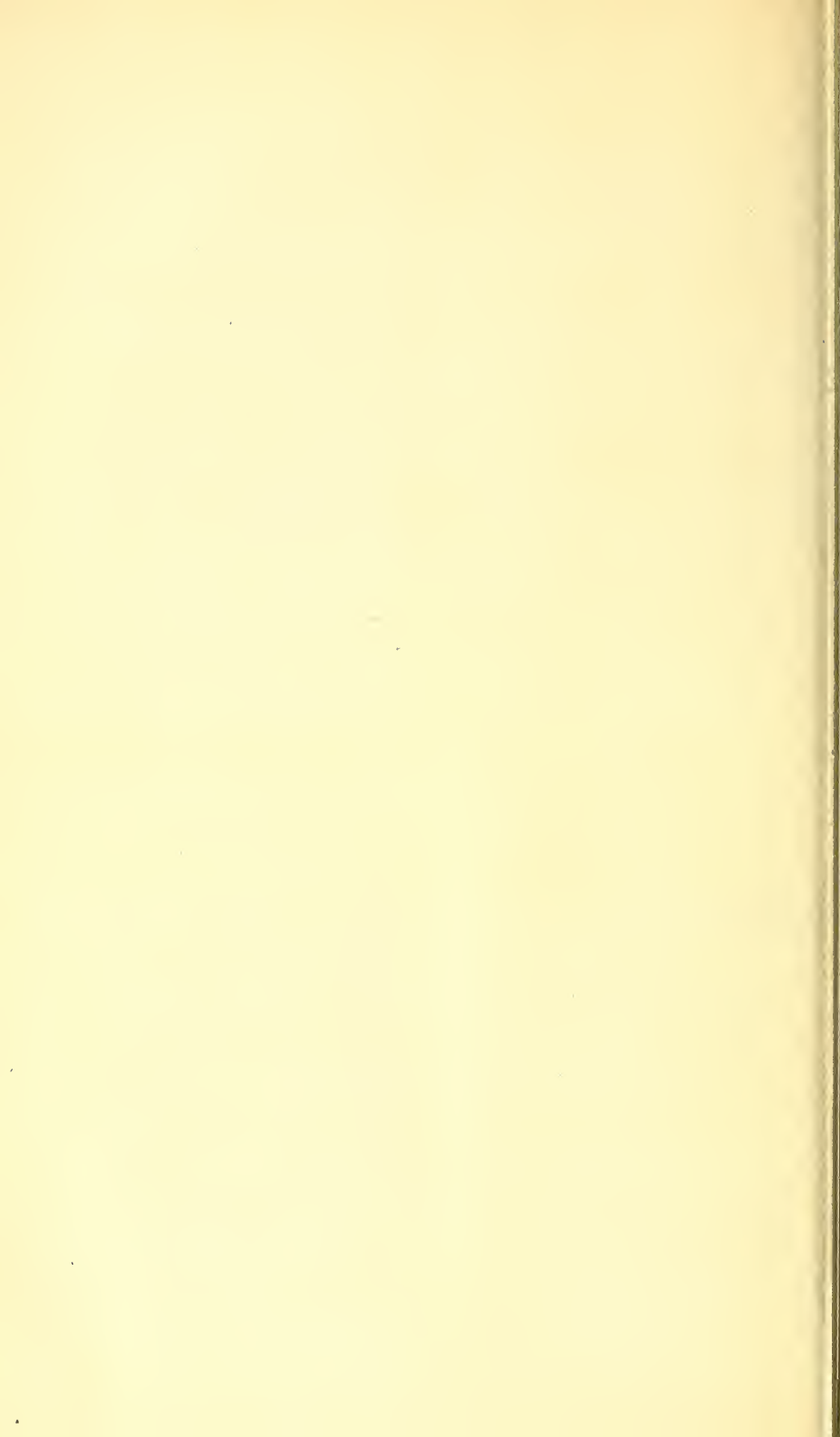
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4. THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT
5. THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
6. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
7. THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

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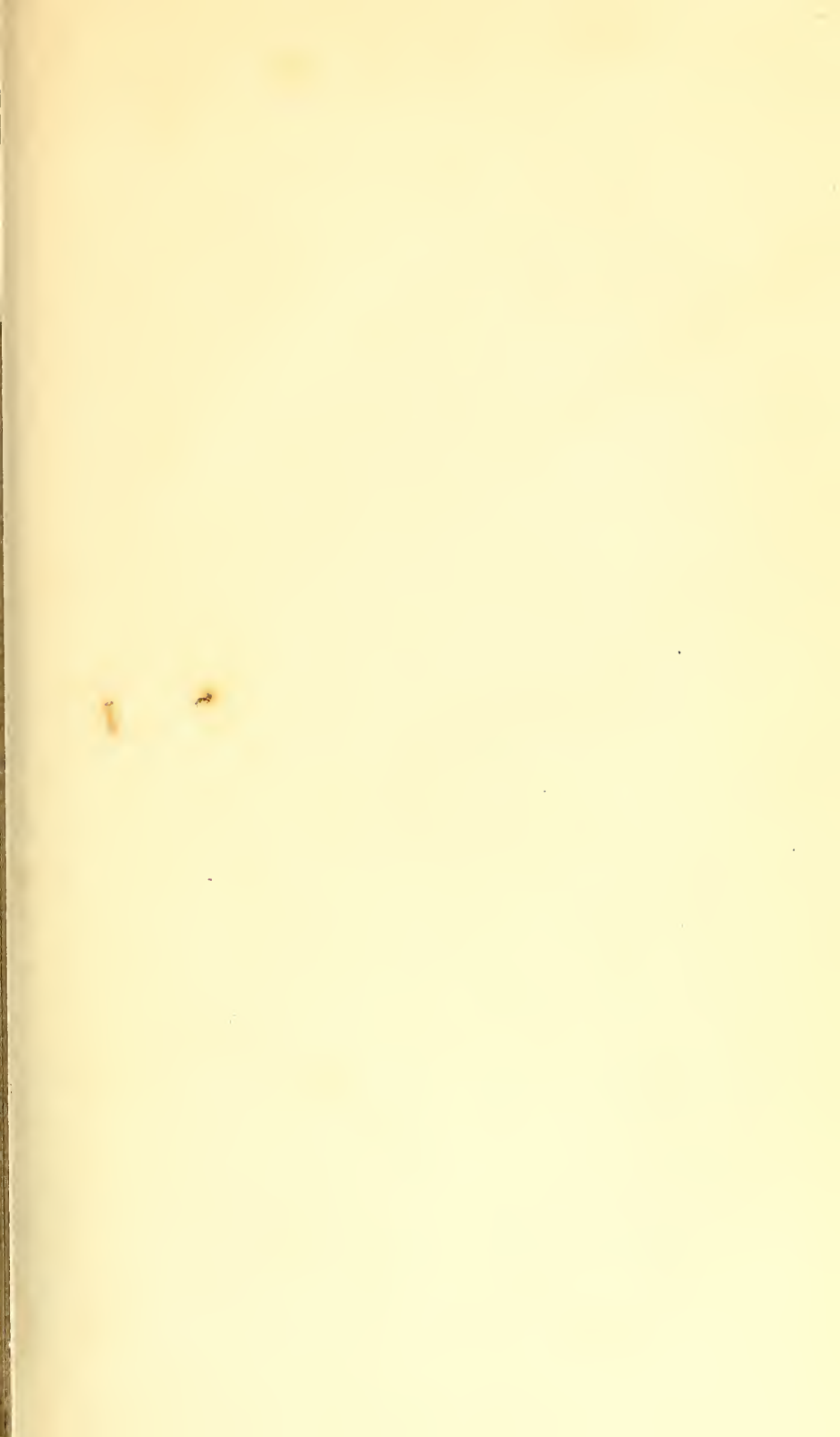
The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Shakespearian Number

May, 1916







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The illustrations in this number of the MUSE are from photographs taken at the Shakespeare Festival.





THE "FESTIVAL THROU" IN THE EAST GROVE

# The St. Mary's Muse

## SHAKESPEARIAN NUMBER

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VOL. XX.

MAY, 1916.

No. 8

---

### The Shakespearian Celebration

The celebration of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare has been the most conspicuous feature of the spring at St. Mary's. Comprising three distinct parts, the first two—the SHAKESPEARIAN LITERARY CONTEST and the SHAKESPEARIAN FESTIVAL have been given with marked success; the third part—the presentation of "As YOU LIKE IT" will be a feature of the Commencement season.

The Literary Contest and the Festival were held under the joint auspices of the English Department and the three literary societies, and as these three societies include in their membership practically the entire student body, the celebration has been, as it was intended to be, an affair of the whole School. The Contest took the place of the annual Inter-society Debates, which have been for fifteen years a feature of the School Year. The Commencement Play is this year, as heretofore, given by the Elocution Department and the Dramatic Club.

The plans and preparations for the Contest and the Festival originated with Miss Eleanor Thomas, Lady Principal and Head of the English Department, and they were carried out under her general direction and management. She was ably assisted by Miss Mabel Barton, Director of Physical Training, who looked after the dances; Mr. Owen and Miss Zona Shull of the Voice Department, who trained the choruses and singers; and Miss Muriel Abbott, of the Violin Department, who prepared the orchestration and directed the string music. The Play is directed by Miss Florence Davis, Director of the Elocution Department. To all of these and to the other teachers and the School in general, for all coöperated with the greatest interest to make the occasion a success in every way, great and lasting credit is due.

This Shakespearian number of the MUSE is issued as a reminder of

the celebration, as a further evidence of the interest that St. Mary's has taken in the Tercentenary, and to let the readers of the MUSE and St. Mary's girls everywhere know more of the details of the occasion, at which we wish that they could all have been present and which we know they would have all enjoyed. E. C.

---

## THE SHAKESPEARIAN LITERARY CONTEST

April 10, 1916

(Given under the direction of Miss Thomas, and under the auspices of the three literary societies—Sigma Lambda, Epsilon Alpha Pi, and Alpha Rho—in place of the usual intersociety debates.)

“It has been almost three hundred years since Shakespeare's great contemporary wrote:

Soul of the age!  
The applause! the delight! the wonder of our stage—  
My Shakespeare—  
Thou are a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

“We are truly glad that we have wits to read and therefore are ready to give the praise to the Master who was ‘not for an age but for all time.’ It is to give a small measure of that due praise that we, the three literary societies of St. Mary's, are met here this evening to hear read what we have written in an effort to bring to mind something of the life of Shakespeare's time and something of his work. The papers to be read have been chosen by competition among the members of the societies.”

With these words the Presiding officer, Miss Eleanor Relyea, President of the Sigma Lambda Society, opened the program on the evening of Monday, April 10th, in the Eliza Battle Pittman Auditorium—the evening which was the culmination of the Shakespearian Contest, on which the contestants had been busy for the preceding weeks, and at which the results of the contest were announced and the winning papers read.

The contest was open to all members of the three societies, and in-



cluded five parts. The final decision was to be based on the results of the first and second best papers submitted in each of the individual contests. These were:

(1) The best poem on the fame of Shakespeare or on the Tercenary.

(2) The best story with setting in Elizabethan England.

(3) The best essay (open to all) on "Shakespeare in Arms."

(4) The best essay (for students of Junior English or lower English classes) on "The Theatre of Shakespeare's Time."

(5) The best essay (for students of Sophomore English or lower English classes) giving an account of a school boy's school day and holiday in Elizabethan England.

There were thirty papers submitted in the competition which were judged by Miss Thomas and outside judges and in their official report the judges said: "It must be understood in fairness to individual competitors and to the societies involved that the competition was very sharp and no victory was so great that it should be accompanied by any 'crowing' over others."

In summarizing the issue of the contest the judges said:

(1) Alpha Rho leads in poetry with the four best poems, and comes second in two essay contests.

(2) Epsilon Alpha Pi is first in the story and one essay.

(3) Sigma Lambda is first in two essay contests and second in the third essay contest and with the story, and is therefore pronounced the winner.

The winners in the individual contests were as follows:

(1) BEST POEM—

(1) *Annie S. Cameron*, '16, Alpha Rho (best two).

(2) *Frances R. Geitner*, '16, Alpha Rho.

(2) BEST STORY—

(1) *Josephine S. Wilson*, '16, Epsilon Alpha Pi.

(2) *Dolores Holt*, Sigma Lambda.

(3) FIRST ESSAY—

(1) *Rena H. Harding*, '16, Epsilon Alpha Pi.

(2) *Edith K. Blodgett*, Sigma Lambda.

(4) SECOND ESSAY—

(1) *Annie H. Robinson*, '17, Sigma Lambda.

(2) *Eva Peel*, '17, Alpha Rho.

(5) THIRD ESSAY—

(1) *Katharine Drane*, '18, Sigma Lambda.

(2) *Estelle Ravenel*, '19, Alpha Rho.

The contestants who submitted papers were the following:

*Sigma Lambda*. Stories: Rubie Thorn, '17, Deborah Hitchcock, '19, Julia Bryan, Dolores Holt. Essays: Katharine Drane, '18, Emma Badham, '17, Virginia Allen, '17; Annie Robinson, '17, Eleanor Relyea, '17, and Edith Blodgett, '18.

*Epsilon Alpha Pi*. Stories: Georgie Foster, '18, Josephine Frohne, '18, Josephine Wilson, '16. Story and Poem: Henrietta Morgan, '18. Poems: Jane DeLoatch, Nettie Carol Daniels. Essays: Rena Harding, '16, Violet Bray, '18, Alice Latham, '17, and Elmyra Jenkins, '17.

*Alpha Rho*. Story: Josephine Myers, '19. Story and Poem: Katharine Bourne, '16. Two Poems: Annie Cameron, '16. Poems: Allene Hughes, '18, Sue Lamb, '16, Frances Geitner, '16, Charlotte Howard, '19. Essays: Estelle Ravenel, '19, Eva Peele, '17, and Mildred Collins, '19.

There were thus ten competitors from Sigma Lambda; ten from Epsilon Alpha Pi, and ten from Alpha Rho. Ten poems were submitted, ten stories, and thirteen essays.

---

## THE WINNING PAPERS IN THE SHAKESPEARIAN LITERARY CONTEST

---

### To William Shakespeare

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, '16, A P.

---

Shakespeare, thou callest us down through the ages,  
 Stirring our soul though the years may be long;  
 We, in response to thy Music's sweet magic,  
 Wake to the glory and splendor of song.  
 What is it, what is it, down through the centuries  
 Calling, compelling us, lies in thine art?  
 What is it, deep in the soul of thy genius,  
 That with a flame divine kindles our heart?

Still thou art striking thy lyre of heart-strings,  
 Poet, Musician, and Master of Time!  
 In the depths of thy soul and the heights of thy passion  
 Years cannot change thee, majestic sublime.  
 Down through the centuries still thou art touching us,  
 Laying thy hands on the hearts of us all,  
 Stirring within us still passions and longings,  
 Waking our souls in response to thy call.

As in the past centuries, so in the future  
In the innermost depths of our hearts we enshrine  
The spirit of Poetry that rested upon thee,  
Mystical, wonderful, mighty, divine.  
And though the years may be long and be many,  
True to thy touch and the call we shall prove,  
For deep in our hearts burns a spark which, though smouldering,  
Flames into fire at the name that we love.

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### The Lowered Mask

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JOSEPHINE S. WILSON, '16, E A P.

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"Sweetheart mine, I've tidings for thee, and that of lively interest."

"How now, Hal? Hast used thy cloak for the Queen's feet? A cloak be cheap admittance to a life at the court."

"Faith, the life at the court be not after my taste. Why would'st have thy lover leave thee to go serve at the court?"

The peacefulness of the still May evening and the beauty of the garden in its bright May dress, formed an effective background for the lovers' meeting. Harry Stirley and Margaret Davenant had pledged their troth only a fortnight or two before and the novelty of their love gave no little zest to the young lovers' enjoyment of the bright May season.

"But come, Hal, the news—art for starting on an exploration, and be I to go wi' thee?"

"Thou spoke truly—an exploration, but of a strange life. What sayest thou an' if I be for turning play actor?"

"I say thou art cozening me to e'en make mention on it."

"And yet, 'tis true, Margaret; Will Shakespeare himself hath offered me no mean part, and 'tis not every player *Will* doth recommend."

"Harry—hast thou, a gentleman's son, turned player? Why lad, thou'lt break thy very father's heart and—"

"Nay, sweet! Do not say thine—I could no bear that. Ah, Margaret, canst thou not see that 'tis my very life to move men's minds and hearts by noble words! My very blood runs hot at thought on't."

"Ay—I see well enough—thy mind and heart ha' been turned by a

ne'er-do-well player; they all be rogues and saucy fellows. Why boy, 'tis mad-cap-folly! Come, say thou wert but speaking in jest."

"No jest Margaret, but honest truth. What's more, I will na hear thee rate Will Shakespeare so. What sayest thou, a ne'er-do-well? Why he is the sweetest fellow i' London, and an honest fellow, and none there be may gainsay that."

There was a note of bitterness in the boy's voice as he spoke. One of the circumstances which had forced him to seek a living for himself was the loss of the Stirley fortune by some roguery on the part of Margaret's uncle. But in mentioning this fact he had struck the wrong key, for Margaret, stung by the realization that her lover was to become a worthless actor, and hurt by his indifference to her feelings in the matter, drew herself up with all the dignity her eighteen years could command.

"Belike an' we do not please thee; be off to thy honest play actor; no doubt the company be more fitting."

"Must this then be farewell?"

"E'en so."

As she turned from the boy he started walking hurriedly down the path, but half-way he paused.

"Margaret, if there come a time when thou canst forgive me, will let me know?"

She shook her head. "I ha' made up my mind—so that be all there is on it."

And that was all; there was no move on her part till long after the young figure in his scarlet doublet and bright silk hose had passed out the gate and down the dusty road, leaving in his wake a stillness broken only by the echo of his footsteps on the garden walk, and then the pitiful cry of:

"Oh, Hal,—'tis not thy father's heart, but mine that thou hast broken!"

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May day, three years later, found Harry Stirley, not Shakespeare's inexperienced protege, but one of the leading actors of the "Lord Chamberlain; His Servants," or as they were coming to be known, the Queen's Players. His youth and manly bearing had stood him in



THE SHEPHERDESS DANCE





good need, so that this evening for the first time he was to assume the rôle of leading actor. The absence of the Lord Chamberlain's Company from London during the three months previous gave the first performance of their return an added zest, and it was with no little impatience that the folk crowded into the pit of the Globe Theatre at two o'clock in the afternoon of a blazing May day. The brawling of the groundlings was only increased when the gentry began to arrive, by the small pages' cry of: "Place for my Lord! Room there—room I say! Make way ye louts—'t is my lord comes thither," while now and then a clamor arose of, "Come, come the play! Now for our penny's worth!"

Back of the scenes matters would have been equally as bad had it not been for the presence of one, who, now an actor, now an attendant, seemed by his very presence to calm the situation and instill courage into the actors, some of whom were wildly trying to recall their lines, while others beat the air practising certain gesticulations. In fact, William Shakespeare's influence over the actors had no little effect on the success with which his plays were presented.

Nervous as Harry Stirley was over his leading part, it was not this part of which he was thinking. Standing at the entrance of the actors' withdrawing room, his attention had been attracted by a cloaked figure just then entering the theatre gates. A few minutes later, from behind the curtain at the back of the stage, he had seen the same figure appear in one of the boxes at the rear of the lower gallery. Though she, for it was a woman, took a place in the shadow of the eaves, and though there was only a moment between the throwing back of the hood and the adjustment of a small black masque—Harry could recognize that face in half the time.

"Margaret—by my troth—and here at the play!"

As the young actor thought of their last encounter and the long separation, he yearned to be back in the old garden and be able to tell her that 'twas all a jest—how easy 'twould be to take up the old life. As he stood there musing a hand was laid on his shoulders and a quiet voice broke in:

"How now, Harry? What dreams are these? Thou art to make me proud of thee today!"

The boy blushed crimson as he realized how nearly like treason his thoughts had been. What! Change his mind and go back on his old friend! Never. But what if she had changed her mind? Her appearance there at the Globe when she knew he was to act, all seemed to indicate that something had changed. Turning to his friend he burst out:

"Will, thou art the very man I seek. I've a message must be delivered ere the actors go on. Come quick—a quill. Here! see'st the masqued lady in a cloak?"

"With her attendant?"

"Ay—the same. Take her this, I pray thee, and Will—" In his eagerness the boy's voice shook: "Note thou, Will, if during the play she lowereth her masque."

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As the clapping for the last scene ended and the audience swarmed out upon the banks of the Thames, Margaret Davenant drew back from the crowd, fearing recognition. Will Shakespeare had handed her Harry's note with the simple request:

"An' thou hast changed thy mind, do but lower thy masque and I'll come to thee." For the moment it had stunned her, but further than this it had no effect. The play had ended without Margaret lowering her masque. Harry had chosen his course—she hers; let them continue. Starting from her reverie and realizing that she had become separated from her attendant she pushed eagerly forward, but found after a few bewildering attempts that she had lost her way. To go from the Globe Theatre to London proper it was necessary to cross the Thames, and at this hour of the afternoon, when the many ferries plying across the stream and small boys punting up and down made crossing very complicated. Turning to ask her way she recognized the bearer of the note coming towards her.

"Thou seemest at a loss. May I be aught of help to thee, my lady?"

There was something about the man's dignity and ease of manner that prevented the girl's rejecting his offer.

"Why, Sir, I and my companion have here been parted, but couldst thou tell me where to take the ferry I should, no doubt, find him waiting on the other side."

True enough she did find her servant man, but not until enough conversation had been exchanged with the stranger to convince the girl that her companion was a man of superior qualities. As she turned to thank him for his assistance, he said with a low bow:

"May it be Will Shakespeare's good fortune to be of service to thee again."

Hurrying along through the dingy London streets her ears rang with the words "Will Shakespeare." To think that she had not only seen the man, but had even received assistance from him—an actor whom she had so often denounced and for so long held in contempt.

This man whom she had always been prejudiced against because of his influence over Harry! Why it was Will Shakespeare that had been the very cause of their quarrel; and now to find that this quiet, refined man was he! To discover that this courteous gentleman was the actor, the stage manager, the playwright! Could it be that a man of the contemned quality he professed was this dignified gentleman whose personality impressed her with strange force?

Up through her confused thoughts there surged all the events and rumors connected with the name. Foremost among them came the remembrance of Harry's praise of him. After all had she not been mistaken in her judgment? Harry had won respect and praise, and no doubt, through the very influence of Will Shakespeare. What three years' time had failed to do in altering her resolution, an encounter with the personality of a strong man was now accomplishing.

There was a strange hush over the garden that evening as Margaret Davenant turned to greet the young actor beside her. Three years had wrought a certain change in the two, apparent more particularly in an added dignity of carriage and earnestness of manner.

"Thou see'st, Margaret, that thy request to come to thee is as a command."

There was a quiver of suppressed emotion in the boy's quiet voice, which seemed to find no response in the girl's offhand remark:

"Nay—my commands have long since ceased. But tell me, lad—art still resolved to follow a player's life?"

"Margaret, thou knowest all that was settled long ago." There was a note of disappointment as he spoke. "Hast thou then sent for me

only to go over the same dispute and wound afresh the old hurt?  
Is't for that thou hast called me?"

"Nay, Hal." There was a shy reluctance in her manner as she raised her eyes. *"I sent for thee to tell thee I have lowered my masque."*

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### The Tercentenary

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ANNIE S. CAMERON, '16, A P.

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What a hurrying and a scurrying  
And a running 'round is seen,  
What a scrambling into smocks and cloaks,  
What a donning Lincoln green;  
In all this wild confusion, if the people don't look out,  
"A Comedy of Errors" it will prove without a doubt.

See the madcap throng approaches,  
At their head a motley fool  
With his parti-colored trappings,  
Bells and bauble all to rule.  
You may take it "As You Like It,"  
But this frolic seems to be  
The very spirit of old England  
On a May Day holiday.

Now the trumpets flare and flourish,  
And "The Tempest" of wild sound  
Shakes the crowd with merry laughter,  
And they reel in dances round,  
And the "Merry Wives" and yeomen,  
Country lad and lass, with glee,  
Join together in the dances,  
In the songs and minstrelsy.

But a sudden hush has settled,  
The great dignitaries near  
Here approach "Two Noble Kinsmen,"  
The most important, it is clear,  
For the people bow before them  
And the trumpets blare once more,  
And 'twould be "Love's Labor Lost" to try  
To speak above that roar.



When the uproar has subsided  
And a slight hush come again,  
The players are presented—  
They are just hard-handed men—  
But in "Pyramus and Thisbe"  
They excel themselves, 'tis true  
Are applauded by the people and  
The dignitaries, too.

Then "Measure for Measure" reels the dance,  
And the merry dancers seem  
Hardly real or existing,  
But a bright "Midsummer's Dream,"  
Or, like an old tradition  
Which is heard throughout the land,  
Like a "Winter's Tale" of May Day  
As it's kept in Fairyland.

Now, no doubt you really wonder  
At the cause of all these dreams.  
"Much Ado About Nothing"  
Perhaps to you it seems.  
But we're gathered here to honor  
Great Will Shakespeare; for the rest  
If "All's Well That Ends Well"  
It has been a great success.

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### Shakespeare in Arms

RENA HARDING, '16. E A II.  
(First in contest.)

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At the present day the greater part of Europe is submerged in a dark and bloody struggle which brings back to our memory the many accounts of former battles of the long ago. We have for so many years been accustomed to peace and calm that we have thought little of what war really means to a nation. One lesson, though, has been shown us through the horrible struggles of this present war, one truth: that "war is the great sifter out of the souls of men, the infallible test of character." War has the redeeming feature of beating "the metal of human character into a stuff that endures." War builds up the character of a nation.

Shakespeare lived in an age of warfare and his plays dealing with war are alive with character, born of the struggle of the time. In his historical plays he built up, stage by stage, his ideal of the warrior character, his hero in arms, and we find the man whom Shakespeare admires most in English History, his ideal, in Henry V. When as a youth he is presented to us we do not look up to him as a great leader, but it is Harry Hotspur who seems to us as a king's son, so much so that the king would exchange sons, for Hotspur is a soldier and to him the call of honor is so imperative that he forgets all else, and confident goes forth to war.

To draw a true leader and to form his ideal man in arms, however, Shakespeare needed better and higher qualities, and so the man whom Hotspur meets at the battle of Shrewsbury is not only a better soldier but possesses the higher qualities of manhood for, joined with the sense of honor of Hotspur he has a feeling of great humility. Warfare has now had its effect upon Prince Hal and he is no longer the frivolous, irresponsible lad of the Boar's-Head Tavern.

"Now being waked, he doth despise his dream;  
Presume not that he is the thing he was."

The story of the change in the life of the Madcap Prince of Wales is Shakespeare's shining tribute "to the purging, purifying effect of war upon the character." And clearly we see the need of reformation for Prince Hal. His father on hearing of the rebellion which threatens his throne, naturally sends for his son to consult, and let us see where he finds his heir, the Prince of Wales, not in the palace, but at "The Boar's Head," a low tavern where he was frolicking among his coarse companions. But when he is brought face to face with his father, is told of the troubles confronting him and realizes the disappointment that he is to the king, then he awakens, becomes alive to responsibility and honor, crying out:

"You shall not find it so,  
And God forgive them that so much have swayed  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

All that was needed to bring out these true qualities of leadership was experience and responsibility. Hal the madcap, when he became

King of England, added to the courage and idealism of Hotspur, the saving grace of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." As Prince of Wales, Henry had no responsibility, and with his healthy, genial nature and honest love of truth, he found the atmosphere of the court stifling, so must go out and mix with youth. And these "tap room indulgences" were to be of great value later on, for when he became king he knew how to associate with the humblest of his soldiers, how to appreciate their manner of life and to win their sympathy and confidence.

And now what a noble leader and warrior is brought before us as we see Henry advancing at the head of his men into France, where he goes to recover lands, even to claim the throne. With intense interest we follow the fortunes of this heroic, patriotic, English King, leading his small and weak army against the French forces, strongly armed and many times its size, to an overwhelming victory. The king, feeling the great responsibility of his position, gathers his men around him and in the vivid picture given us of the time just before the battle of Agincourt, we find him praying for his men, they confessing to God, and then bravely going forward to meet their death. An ideal of strength, we hear him saying to his men, ever spurring them on:

"We are in great danger;

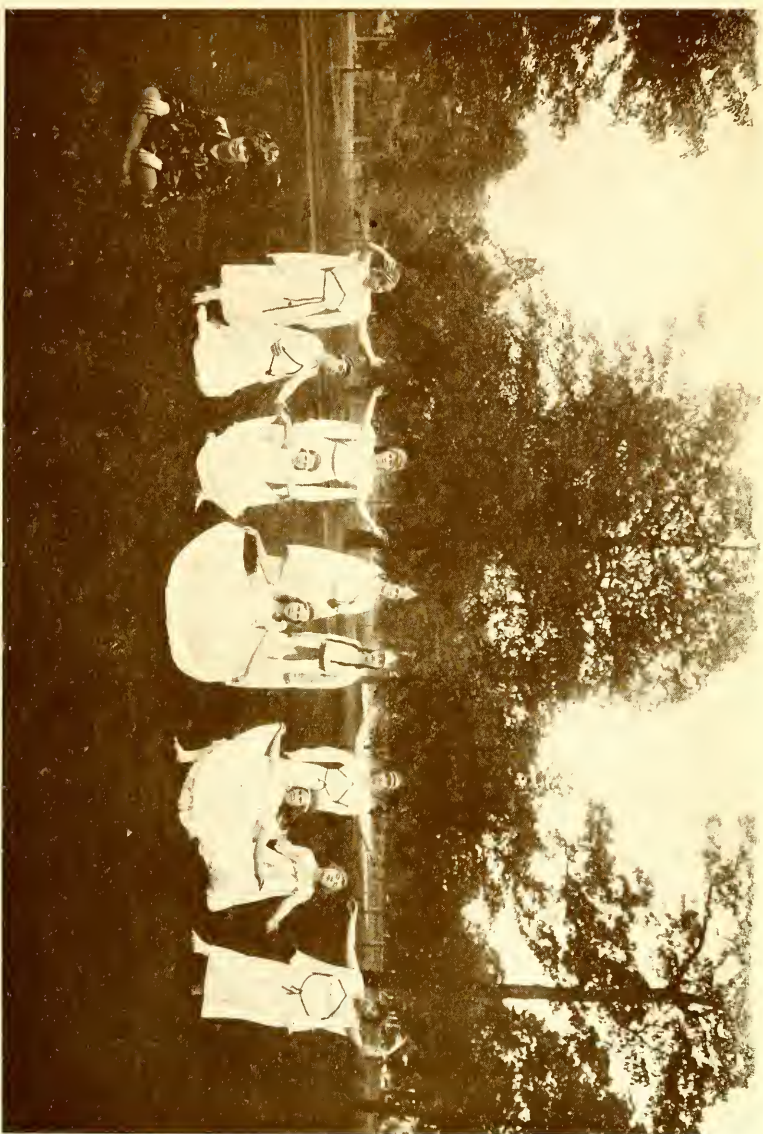
The greater therefore should our courage be."

And although the English are cold, fatigued and hungry, patriotic and every loyal to their noble king, they become infused with his courage, rally to his cry and press onward with great strength and determination.

Shakespeare presents a great contrast to us when on the day of the battle of Agincourt there occurs the meeting of the Dauphin and Henry bringing together the "solid qualities of a true king and the mere show and glitter of royalty without the substance." Even as the poet is able to picture his ideal as spirited in prosperous times so he shows him patient and modest in the most difficult and trying situations. Henry represents the ideal man of action, ever fearless, persevering, determined, and at all times pious.

When at the close of the glorious battle Henry receives the list of the slain, on finding how small the English loss has been as compared





KING OBERON, QUEEN TITANIA, PUCC, AND THE FAIRIES





Why, I never tried to be  
More than rich Town Dignit'ry;  
Oh, that I should come to see  
Such mistake!

Haste, I fain would leave this place,  
Or alack—within an ace  
I'll forget my very face  
'Mong such folk.

One sees statutes far and near,  
Some are good and some are queer,  
Yet each one is marked "Shakespeare"  
Without fail!

So I take my last farewell,  
And to him who asks, just tell  
That my bones rest in the cell  
Of my tomb!

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### The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time

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ANNIE ROBINSON, '17, Σ Δ.

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The stage is a mirror, reflecting the hopes, aims, aspirations, and passions of the people of a certain age, but the reflection is not only national but also universal. Artistic geniuses interpret human nature to itself and leave a record of past ages to posterity, but this is especially true of the dramatic genius who holds a glass up to nature, revealing not only "the customs and costumes, the creeds and politics" of one age, but also "the inward springs and relations" of human nature, the same in all ages. It was the drama in which the English found outlet for their pent-up forces. They had hitherto taken but little part in art, literature, science, and discovery, but the Renaissance, the great intellectual movement which stirred all of Europe to activity of some kind, was to express itself in England mainly through the drama.

In Shakespeare's time, when the drama came to perfection, England was in a state of transition from the medieval order to the modern. She was in an intermediate period when the old order of things had been softened, and the new order had not yet felt the effects of the

battle for existence. The nation had not yet become involved in its struggle for religious and political freedom, or in its career of colonization and conquest, but was free to look about the world with an inquiring eye, to think of the future colored with dreams of the imagination, and to devote its mental energy to self-expression in the field of literature.

The Elizabethan Age was an age of romance, an age in which fearless youthfulness and vigor dominated. Thought and action were unfettered. People were extremely alive and ruled by passion and instinct. Men hated, and they slew; men loved, and if thwarted, they slew; men aspired to conquer the earth, but failing, died with smiles upon their lips. Such was the turbulence of Elizabethan times, and our drama was necessarily to assume a Romantic type rather than a Classical one. Our dramatists were to write for a public which did not demand careful workmanship, but rather craved constant excitement for the eye and ear. Aspiring playwrights therefore lavished processions, coronations, combats, roll of drums, vibrations of thunder, sheeted ghosts, and bloody spectres, until it is a wonder that any play contrived to delight the public, was ever logical and elevated, shapely and refined. And we marvel the more at the dramatic genius whose most careless work was masterly and who produced flawless specimens of the Romantic Drama works yet to be excelled.

Indeed, when we of the twentieth century consider the actual circumstances of the acting of plays in the Elizabethan Age, Shakespeare's genius seems more and more incomparable. Let us then go back three hundred years and attend a drama in order that we may appreciate the limitations and the advantages of a sixteenth century performance. Upon nearing the theatre we shall observe flags hoisted on high, and hear the first blasts of the trumpets proclaiming that the play is about to begin. A few minutes go by and a second time the trumpets sound. Now we pass through a great door, ascend some steps, take out our key, and let ourselves into our private room upon the lowest tier. Then looking about us, we find ourselves in a low, square building, open to the three o'clock sun, and built of shabby wood. Below us in the "yard," our attention is attracted to a noisy mob, the "groundlings"—mechanics, prentices, servants, boys, and

grooms—who are pushing and jostling each other about, eating apples and cracking nuts. A similar crowd is in the two-penny room above us, with the addition of a few flaunting girls. We see very few respectable women, however, only one or two in side boxes, and they, carefully masked, are leaning forward talking with young gallants on the stage. Yes, five or six young men are seated on the stage itself, playing cards and smoking. A boy goes up and down among them, selling tobacco and furnishing lights. A tiled roof, supported by two wooden pillars, juts out over the stage and a curtain of tawny silk hangs near the back of it. Trumpets are sounding for the third time, and the curtain parts and out struts a player in a black mantle with a crown of bays upon a large wig. He is the Prologue, but he has scarcely begun before he is forced aside by the late arrival of a young gallant who must have a conspicuous place upon the stage. Now a howl of protest arises from the groundlings, but our newcomer conveniently settles himself and then allows the Prologue to proceed. Presently the first act begins and we look at a placard to find that the stage indicates a scene in Rome. There is little scenery and that of the crudest kind. For instance, a little later, a few wooden rocks and a couple of trees represent a forest in which a maiden, whose beard is not as closely shaven as it might be, takes alarm at a pasteboard bear. In the course of the play music is often made use of for our recreation, and the interruption of the discovery of a cut-purse plying his trade is not thought out of place. Indeed, the groundlings delight especially in seeing him hoisted to the stage, and, amid cuffs and kicks, pilloried there. Now the play is finished and the actors on their knees are uttering a prayer for the Queen's Majesty, while we slowly make an exit.

Such were the performances of plays in Shakespeare's time, and we are struck immediately with the thought of the difficulty of the playwright's position, who must needs have depended upon the imagination of his audience for his scenery, and upon youths whose voices were uncracked, for his most feminine characters. But, after all, the imagination can conjure up a picture far more vivid and real than man can fashion, and it is reasonably certain that acting reached a very high degree of excellence in those days, for Shakespeare could

not have written for inferior players those parts which now tax the greatest actors to the limit.

This same theatre was not only a theatre, but it formed also a school of popular instruction. It was through the theatre that the praises of civil and religious liberty, and the celebration of national glories reached the ears of all. Here the people learned to love the Queen and to hate slavery; here they saw deeds of patriots and of heroes vividly enacted. here they grew familiar with the history of England; and here the horrors of bad government and of civil strife, the harmful influence of court favorites, all were revealed. No national epic could have been so powerful in the formation of a public consciousness as certain dramatic scenes produced upon the stage. Finally, at best and at worst, the theatre of Elizabethan times was intensely alive, and it became not only the greatest expression of English genius, but the mirror of English spiritual and social life. "Rude as the theatre might be, all the world was there."

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### **A School Day and a Holiday as Spent by Master Peter Howard**

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KATHARINE DRANE, '18, Σ Δ.

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Master Peter Howard was a bright-faced English lad, fourteen years of age, the son of Sir William Howard, a wealthy noble of London. Sir William wished to give his son a good education, so he sent him to Westminster School, which had recently been reopened by Queen Elizabeth. The first glimpse we catch of this English lad is as a Westminster schoolboy.

With a bound Master Peter sprang from bed; it was about a quarter after five o'clock, and one of the monitors of the chamber had just called him up. Master Peter knew from personal experience that if he did not get up immediately it would be to his own discomfort. He therefore jumped into his clothes—a sleeveless jerkin of dark blue serge, through which showed the white linen sleeves of his shirt, with short trunks of the same material, long gray hose, and heelless shoes of russet leather—and hurried along with some of his



companions to short Latin prayers. The boys then "went into the cloisters to wash," after which they scrambled to the refectory to snatch a hunk of bread and a mug of milk, which constituted the light morning repast of these schoolboys. These preliminaries consumed only three-quarters of an hour, and six o'clock found the boys marching two by two to the school, where the work of the day began.

The room into which the boys marched was rather large, with the windows high up from the floor, and with long benches around three sides of it. There were four masters in the room, wearing long, loose black robes, each armed with a bundle of whips, for severe bodily punishment was inflicted for the slightest offense. These masters called their classes together, and then began the recitations.

Master Peter's first class was in Latin grammar. He and his classmates marched up to the master and stood before him in a semi-circle, with books open. The master called on one boy to begin the lesson and after he had repeated several rules the master had another boy to take up the recitation, and so on, until four or five pages had been recited. This class lasted for two hours, after which came exercises in Greek; all the while there was a sing-song murmur in the room, a veritable babel of Greek, Latin, and English, for all of the classes went on at the same time. At nine o'clock Master Peter had a lesson in the translation of the catechism into Latin, which lasted for two hours.

Eleven o'clock was the dinner hour of the school, and masters and students marched into the dining hall; a long table stretched nearly the whole length of the room, and all took their places at this. At one end of the hall there was a raised platform, and on this was seated the head-master. First he read a portion of the Latin Bible, and then the dinner began. There was a dead silence in the room, except for the noise of the dishes, and even this was but dull, for pewter against pewter makes little noise. The boys were not allowed to speak during meals. It is quite probable that the dinner consisted of meat or fish, with vegetables, bread and butter, and perhaps some kind of pudding for dessert. After dinner there was a period of recreation, which lasted until one o'clock and which the boys were allowed to use as they wished—in playing games or in preparation for

the next lesson. Between one and three Master Peter had a lesson from Cicero, with special attention to Rhetorical figures. First, the lesson was to be read in Latin, then to be committed to memory for the next day. Between three and five he repeated a page or two of some book of Rhetorical figures, or choice proverbs and sentences, collected by the master for that purpose.

At five o'clock the students again marched to the dining hall for supper. We should think that after supper the classes would surely stop, but it was not so. Immediately after supper the boys filed into the chamber of one of the masters, where they were instructed from Hunter's *Cosmographic*, and were made to describe and find out cities and countries on the map. This was the last class of the strenuous day, and Master Peter, tired and worn out, was glad to climb up to his room and to bed, where he soon fell asleep, dreaming of tomorrow's holiday.

This was a typical school day as spent by a lad of the sixteenth century. As we have seen, there was a generous disregard for hours. The classes consisted mainly of Latin and Greek, with a great deal of attention to the religious instruction of the students. Let us now look at another phase of the life of these boys—holidays.

Master Peter sprang eagerly from his bed this morning. It was at last Midsummer Day, the free day for which he had been longing for weeks. After dressing and breakfasting scantily he bounded out of doors. Nature had done her best to make this an ideal holiday. The sky was of the bluest blue, dotted here and there with fleecy white clouds; the sun shone brightly, and the larks sang away above the branches of the tall elm trees. Many of the schoolboys were already out, enjoying themselves in different ways. Here was a crowd of younger boys, playing noisy games, there stretched on the grass was a group of older students, eagerly discussing their plans for the day. All, however, had the easy, carefree holiday manner.

Master Peter struck off from the school and skipped gaily along the street. Even though it was still early the streets were thronged with a holiday crowd. Here and there were little knots of country-folk from neighboring villages, who had come into London Town to see the sights and the Triumph on the river, which was to be a fea-

ture of the day. Here was a father and a mother, with their group of rosy children, while there walked a lad and his lass, spruced up in new finery and quite gay with bits of bright-colored ribbons. Bright children of his own age gazed wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the wondrous sights. There were dancing bears at every corner, with minstrels, jugglers, chapmen crying their wares in a sing-song manner, fierce wild men with rings through their noses, being led around by long chains, and red-capped baboons whirling about on long poles. Master Peter elbowed his way through this hurly-burly crowd and made for St. Paul's Cathedral, London's great meeting place. All around the outer square were shops with gilded fronts and most amazing signs, golden angels with huge wings, bears, tiger-heads and brazen serpents. This was always an interesting sight to a lad like Master Peter, but the holiday crowd gave it a more vivid appearance than ever. He walked into the cathedral and down an aisle, stopping before a pillar where a merchant tailor had his stand, and where, on all sides, he saw merchants, drapers, and goldsmiths.

After leaving St. Paul's, Master Peter followed the great crowds toward the Thames, London's greatest thoroughfare. Here the people thronged the wharves and banks, eagerly waiting for the great Triumph soon to take place. In the meantime, Master Peter was quite content to watch the stately swans, which were sweeping up and down the dusky river. Soon, however, cries arose from the crowds, and the people began craning their necks. Then suddenly there was a clash—boom—bang, and there the boats came pushing into sight engaged in a sham battle, accompanied with a great shooting of guns and flashing of fires. Then the grand state bark sped past, very imposing with its high-carved stern, painted with England's golden lions and gayly-hung with brilliant silks and velvets. There in the midst of all this splendor sat the Queen, nodding and bowing to her eager subjects and followed by such a procession of boats that the Thames water was fairly hidden from view.

Immediately after this event a procession was seen coming at a lively rate. First rode four horsemen, mounted on gayly-caparisoned steeds, with huge silken banners flung to the breeze. The horsemen were richly clad in ruffles and bands, embroidered shirts, Italian doub-

lets slashed and laced, Venetian hose, and on their heads they wore gay velvet caps with jeweled bands. The horseman in front announced that there would take place at three o'clock, in the Rose Playhouse, Master Thomas Heywood's new comedy, "The Three Gray Gowns." This announcement was met with shouts of applause, and the people thronged down Ludgate Hill to Black Friars Landing. Here Master Peter met with some of his schoolmates, and together they jumped upon a wherry and were taken across the river to Southwark Side. How different everything was over here! They passed down a lane bordered on both sides with green fields, dotted with scarlet poppies. All along the lane were booths and tents and stalls, where were sold such enticing dainties as gilt ginger-nuts and caraway cakes with currants on top. Master Peter, in the excitement of the day had forgotten all about food, but the sight of these goodies recalled his hunger and he bought some of the caraway cakes, eating them as he strolled along. He and his companions soon reached the Rose Playhouse, an eight-sided, three-storied tower-like building of oak and plastered laths, upon a low foundation of yellow brick. The roof was of bright red English tiles with a blue lead gutter at the eaves. There was a little turret, from the top of which a tall ash stave went up and at the top of this stave a great white flag with a crimson rose on it was waving in the breeze. The boys entered and sat down in the pit with a crowd of common people. Master Peter saw that some of the gallants were sitting on the stage on three-legged stools. Soon the Prologue came out and announced what was to happen: "The Three Gray Gowns, in which will be spoken many good things, old and new." There followed the play, with shouts of applause given by the audience at certain remarks. Soon, however, it was over, and the boys hurried out of the playhouse, rushed by enticing entertainments such as bear-baiting and cock-fighting, and jumped on the wherry. As soon as they had landed at Blackfriars they hurried back to school.

Our schoolboy fell asleep, worn out with so much excitement, but with the feeling that it was good to be alive in the spacious days of "Good Queen Bess."





THE SWORD DANCE





## Shakespeare in Arms

EDITH BLODGETT, Σ Δ.

(Second in contest.)

Out of the Elizabethan Period—that night sky-clouded with the mists of doubt and faintly-realized hopes, intensely luminant with noble strivings, lightning-flashed with patriotism, Shakespeare glows the one clear morning star. The keenness of his rays lightens every corner of life and leaves each radiant with added vitality. The brilliance of the star illumines with gentle light the sorrows of an aged king and his two daughters, dances tantalizingly with midnight fairies in a fragrant forest, and brings to the light hideous crimes of jealousy and cruel ambition. That star pierces the veil of night that covers the glory of dead princes and bloody battlefields strewn with honor and courage. The star shines brighter and ever brighter here, filling brave, unheard-of battles with some of the warmth of the promised dawn it heralds, forsaking its usual silvery chill and glowing with intense light—dispelling the night clouds, making the lightning flashes of patriotism ever sear the sky, calling the thunder and winds to action, stirring all the great forces of nature and man to life and achievement.

Let us, like the wise men of old, follow the star-lit path down the centuries and gaze at the warrior-king whom Shakespeare sets before us and at that mighty battle of Agincourt. The glory of that battle should ever ring clear—the glory which tells of a corps of valiant men fighting a winning combat against a host three times its size; of the brave king who inspired his followers to almost unbelievable achievements and always turned to the Divine Power for aid; and of the fiery patriotism which ever burns within the breasts of loyal Englishmen. Perhaps the description of that battle given in the play is a “mockery,” as Shakespeare tells us it is, but the flashing descriptions of the battleground must be far beyond mockery for us. That we might truly admire the perfect warrior that Shakespeare makes live, let us peer through the night gloom at the battle scene itself—at the “creeping murmurs and the poring dark”; let us hear with the waiting soldiers the hum of the armies, the neighs of impatient horses,

the clang of the armorers' hammers, and all the various sounds that whisper of the coming onslaught. We all feel the dread of the morrow, the horrible suspense, the tingling excitement. Then, with the morn, let the sun gild our armour, and mounting our steeds, let us be carried into the mighty fray; and, worn though we are, sick and weary and half-naked, spent in body and mind, but burning with courage, we will be a part of that little band, and we, with them, will see the mighty host of French driven back over the mud and mire of the battlefield, over their wounded, dying comrades, back to defeat. We then can exult with our fellow-soldiers: our hearts can beat high with hard-won victory and merited patriotism: we with that brave company, can turn to our great king and leader—Henry the Fifth.

Do we not see the ideal of Shakespeare? Has not he shown to us a character worthy to hold the highest place as a warrior and king in the hearts of all?

The three characteristics that Shakespeare deems necessary for his ideal are bravery, sincere religion, and high patriotism. Of course bravery is an obvious requirement—but he paints bravery that can plunge into black, forbidding conflicts, bravery that can storm great walls of fear and doubt, bravery that can pierce heavy gloom with a flashing sword. Sincere religion is not so obvious a characteristic of a warrior and a king as we see him; but Shakespeare makes it an essential part of the whole ideal. The man that sways an army and a nation must have undying faith in a Supreme Power to fulfill Shakespeare's standard. This devotion to God will always come first, and then, closely following, will be devotion to his country. "A high patriotism," we say. Does it always mean a patriotism that bleeds—a patriotism that makes us surrender love, glory, life itself for the fatherland? This is the patriotism that Shakespeare means. That is the kind which his hero must possess. It is thus that we analyze the character of warrior king that is Shakespeare's choice. Let us follow his careful approach to the setting forth of his completed ideal.

Under the splendor and glory of a great battle there lies all the horrors of bloodshed, cruelty, and crime; so to let us see all sides of war and to more emphatically show the beauty of Henry the Fifth's character, such ridiculous, roguish men as Gower, Pistol, and Bar-

dolph are introduced into the play. They are examples of men that fight for satisfaction of their own desires—to steal, pilfer, and oppress. Still, they have their own amusing side, and we all laugh at the mock-brave Pistol as he robs the ignorant, frightened French soldiers. These men, though, are but instruments for giving relief to us through humor, and we pass on gratefully to the amusing but really worthy Fluellan. Can we not see him there on the field? always arguing, expounding great theories, strutting about like a turkey-cock? Yet he is truly courageous, truly patriotic and level-headed under the amusing exterior. He is indeed a worthy warrior; but, as far as we know, he is nothing more. One other character plays a part in emphasizing the virtues of Henry the Fifth—and that is his father, Henry the Fourth. This king is all that can be desired in battle, but his calculating, cold nature makes him fall short of the true model of soldier and ruler.

Shakespeare has taught us that an army is made up of various and diverse elements, and has indicated that each kind has an importance in making up a whole, but again he leads to his ideal—the exemplar of all the virtues of high military leadership; the star has led us to the hero—Henry the Fifth, the ideal warrior and king. In the starlight he stands before us—commanding, inflexible in purpose, courageous above all, bending always in prayer before the God he worshipped, hopeful, trusting, inspiring, loving the soldiers under his command, always loving his own country across the sea, fighting unto death if need be for the cause he upheld.

As a statesman Henry the Fifth is marked by a severe conscience—one that refuses to let him enter upon a war that is unjust or a policy that is oppressive. He has clear foresight, making him assure himself that while England is journeying across the seas to conflict with France, Scotland would not raid the country from the north. His foresight and strict conscience make his resolutions certain, and make him unswerving in decisions once they are reached.

As a warrior Henry the Fifth commands respect and admiration. His steady, keen judgment makes defeat almost impossible. His ready tact and sympathetic “common touch” win the loyalty and faith of all his soldiers. Is he not an admirable figure—walking

among his soldiers, stirring them on to great acts and high courage on the eve of that dread battle? His own unspotted bravery makes him inspire like courage in others—for he believes and sees noble traits where, perhaps, only low impulses lie before the transformation of his faith.

As a king Henry is indeed a noble model. His dignity in office never leaves him, and he is always the unapproachable monarch that commands respect in men. He loves his people and devotes the few years of his reign to the best for them. He holds supreme power over his subjects—yet he ever turns to divine help in all his troubles. Who can doubt his sincerity in the devout prayer to the Almighty on the morn of the battle of Agincourt?

As a statesman, as a warrior, and as a king he governs our admiration and deep respect, but as a man he rules the hearts of all. In the first place, his great broadness of mind makes us, with him, despise the little shams and petty hypocrises of life. He is far above them—and remains noble and untouched by their spots. He is simple to the core, being off the throne a “man for a’ that.” Who could but laugh at his grotesque, human love—seen with Katherine? There they are not king and queen, but plain man and woman, wrestling with unknown language and an embarrassing situation.

The star has lit our path and illumined the far-off battle scene with its little company of players for our gaze. In turning back, let us carry away some of the star-scenes in our hearts, and let us be filled with the century-old wisdom that teaches us to be courageous, to hold always the native land high in our thoughts, and to possess undying faith in the power that rules all—*God*.



## The Theatre of Shakespeare's Time

EVA PEEL, '17, A P.

(Second in contest.)

Toward the close of the sixteenth century England was beginning to throw aside her old ideas and customs, and imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance and the Reformation, she assumed an entirely different aspect. She underwent a revolutionary change in every department of her life—her explorers frequented the different lands, her farmers made the once-thought barren land bring forth a steady increase, her citizens grew in prosperity and social standing, and her nobility was created anew. As a result of this change she began to look upon the world not as a despicable place, as she once had, but as a great land of prized resources—the greatest of which was manhood with its “greatness and grotesqueness,” its good and evil, and its joys and sorrows. Caring as they did for human life, their vivid imagination longed for “living pictures and visions of it.” Nor was it satisfied with sculptured forms and lyric melodies. These could not strike the depths of human emotion so craved and coveted by them. The drama was destined to be the only channel through which their rising life could possibly find expression and through which that which was uppermost in the life of the age could find vent. It was saturated with the very spirit of the age, and was teeming with recklessness, passion, and audacity, and was fairly pulsating with vivacity. No depth was there to which it did not descend; no height was there to which it did not rise. It sounded the very depths of wickedness and vice, and climbed to the very heights of achievement. Because of its wide scope it became in time “the greatest expression of English genius, the mirror of England’s spiritual and social life.”

Amid this enthusiastic desire for action the theatre grew up. It was not to leap full-grown into existence, but was, like other innovations, to have its serious drawbacks, and at first to lack the staunch and steadying force of public opinion. It was a plant of slow growth, and its development rightly divides itself into three characteristic and distinct stages. It had its origin in the desire of ministers to make practical and visible to their ignorant flocks the particularly

outstanding episodes in the life of Christ—the connected story of his life from the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes to the divinely human martyr who gave his life as a ransom for many. When this had become too cumbersome for the church, the laymen took it up, and there was no change of method except that the action took place in the open street and in almost any place where large crowds were wont to gather. The Bible story soon gave a suggestion for the dramatization of saints' lives. In the early years of the Renaissance small companies applied the methods, which had been used in the dramatization of the Bible story, to historic narratives and popular fiction. The actors gave their performances in inn yards, where they set up very crude platforms. The stern, strict, Puritan element soon became opposed to this on the ground that it attracted the least desirable elements of the cities. So great was the objection that the actors had to leave London and give their plays without the city limits.

This led to the building of playhouses, and before the sixteenth century had drawn to a close there was no less than half a dozen theatres in and around London. There was acting everywhere. So imbued with the intoxicating spirit of action did the whole people become that soon every place was the stage of action. Professional actors gave plays in London, amateurs displayed their talent on the "village green," the gilds enlivened their festivals with plays, and gentlemen and ladies recited while in attendance on the queen. Elizabeth was so fond of plays that the theatre had her steady support, and the drama grew considerably under her enthusiastic influence.

The actors formed themselves into companies. In the large companies there were generally three groups of actors, namely: the sharers who, having gained wide reputation, were given shares to insure their loyalty to the company; the regular salaried actors; and the choir boys. At first these companies had some very close relation to the man whose title it bore, but finally this relation came to be a nominal one, and especially so unless the company desired to get favors from the Provincial executives—which favors they had to obtain through the intercession of their patron. In the case of the change of title or the death of its patron, the company assumed another name. Thus the company of Shakespeare was designated in

many ways, as "My Lord Strange's Men," "The King's Men," "My Lord Derby's Men," and "Lord Chamberlin's Men." So very varied, long, and distinctively thorough was the training of the Elizabethan actors that mere boys were fitted to take the parts of Shakespeare's great heroines. The boys began by doing the very simplest parts, and continued until they were sufficiently able to accomplish very difficult rôles.

Having received some idea of the life of the Shakespearian actors, having been informed of their "financial backing," and having ascertained that they were in well organized companies with protection often of the highest rank, let us try to acquaint ourselves with the theatre itself, and with the features which are most strikingly characteristic of the time. We can understand the theatre of Shakespeare's time best when we interpret it in terms of the fourteenth century theatre; for it was from the fourteenth century that the playwrights of the sixteenth century inherited their traditions. The theatres of the Elizabethan period bore evidence of the earlier existing conditions under which plays were presented. The London theatre was a modification of the courtyard of the old English Inn, and its "yard"—the space which we now call the orchestra—corresponding to the space of the old inn.

Some of the theatres were hexagonal and circular, but the most typical and most famous of the time—the Globe—was octagonal. It is estimated that the theatres were of a capacity sufficient to accommodate from three hundred to twelve hundred spectators, and, perhaps, infinitely more. The "yard"—the center of the enclosure—was, in the case of public theatres, open to the sky and during a rain those occupying the seats in its compass were drenched by the beating rain. In the case of private theatres, this center space was usually roofed. Rising directly from the center of the "yard," or pit as it is sometimes called, was erected a long flag-pole. One portion of the enclosure was devoted to the stage. The stage supported by strong pillars, and roofed as a protection in inclement weather, was exceedingly narrow and projected far out into the audience. It was partly filled with spectators, and was open to view on all sides save at the back, where was hung a curtain. This curtain rent in the middle

made three distinct entrances possible—one on either side and one through the opening. Behind the curtain were dressing rooms or “tiring” rooms, to which the actors withdrew during the intermissions between scenes to attire themselves for their next appearance. The upper stage was in the first gallery, and it is thought that sometimes the action was moved from the lower to the upper stage during the performance of certain serious plays. A kind of hood—known as the “Heavens”—projected from the wall in front of the “tiring” house, and extended over just about one-half of the depth of the stage. The space within the hood permitted the concealment of certain properties and machinery which could be instantly let down upon the stage. Hanging suspended from the “Heavens” was a curtain, which, when drawn, gave ample provision for a change of scene, or for the placing of other properties on the stage. The music room was sometimes on one side of the stage, and sometimes it was built behind the stage.

The flying of a flag above the “Heavens” gave evidence that a performance was near at hand. The stage was strewn with rushes and at two or three o’clock a miscellaneous throng of spectators filed in through the open doors. There hurried in gentlemen, masked ladies, grooms, boys, men of fashion, citizens, apprentices, and more boisterous elements. The fashionable people, clad in their velvet cloaks and frills, having paid from six-pence to a shilling, were given seats in the boxes, or were allowed to sit on the stage on stools, which were furnished for the purpose. The men on the stage were a source of trouble. They were scornful to those who sat in the “yard,” and hateful to those who were acting, and often prevented their entrances and exits. The lower classes, those unable to pay, and whose purses could afford no more than two or three pennies, stood in the “yard,” or sat on stools which were provided. As it happened the greater part of the crowd occupied these seats. While they were boisterous, drank, and oftentimes fought during the performance, they by no means hindered its progress as did the well-dressed gentlemen on the stage. Play bills were distributed; they were very rude, and when a tragedy was to be enacted they were printed in red letters. When the trumpet had thrice sounded the curtain hanging from the “Heavens” was





PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE FESTIVAL





drawn aside and an actor came forward, clad in a black velvet mantle and wearing a crown which only partially covered his "capacious wig," and delivered the prologue. This was often interrupted by the "groundlings" or some late comer who came in making all the noise he could. After the prologue had ended the stage was ready for action—action which was almost in every case a real effort on the part of the actor, toward perfection. Though there was practically no scenery, we know of no stage which was ever so human, no poetic life ever so intense. They saw before their eyes the Horse of Troy in all his massiveness, and the sly Greeks stealing stealthily out from their secret hiding. Transformations of all kinds took place before their anxious eyes. Men were turned into huge trees, and trees were turned into men. Angelic spirits descended from their quiet in the "Heavens" to meet the hideous and raging demons, who issued forth from improvised caverns and wells. Frequently heads rose from the wells and gave answer to questions. Heroes rode across the stage on hobby-horses, and young ladies were frightened into feigned faints by pasteboard dragons, but yet no one was made ridiculous by it. A hint to the vivid imagination of the audience was enough, and as the stage projected far out into the pit the actors were able to gain ready response from their audience.

For a theatre whose platform was filled along either side with arrogant and obnoxious spectators, whose stage had no scenery except of the very crudest kind and no curtains except the one at the back of the stage and a small one in front hanging from the Heavens"; for a people, whose alert minds kindled in them fit backgrounds and ample scenery for the accompaniment of action; for these it was that Shakespeare wrote his numerous plays, and he lost no opportunity to praise England, "the precious stone set in the silver sea."

### Excuse Me, Mr. Shakespeare

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SUSAN E. LAMB, '16, A P.

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1. At first his brow was puzzled,  
He could not understand  
Why the plays he wrote so long ago  
Should be studied o'er the land.
2. He was watching a modern English class  
As they busily "dug and boned,"  
And a twinkle came into his eye  
As they worked and toiled and groaned.
3. O, "what fools ye mortals be!"  
Laughing with mirth, he said,  
"I didn't write these plays, you know,  
To bother your nice young heads.
4. "Wouldn't old Falstaff roar?  
E'en Juliet would smile,  
And Jacques leave off his melancholy  
Just for a little while—
5. "If they could see you children  
Deep in these plays today,  
Hamlet would forget to be mad,  
And Thisbe to act in the play.
6. "I'm in a holiday humour;  
I haven't had so much fun  
Since I tried to make old Falstaff  
Answer Prince Harry in puns.
7. "It strikes me mighty funny  
That I should have such a 'rep';  
And you who are earnestly working,  
I must say you've got 'pep.'
8. "How I wish 'Old Ben' were here!  
No doubt he'd think this 'tric';  
But in the words of St. Mary's,  
Will Shakespeare says 'redic.'"

## The Rat Behind the Arras

DOLORES HOLT, Σ Δ.

(Second in contest for "best constructed story.")

Just across the Scotch border line, for a quarter of a century the ancient English castle Wintolf had stood unoccupied, half forgotten, covered with vines, patiently awaiting the time when a banished prince or princess should again take refuge there.

On a certain spring evening in the year 15— the stately court of the castle was brilliantly illuminated by numberless candles in honor of Lady Mary of Essex. Lady Mary sat beside an open window and looked with unseeing eyes far out over the hills. She was pale and the dark circles under her beautiful eyes spoke of sleepless nights and deep sorrow. Presently she was aroused by rapid footsteps approaching the room ; she raised her sad eyes, then with a cry of joy sprang up.

"My Lord," she cried.

The man hesitated at the door, his handsome head held high, his arms stretched toward her.

"Ah, my Lady ; truly it is thyself."

"Mary !" a note of anxiety crept into his voice even while he sighed with relief and happiness as he held her in his arms. "Thou art pale ; is it true that thou hast suffered so much ?"

"Ah, my Lord, they told me that thou wert dead."

"And indeed I was to be killed, but my worthy Carin again saved my life, and I came tonight to stay with thee, my Lady."

"Call me not Lady."

"Nay," said the man, bitterly. "See what I have brought upon thee: the wrath of Elizabeth and banishment."

"Do not speak so, my Lord ; have I not wished it ? Did I not, when the accusation of treason was brought against my Earl, declare before the Queen and her court that I had married thee secretly and was proud to be thy wife ?"

"And in that way hastening thine own downfall in her eyes who had signed my death warrant."

"Let us not talk of that," she shuddered, "but rejoice that now may

we live here, forgetting all else but each other." She looked up happily into his face.

At this minute they were interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs on the pavement outside.

Mary grew pale. "What can that be, my Lord?"

"My escape must have been discovered. Where canst thou hide me? I was afraid of this. More danger for thee, whom I would gladly die to save from any danger—"

Proudly she looked at him. "For the sake of love; but come, there is no time to be lost."

She pressed a spring and a panel in the wall slid silently aside, revealing a dark passageway. The Earl of Essex stepped inside and again the panel was in place. The heavy tapestry moved slightly. Feeling that someone was in the room, Lady Mary turned quickly to find the insolent Duke of Norfolk watching her.

"What have we here, your Highness; a rat behind the arras?" he sneered.

"I think my Lord the Duke forgets himself," she said coldly, trying hard to hide her anxiety.

"My Lord the Duke forgets nothing. Bring out the rat, my Lady, and let's away with him to his death. Out with him! He cannot escape me. My men have surrounded the castle."

She saw that he was under the influence of drink.

"All this ado about a poor little rat." She assumed a lighter tone. "Methinks that my Lord has a very poor way of occupying his time."

"Let us have done with this pretty figure. I know that Roger is hidden somewhere behind the tapestry."

"Indeed I have no desire to speak with you at all, my Lord Insolence," she said, with an angry toss of her head. "When you speak of my husband you will call him the Earl of Essex, if you please."

"Ah, ha!" he staggered toward her. "The Lady becometh angry. That will never do; no, no."

"Stand back, my Lord, or by mine honor thou shalt die."

"Ha, ha! and who will kill me? The rat has long since been caught in the trap." He sneered and tapped the wall with his sword hilt. The tapestry moved aside and another sword flashed out and struck the



drunken, reeling man. With an oath he sank to the floor. The Earl withdrew once more behind the curtain. Several roughly-dressed soldiers rushed into the room with drawn swords, but stopped aghast before the tall, pale, beautiful woman.

"It would be better for your master if you attempted to save his life, rather than stand there staring," she said, making a desperate effort to appear calm before her husband's enemies.

They bent over the dying man to hear what he was muttering. "The rat—the—catch the rat behind the—the—" he sank back slowly. The Duke of Norfolk was dead! The men, now that their leader lay dead, stood aside awed by the mystery of the murder and the apparently calm, haughty woman.

Immediately she grasped the situation, for she knew the Duke of Norfolk. He had hired and evidently equipped these peasants in order to capture the Earl (who had been suspected of heading a conspiracy with Mary, Queen of Scots, against Elizabeth), to take him back to England, thereby gaining the courted favor of the great Queen.

Lady Mary knew that the Scotch peasants were very superstitious, and she resolved on a desperate plan to make them leave the castle. They had not expected to find a woman when they came into the old deserted castle, and she resolved to confirm their already smoldering suspicion that she must be some evil spirit. Slowly she raised her white arm. "Go, ye men of Scotland; thy English master hath died by the black rat of Wintolf; go ye, before ye die also," she said, in solemn, wierd tones.

Her pale face, the long black dress which she had put on since hearing of her husband's death, the man at her feet, his last words about the rat, and the death-like stillness of the castle confirmed their fears, and they fled from the awful scene out into the night and away from the lofty pile.

The strain had been great on Lady Mary, and as the panel once more moved aside and Sir Roger hurried to her she clung to him sobbing, as is the way with women after the danger is past.

"Noble Lady Mary," he said. "Dearest wife, thou hast saved me, and the danger is past; now is the time to rejoice, not weep."

"To think of the dangers thou must ever be exposed to, beloved, and we will not always be so fortunate as tonight," she cried.

They were so engrossed that they did not hear the approach of several men until they reached the courtroom itself.

"My brother!" cried Lady Mary.

"Dear sister, do not look so frightened, for I bring thee good news. Her Majesty has discovered that he who lies here, the Duke of Norfolk, is the guilty leader of the conspiracy against her royal self. To you, Earl of Essex, I bring the royal pardon."

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### A School Day and a Holiday as Spent by Master Raleigh

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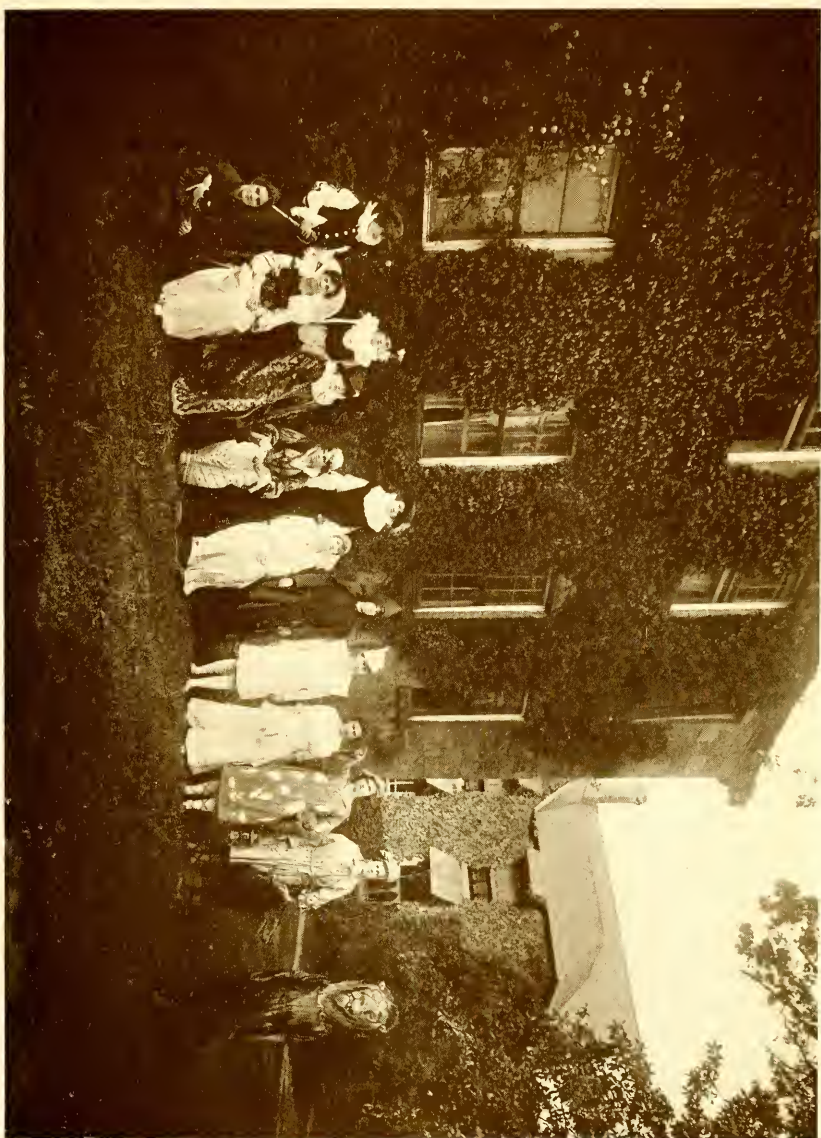
ESTELLE RAVENEL, '19, A P.

(Second in contest.)

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Just what would Master Raleigh think if he could take a peep in a modern American schoolroom? He would probably rub his eyes and look around as if dazed. "Could such changes possibly be real?" he would think. Then standing there his mind would wander back to the time when he was a small boy, still going to school. He would see himself a little boy of ten, dressed in his queer little jacket and knickerbockers, plodding his weary way to the village school, book in hand, hurriedly reciting some lines in Vergil, or repeating for the twentieth time the twenty-third Psalm.

And then the village schoolhouse would stand out before him with its queer, narrow windows and doors. He would see again his playmates gathered around in different groups, some busily talking, others engaged in hawking, while a few, only a few, of the very stupid ones sitting pouring over their lessons. Then the harsh voice of the schoolmaster would be heard and in a few minutes he would be within the four-walls of the schoolroom, a small boy's prison. He would remember the long, hard benches on which he used to sit, hour after hour, with no thought other than work. Cicero and Vergil would stand out before him beckoning him with warning fingers to bury himself amidst the knowledge of their contents. He would hear himself reciting on the Colloquium of Erasmus. And then the two long hours of writing. How tired his hand would get and how the master scolded when he made mistakes, but fear of this scolding would not allow him to stop



A GROUP OF "HIS MAJESTY'S PLAYERS" IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



for one minute's rest. Then a time equally as long spent in reading Fabian's Chronicles, together with a time spent upon the lute and Virquinalls would finish up his day; and oh, how glad he was to be free once more and in the lovely English twilight with his fellow play-mates.

Then as he would sit there dreaming he would suddenly be awakened from reverie by a bell and would realize that he must be up and doing, for the world in which he had suddenly been thrown was a busy place.

Supposing Sir Walter Raleigh to be a lover of children, we could easily imagine him following the crowd of merry children out of the schoolroom into the grounds, where the latter would soon be off with their games of baseball, hop-the-scoot, jump-the-rope. And again we would see the look of amazement come into Sir Walter's eyes, and in spite of himself his mind would wander again into the past, remembering well the joys a holiday brought forth. He would see himself off on a punt and would hear again the shouts of laughter from his playmates. What good times were these when, free from care and worry, he had entered on many a hunt coming home, his face beaming with his prize and hearing the words of praise from his father: "Son, thou art indeed a good shot. Thy bow shall heap many a word of praise upon thy head." He would remember how, on these holidays, he had often run away to see the Lord Admirals' players for which pleasure he would gladly receive the heaviest kind of punishment.

Then the May Day exercises. He had almost forgotten them. This was a holiday truly to be remembered, for oh, the fun it had been! He would see the lovely Queen of the May, dressed in her queenly robes, and her golden flowing hair and her appearance made more queenly by a wreath of flowers in her hair. Then as he would be living over all these things, the bell would suddenly ring again, and again he would start and rub his eyes, but alas! Only to awake and find the same old humdrum world of today and himself an old man of the past.



## SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL

May 1, 1916

St. Mary's School, Raleigh

## PROLOGUE

(Adapted from "Henry V.")

## PART I

1. Gathering of villagers, lords, ladies, and mummers.
2. Folk Dance: "Gathering Peascods."
3. Old English Round: "Summer is Icumen in."
4. Dance Around the May Pole.
5. Song: "Honest Recreation." (Adapted.)
6. Shepherdess Dance.
7. Dance: "Bacca Pipes."
8. Folk Song: "Mowing the Barley."
9. Sleights Sword Dance. (A Yorkshire dance by twelve swordsmen, accompanied by "King and Queen" and four "Toms.")

## PART II

1. Greeting of a company of "Her Majesty's Players."
2. O Mistress Mine." (Twelfth night.)
3. Midsummer Night's Dream (Act V).

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....	Josephine Wilson
Lysander .....	Lillian Riddick
Demetrius .....	Elizabeth Walker
Philostrate, Master of Revels to Theseus.....	Rena Harding
Quince, a Carpenter—"Prologue" .....	Katherine Bourne
Snug, a Joiner—"Lion" .....	Annie Cameron
Bottum, a Weaver—"Pyramus" .....	Lois Pugh
Flute, a Bellows-mender—"Thisbe" .....	Fannie Stallings
Snout, a Tinker—"Wall" .....	Frances Waters
Starveling, a Tailor—"Moonshine" .....	Sue Lamb
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons.....	Margaret Mann
Hermia .....	Sara Borden
Helena .....	Frances Geltner
Oberon, King of the Fairies.....	Lucile Anderson
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.....	Elizabeth Corbitt
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.....	Annabelle Converse
Fairies, Morris Dancers, Spirits of the Hearth.	

Bottum and his fellows present the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in honor of the wedding of Duke Theseus and Hippolyta. The Fairies bless the bridal. Puck speaks the epilogue.

## SONGS AND DANCES

1. Bergomask Dance, or Morris Jig.
2. "Through the House."
3. Fairies Revel.
4. "Pipes of Pan": An interpretative dance of the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.
5. "Helen."
6. Torch Dance.

EPILOGUE

Followed by "Wassail Song."

---

## The Shakespeare Festival

## PROLOGUE

(Adapted from "Henry V.")

Oh, for the power to make to live again  
 The jovial pastimes of the olden days  
 In Shakespeare's England. Then should you behold  
 The festal gathering and the simple joy  
 Of village folk upon a holiday  
 Meet for enjoyment. But pardon, gentles all,  
 The flat, unraised spirits that have dared  
 With these poor assets to bring forth  
 So great an object. Can this hillside be  
 In truth a village green? Or may we cram  
 Within this narrow ground the mad-cap pranks  
 That did attend the bringing in of May?  
 Oh, pardon! if we prone to error prove  
 And let us, shadows of those bygone days,  
 On your imaginary forces work.  
 Suppose that here in holiday attire  
 Are gathered simple village folk  
 With lord and lady who were wont to grace  
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth,  
 Peddlers and shepherds, milkmaids, motley fools—  
 Think, when you shall see these, they are real.  
 I humbly pray you to admit the excuse  
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things  
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
 Be here presented. If we must perforce  
 Wear skirts instead of doublet and good hose,  
 Pardon th' unseemly failing, still be kind  
 And eke out our performance with your mind,  
 And of your kindness and your leniency  
 Admit me chorus to this history,  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.

ANNIE S. CAMERON.

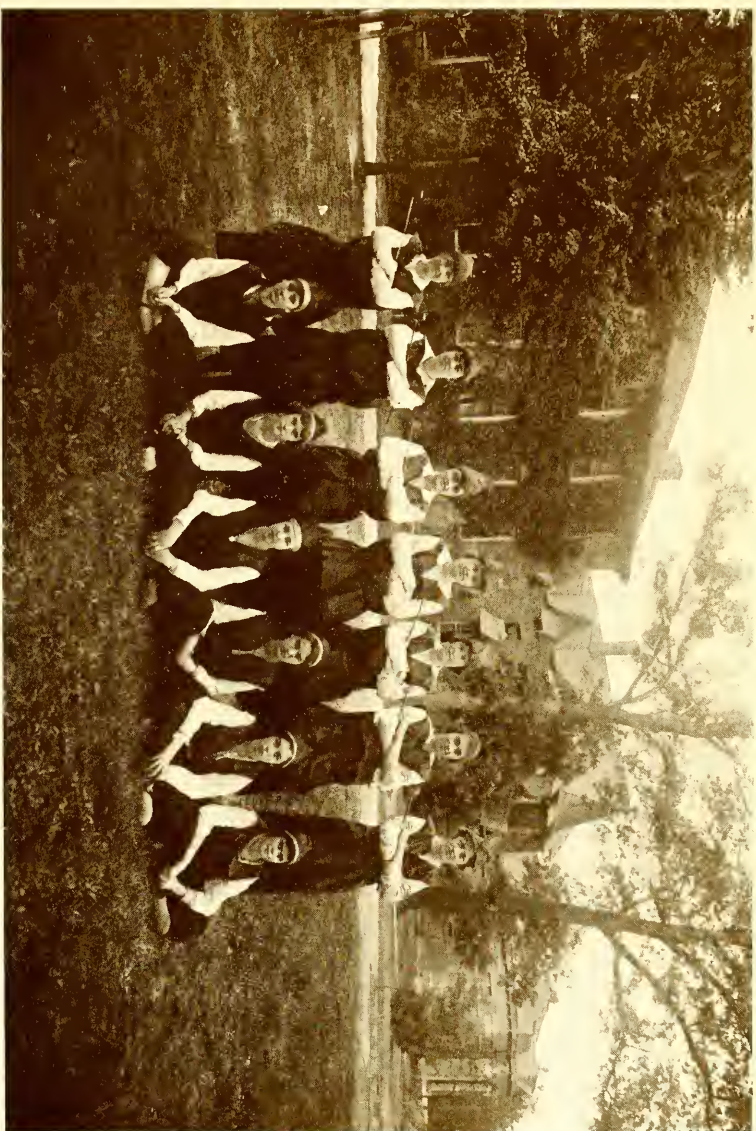
## The Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival

May 1, 1916.

The Shakespeare Festival has come and gone—and we are wishing that it were still to be. We knew that we would have a good time, but we had not realized how very gay we could be when once we jumped over years and became the happy folk of Good Queen Bess's "Merrie England."

When I say "we," I mean both teachers and girls, for the beauty of the festival motive is that it calls into activity every person of the community and depends upon the coöperation of all departments; it belongs not to the individual but to the individual in relation to the group. Our Shakespeare celebration was truly a festival by all for all. In the first place, the celebration was under the auspices of the three Literary Societies and the English Department, committees of the Societies attending to details. The Departments of Art, Domestic Art, and Expression all helped, Miss Davis assisting Miss Thomas with "M. S. N. D."; Mr. Owen trained the Sight-singing Class as chorus; Miss Roberts gave much time and energy to the task of accompanying, and Miss Abbott has our enthusiastic appreciation for her excellent orchestra made up of her violin pupils, Misses Jerger, Snyder, Sears, and Lassiter, who themselves worked hard and persistently preparing the music. It is Miss Barton who is to be heartily congratulated for getting up the dances, dances in which practically all the pupils took part and which were of most varied character from the comparatively simple folk dance to the æsthetic dances of the fairy episode of "M. S. N. D." The Senior English Class were "Her Majesty's Players," while Elizabeth Lay, Jo Wilson, and Dolores Holt were the adapters of the old songs, "Honest Recreation" and the "Was-sail Song," and Annie Cameron of the "Prologue"—to be read elsewhere in these pages. The girls with hardly an exception willingly gave up recreation time to learning dances; indeed, I have heard it whispered that Lent sped away this year faster than ever before. Of course Mr. Cruikshank saw to installation of lights and many other things.

All of the properties were made on the place: torches, crooks, "Bacca Pipes," and most wonderful of all—the costumes. These the



THE "BACCA PIPES" DANCERS AND THE "MORRIS JIGGERS"





girls made themselves, and charmingly varied they were in style, color, and trimming, but always Elizabethan. Miss Thomas posted pictures of appropriate suits and dresses and the girls did the rest, inventing patterns and manufacturing all kinds of holiday attire. The performers of the Sword Dance, "Bacca Pipes," and the Morris Jig were dressed like men and boys of an old English village, the jiggers having bells on their ankles. The shepherdesses were very lovely in full brightly colored skirts, black bodices and white caps, and carried flower-twined crooks. Costumes of village tapster and barmaid, peddlers, constables, town bailiff, scarlet clad minstrels, jesters and fairies; of such village maids as "Sweet Anne Page," or matrons like her merry mother of Windsor; dignified townsmen, and lords and ladies resplendent in velvet and satin with sleeves slashed and puffed, the ladies in pointed waists and farthingales, the men in doublets and capes, and both genuinely Tudor in ruffs of every proper style—all these were designed and made by the wearers themselves. This was also true of the apparel of the "M. S. N. D." troupe, from Theseus to "Lion," whose visage fierce which "gentles all do fear" was created in the Art Room—and the Art Room wolf of many years' fame was Moonshine's faithful dog.

The Festival took place in the Grove on the right-hand side of the Auditorium, where there is a natural stage large enough for some two hundred people. About this stage, by 8:15 on May Day, there had collected a goodly crowd of five hundred or more of our friends of the city, when the many arc lights were flashed on and the celebration began with the blowing of trumpets by the two heralds (Velma Jutkins and Hattie A. Copeland) and the speaking of the prologue by Rena Harding, a prologue praying in Shakespearian language for the imagination of the audience to amend all deficiencies, such as skirts for trunks and hose, and to hear and judge the play with gentleness and kindness. The prologue explained that the general intention of the festival was the presentation of some forms of village merrymaking of Shakespeare's day to do honor to the Stratford villager who became world king of drama and poetry.

Then followed at once the gathering of the village folk, who made way with bows and greetings for the gentry—my lady of the manor,

the good town bailiff, the master of the revels and a numerous train in which were to be found such Shakespearian characters as Queen Katherine (Miss Glen), Hamlet (Miss Davis, richly dressed in black velvet), and Ophelia. Among them was Miss Lee, who in silver lace and jewels was of course a handsome and courtly figure. Perhaps this natural scene was the most realistic and most beautiful of all, so bright it was with vivid color and so joyous with the spirit of true mirth.

The lady of the manor (Miss Thomas) and the announcer of the sports (Mr. Owen, a true jester in cap and bells and brilliant garb) then set on the revels, in the which all gaily joined. During dance and song the festival folk sat in groups on the grass, and between the numbers, peddlers cried their wares, the hobby-horses, ridden by Annie Cameron and Katherine Bourne, trotted and galloped about, and once the constables seized a "pick-purse" and tied him to a tree.

As there are no stars in a festival, it is difficult to make specific mention of particular parts. "Mowing the Barley" was quaintly acted and clearly sung; the Sword Dance, intricate and complicated as was the formation of the several different "locks," demanded greatest skill, "Bacca Pipes" and the Morris jig were executed with nimble quickness, while the Torch Dance was most spectacular. In the "Pipes of Pan" the class in æsthetic dancing were light and graceful and so was Julia Bryan in "Helen." The Sub-Preparatory Department formed the skipping throng around the May Pole and Miss Katie's children of the Primary were fairies.

The music included besides traditional pieces Edward German's three Henry VIII dances and the Mendelssohn setting for the conclusion of "M. S. N. D."

The act from that unique creation of Shakespeare's genius was presented as nearly as practicable as it would have been given out-of-doors in his own time, the costumes being Elizabethan and the stage properties most meagre. The tragical mirth of "the lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe" was as absurd and as delightful as always and forever; truly "the passion of loud laughter never shed more merry tears."

From all sides we learn that our play "did well beguile the heavy

gait of night," and that we did indeed succeed in re-creating something of the spirit and the detail of the days of the great poet whom we delight to honor, so that our friends could not but obey Puck's appeal to think that in truth they had but slumbered and had dreamed the village gathering, joyous dance and song, fairy revel and progress of stately lord and lady of those golden far-off days were once more real and present, once more of our sober work-a-day world.

E. W. T.

## PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT PLAY

### "AS YOU LIKE IT"

May 21, 1916

Duke, living in banishment.....Anne Brinley  
 Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominion.....Katherine Stewart  
 Lords attending on the banished Duke:

Amiens .....Frances Tillotson

Jaques .....Aline Hughes

LeBeau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.....Agnes Pratt

Charles, wrestler to Frederick.....Carobell Stewart

Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys:

Oliver .....Alice Latham

Jaques .....Josephine Frohne

Orlando .....Jane Norman

Adam, servant to Oliver .....Nancy Woolford

Touchstone, a clown.....Dolores Holt

Shepherds:

Corin .....Rubie Thorn

Silvius .....Helen Laughinghouse

William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.....Lucile Anderson

Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke.....Lois Pugh

Celia, daughter to Frederick.....Elizabeth Corbitt

Phebe, a shepherdess .....Julia Bryan

Audrey, a country wench.....Annabelle Converse

Attendants.

Given under the direction of Miss Florence C. Davis, Director of the Expression Department and of the Dramatic Club.

*Read! Mark! Act!*

---

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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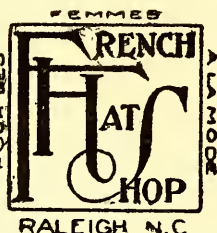
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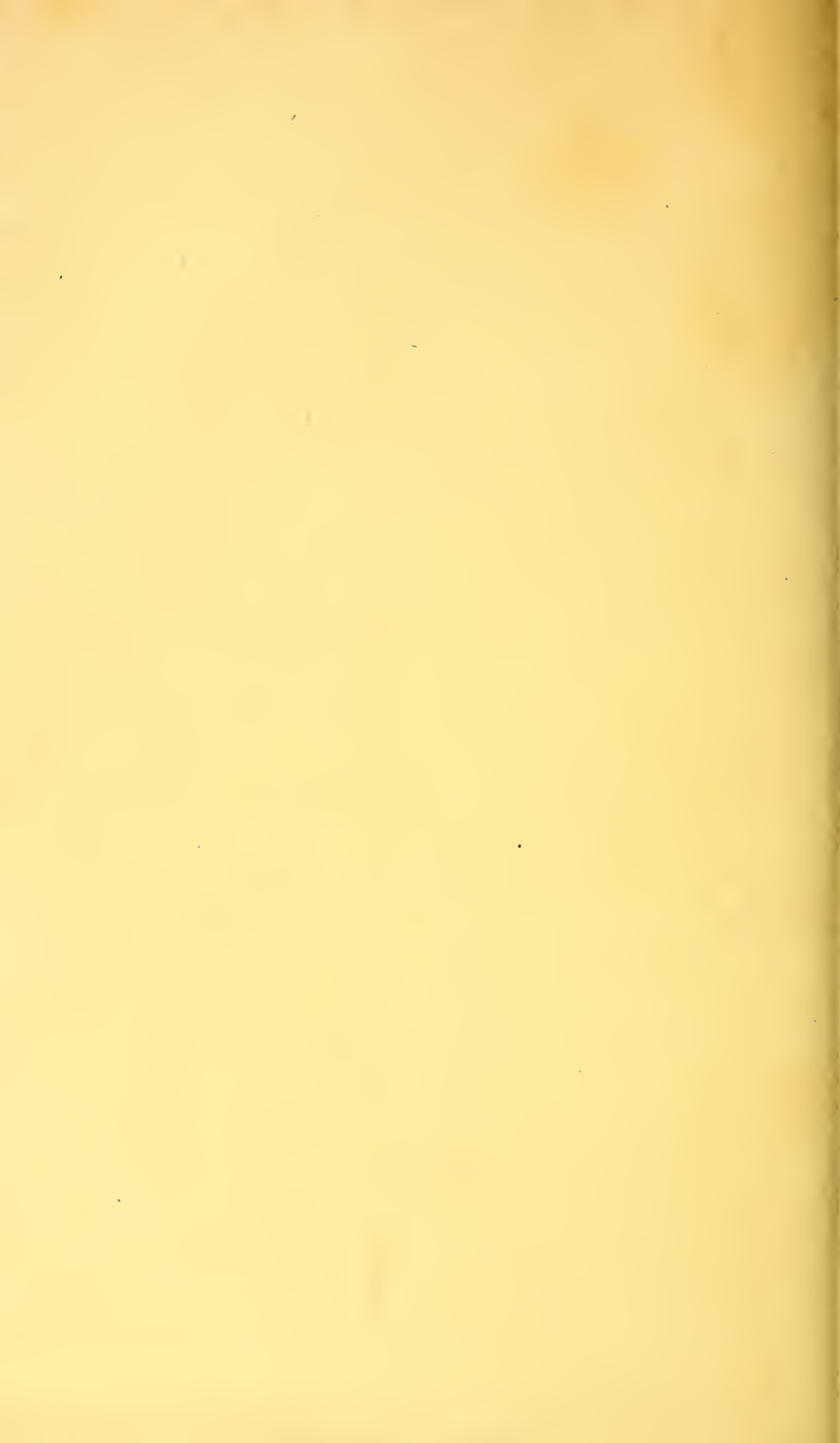
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Pre-Commencement Number

May, 1916









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# The St. Mary's Muse.

## PRE-COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. XX

MAY, 1916

No. 9

### The Commencement Program

- Saturday, May 20, 8:15 p. m., Annual Recital of the Elocution Department in the Auditorium, "As You Like It."
- Sunday, May 21, 11:00 a. m., Commencement Sermon in the Chapel, by the Rev. Mercer P. Logan, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Charleston, S. C.
- 5:00 p. m., Alumnæ Service in the Chapel.
- Monday, May 22, 11:00 a. m., Class Day Exercises in the Grove.
- 3:00 p. m., Annual Exhibit of the Art Department in the Studio.
- 4:30 p. m., Annual Alumnæ meeting in the Parlor.
- 8:30 p. m., Annual Concert in the Auditorium.
- 9:30 p. m., Rector's Reception in the Parlor.
- Tuesday, May 23, 11:00 a. m., Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium.
- Annual Address by Mr. James H. Dillard, D.C.L., LL.D. Closing Exercises in the Chapel.

The 74th Commencement promises to be of interest in many ways. The presentation of "As You Like It" by the Elocution Department, under the direction of Miss Florence Davis, will mark the third and concluding act in St. Mary's celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary. The Commencement Sermon will be preached by Dr. Logan of Charleston, a member of the General Board of Religious Education and long prominent in Church affairs. The Annual Address at the Graduating Exercises will be delivered by Dr. Dillard of Charlottesville, Va., Director of the Slater Fund, member of the Southern Education Board, etc., etc., and a prominent educator.

The Class is smaller than it has been for several years, numbering ten, as follows:

Katherine Wimberly Bourne .....	Tarboro, N. C.
Annie Sutton Cameron .....	Hillsboro, N. C.
Mary Auning Floyd .....	St. Stephens, S. C.

Selena Emma Galbraith .....	Waverly Mills, S. C.
Frances Royer Geitner .....	Hickory, N. C.
Rena Hoyt Harding .....	Washington, N. C.
Susan Elizabeth Lamb .....	Henderson, N. C.
Fannie Marie Stallings .....	Suffolk, Va.
Josephine Savilla Wilson .....	San Luis Potosi, Mexico.
Helen Cherry Wright .....	Boardman, N. C.

Miss Wright and Miss Floyd will also receive diplomas in Piano in the Music Department.

The Commencement Marshals are: Alice Cohn Latham, '17, Epsilon Alpha Pi, Chief; Martha Wright and Elmyra Jenkins, of the Epsilon Alpha Pi; Sara Shellman Bacon and Katharine Drane, of Sigma Lambda; and Nellie C. Rose and Estelle Ravenel, of Alpha Rho.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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### How Dick "Found Himself."

RUBIE THORN, '18.

Richard Hiram Ball, better known at the College as "Hi Ball Dick," because of his ability to get out of a tight place in a hurry, sat in his clubroom and thought. Dick's father was wealthy and had indulged the boy too much during his college career for his own good. Dick was popular with "the fellows" and managed to pass his Exams. and get through, but since June he realized that he was a disappointment to his father because he had no definite purpose in life, and while he did pretend to be a junior partner in the law firm, it amounted to about two hours work a day, with the rest of the time spent yachting, golfing, or at the club. Most of Dick's friends were settled now and the younger crowd ceased to interest him, girls as well as boys. On this particular evening he was especially miserable. What could have been worse than to have been a disappointment to his father? This had never loomed up before him to any extent until he no longer had anything to divert his mind. Even now his regret amounted to little for it failed to stimulate a worthy resolution. He

merely knew that he was disgusted with the situation and he resolved to leave home. Everything repelled him.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a beautiful spring morning. Nell Page had been up on the mountain to carry breakfast to poor Sallie Anne, who had been sick for some time. As she walked briskly down the path in the exhilarating mountain air she looked the picture of health and in her firm steady steps, as well as in her girlish eyes, was the strength of a woman. She was beautiful too in her fresh pale pink gingham, and the very swing of the large leghorn hat, with pink roses and black velvet that she carried in her hand, showed the more æsthetic and artistic nature of the girl. Many a girl would have been frightened at the sight of the large black dog that ran out of the woods before her path, but Nell's first impulse was to rush up and throw her arms around his neck and exclaim, "You beautiful creature; where did you come from?" On looking up she saw standing before her a young man, dressed in hunting costume, with a gun on his shoulder. It never occurred to Nell to be embarrassed and she looked straight into his eyes and said, "Is this your dog? He certainly is a beauty. I was just wondering who he could belong to." She was so sure that the dog did belong to the man that she didn't even wait for him to answer, but in her simple unsophisticated way made some trivial remark about the dog (the tenderness and loyal devotion to all living things, in her nature, took the form of a special fondness for dogs) and before he knew, she was gone.

Dick was almost stunned at the sight of such a beautiful creature among such rough, typical mountaineers, and when she had disappeared he was not quite sure that, after all, she might not have been just a naiad of the forest. After some days in this "end of creation" he came to understand that she was just about the most real thing there, and that it was she who made whatever little sunshine of civilization was on the mountain. The girl interested Dick as nothing had interested him for a long time, and hearing that she was from the same city as an old schoolmate of his he immediately wrote to find out something about her. The mountaineers didn't know anything about her except that she seemed to be an angel of love sent to them, and



when he was lucky enough to get a few minutes conversation with her she was always so forgetful of herself in her interest about other things that there seemed no possibility of finding out anything of her life history. When, finally, the letter came from his friend he was more puzzled than ever. Bill said that Nell was a good friend of his, and that just after she made her debut and was most popular, she went on a camp to the mountains, and that a few weeks after she was packed up and off to the mountains again with, as he expressed it, "some foolish notions about helping the people there." For such a state of mind to belong to a being such as she, was beyond Dick's comprehension. It was a problem that he just couldn't solve. Why should Nell Page be willing to give up her luxurious society life and come up there to teach some little ragamuffin mountain children? She was just out of place and the state of affairs puzzled him no little.

Three months passed. Although he didn't realize it, Richard Ball was changed to quite a degree. He had left home because he was tired of his life and wanted to get away from it all. Almost unconsciously he had made his way to the mountains. His life, since the night he left home, all seemed like a great dream to him, and he awoke one morning to find himself wondering—wondering why he had come to that place, anyway; wondering where he was going when he left (surely not back home), and wondering what he was going to do when he left, and still puzzling about the girl. Somehow the thought of leaving caused him some pain. Dick had come to love the mountains and the inhabitants of the mountains had become his friends. He had been a perfect boy when he came there, but now he was a man.

Dan Morley was Nell's most advanced pupil, and he always shared her joys and sorrows.

Dan was Dick's friend, too. They had great hunting trips together, and one night, in the early fall, they were camping on top of Busbee. After supper was over the boy and man sat facing each other, with the camp-fire between them, and the red glow of light brought out distinctly the features of each. Dick's collegemates would scarcely have recognized him if they had seen the different expressions on his face as Dan, in his boyish way, unconscious of what an effect his words were having, told how Miss Nellie hadn't been so



happy as usual for the last few days. "You see, there's lots she wants to do that she just can't." Dan, himself, really didn't understand. He was quoting her, but Dick understood. He understood all.

On his way home Dick stopped by Nell's school, while Dan and the dog went on up the mountain to the cabin. It was quite a crime for him to interrupt her work, so only a few words were allowed.

"Nell," he said, "I'm going away this afternoon."

At the expression on her face he added quickly, "not for good, but to prepare myself to help you. I understand. It would be so much easier to help them if you had someone to help you. I'm coming back and then we'll work together."

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### The Song of the Oak Tree

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DOLORES HOLT.

"Goodness!" sighed Betty, "I'm glad school's over! I do so dote upon Saturday afternoons. It might as well not be Saturday today, 'cause I've got to go think up an old original story for English! Believe I'll go down behind the auditorium, where it's grand and quiet."

"Betty, come on; let's order some ice cream," called Laura.

Ice cream! Oh, what a wonderfully cooling thought—but no! the "comp." must be written!

"No, sir! I've got to write my story. Of course I can put it off until the last minute."

This danger past, Betty hurried on to avoid any further temptation. It was so cool and delightful down behind the auditorium that Betty soon fell asleep, right under the biggest, oldest tree in the grove. Presently she heard a voice above her singing softly. The harmonious sounds were like the weird minors of a violin. She was rather surprised to discover that it was none other than the oak tree, who was crooning an ancient Indian lullaby.

"Listen," said the oak tree, "and I'll tell you the story of Yona-lossee and Tacquamina, as it was told me by my father.

"Long, long ago, all down where that road is, there was a lake, the lake of Sky Blue Waters the Indians called it, and it was there Yona-lossee wooed the captive maid Tacquamina.

"One morning, just as the sun with all its glory rose slowly above

the eastern horizon, driving the mist of Indian summer before him, Yonalossee stood at the door of his wigwam, listening for the sound of a long, sweet bird-note that had a minute before awakened him. Finally he was rewarded for, deep in the forest, again came the peculiar bird-note, this time loud and shrill, dying away to a faint sob. In an instant Yonalossee was speeding into the forest toward the lake of Sky Blue Waters. Suddenly he heard a mocking laugh and the sound of a canoe sliding into the water. He parted the bushes in time to see Tacquamina push off from shore and paddle swiftly out on the water.

"She saw the slight shadow of displeasure that darkened his noble forehead, but Tacquamina was not afraid of his anger. Farther up the shore Yonalossee found his canoe, and with a few powerful strokes sent the slight birch-bark craft side by side with Tacquamina. She stepped agilly into his boat; he went toward her.

" 'Will Little Bird always fly away?'

"The color mounted to her cheeks and a troubled look stole into her dark eyes, but she did not answer him directly. 'Take Tacquamina over the rapids today, Yonalossee—safely over the wild rapids—then Yonalossee shall have—a kiss.'

"Silently the Indian looked at her; he loved her, this beautiful Cree maiden, and he was determined to win her love.

"Soon the first currents of the torrent shook the boat and interrupted his thoughts. Tacquamina watched, fascinated, as Yonalossee's powerful arms guided the canoe skillfully among the rocks and over the treacherous waters. As they turned a sharp curve another boat faced them.

" 'Migissowham,' cried Tacquamina. Yonalossee steeled himself for a fight with the most hated enemy of the Sioux tribe.

"Migissowham threw back his handsome head, steadied his canoe, raised his knife, and the two Indians closed.

"Tacquamina watched intently and finally, as Yonalossee's knife sank deep, Migssowham swayed and fell. She uttered a low moan.

" 'Migissowham is dead,' she cried, 'and so is the heart of Little Bird.'

"Yonalossee raised his arm to strike her, but her sad face arrested him.

"I had hoped to steal your heart, too, Tacquamina."

"Tacquamina cannot forget her people whom your tribe has killed, and from whom you took her captive. Migissowham was my chief. He had come for Little Bird. The duty of a daughter of the Crees is to be true. Little Bird has sworn to kill the murderer of her chief. She has failed, for she cannot kill Yonalossee; therefore must she die. Little Bird has called to you from the forest for the last time, till we meet again in the happy hunting ground."

"The canoe had floated slowly beside the body of Migissowham. Tacquamina hastily drew the knife from his side and raised it to stab herself.

"Tacquamina!" The knife fell into the water. Migissowham had regained consciousness for a brief moment and was struggling to speak to her. 'Little Bird—Pearl Feather dies; the last of his tribe,' he faltered. 'He makes you free; do not kill, Little Bird; fly home!'

"Happily, and yet with a tinge of sadness, Tacquamina nestled close to her new chief and brave, and slowly Yonalossee paddled back to camp."

Betty awoke with a start; the breeze had ceased and with it the soft voice of the lofty oak.

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### The Night Wind

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ANNIE S. CAMERON, '16.

What are you singing, Wind of Night,  
Over the tree-tops high?  
What do you sing  
While the wee stars swing  
And the pale moon rides the sky,  
And the world, wrapt deep in a dreamless sleep,  
Rocks to your lullaby?

What are you singing, Wind of Night,  
There where the stars are hung?  
Is it the song  
Which for ages long  
Under the sky you have sung?  
Is it the same weird, mystic song  
You sang when the world was young?

What are you singing, Wind of Night,  
 Under the starry dome?  
 Sing you to me  
 Of the days to be,  
 Of the wondrous days to come?  
 What can you know, as to and fro  
 Over the hills you roam?

Whisper your song to me, Wind of the Night;  
 Wondrous voice that is given,  
 That I may know  
 What the wild winds blow  
 Under the sky, star riven,  
 The wonderful things that the Night Wind sings  
 Under the low-hung heaven.

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## SCHOOL NEWS

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### March 23—Organ Pupils' Recital

This year, on account of the large number of Certificate and Diploma Recitals to be given in the limited time before Commencement, the regular Thursday Afternoon Pupil's Recitals were omitted and a series of public recitals has taken their place.

The first of these was given in the Chapel on Thursday afternoon, March 23d, by Mr. Owen's advanced organ pupils, and they were a credit to his teaching. The organ pupils were assisted by Martha Wright, whose singing gave a great deal of pleasure. The recital was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

The program in full was as follows:

At Twilight .....	<i>Stebbens</i>
MISS CAROBELL STEWART	
The Cadinette Shepherd Song.....	<i>Jores</i>
MISS VIOLET BRAY	
Sonata, E minor .....	<i>Rogers</i>
MR. FREDERICK STAUDT, JR.	
"Send Out Thy Light".....	<i>Hawley</i>
MISS MARTHA WRIGHT	
Introduction and Scherzo from Suite 205.....	<i>Bartlett</i>
MISS HELEN WRIGHT	

**March 25—Informal Expression Pupils' Recital**

Several things happened to keep the Saturday nights during Lent from becoming long and tiresome. One of these was the volleyball game played on the 19th, and another was the informal recital given by the Expression pupils in the Auditorium on Saturday night, March 25th. The entertainment proved very enjoyable and everyone did well. Those deserving special mention were Lois Pugh, who recited some poems by Riley, Anne Brinley, who recited "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes; Annabelle Converse, who recited Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkie"; and Josephine Frohne, who was splendid in a monologue, "Keeping a Seat at the Theatre."

The program in full was as follows:

Group of Poems.....	Gertrude Merrimon
"The Highwayman" (by Alfred Noyes).....	Anne Brinley
"Wee Willie Winkie" (by Kipling).....	Annabelle Converse
"For Love of Mary Ellen".....	Aline Hughes
Poems by Riley.....	Lois Pugh
"Mandalay" and "If".....	Jane Norman
Poems .....	Velma Jutkins
"The Lie" .....	Aline Taylor
"Keeping a Seat at the Theatre" (monologue).....	Josephine Frohne

**March 26—Miss Patsy Smith's Talk**

On Sunday night, March 26, a short and interesting talk was made in the parlor by Miss Patsy Smith, who graduated at St. Mary's in 1912. Since her St. Mary's days Miss Smith has been quite interested in Junior Auxiliary work and it was at the request of Miss Claudia Hunter, the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of North Carolina, that she spoke. The subject of the talk was the new St. Luke's Hospital which it is hoped will be built at Tokyo, Japan.

**March 27—Volley Ball Game**

On Monday afternoon, March 27th, there was a volleyball game in the "Gym." between the Junior teams of the Sigmas and Mus. The line-up was as follows:

*Mus.*

Nina Burke (Captain).  
 Randolph Hill.  
 Harriet Barber.  
 Muriel Dougherty.  
 Lillias Shepherd.  
 Virginia Williams.

*Sigmas.*

Lucy Jensen (Captain).  
 Margaret Springs.  
 Elizabeth Cross.  
 Mary Hoke.  
 Virginia Royster.  
 Josephine Frohne.



The game was an exciting one, and Lucy Jensen and Mary Hoke worked hard with the rest of the Sigmas to come out victorious, but Nina Burke, with her splendid playing and the rest of her team, proved too much for them and the score at the end of the second half was 48 to 36, in favor of the Mus.

### March 30—Piano Recital. Miss Martha Wright

The first Certificate Recital of the year was given on March 30th by Miss Martha Wright, pupil of Miss Dowd, assisted by Mr. James Bonner, baritone. Miss Wright's program, composed entirely of modern composition with the exception of the Scarlatti number, was most interesting, varied, and well arranged. Her rendering of it showed appreciative interpretation, clear, sure technique, good phrasing, and considerable temperament.

Mr. Bonner's interpretation of the beautiful Tchaikowsky "Serenade" and of Cadman's "Land of the Sky-blue Water" was indeed good.

The program was:

#### I.

Allemande, Gavotte and Musette ..... *Eugen d'Albert*  
Capriccio, from Sonata in F..... *Domenico Scarlatti*

#### II.

Dawn ..... *Friml*  
Pan. Pastorale ..... *Godard*  
Tarentelle G<sup>b</sup> ..... *Moszkowski*

#### III.

Don Juan's Serenade ..... *Tchaikowsky*  
Land of the Sky-blue Water..... *Cadman*

MR. BONNER

#### IV.

Præludium, Op. 14 ..... *MacDowell*  
La Soirée dans Grenade..... *Debussy*  
The Water Wagtail ..... *Cyril Scott*

#### V.

Concerto, A minor, Op. 16..... *Grieg*  
Allegro molto moderato

(Second Piano, Miss Dowd)

## April 6—Organ Recital. Miss Helen Wright

On Thursday evening, April 6th, the second Certificate Recital of the year was held in the Chapel. Those who were present at Helen Wright's piano recital last year looked forward to the evening with pleasure, and they were not disappointed, for she showed herself to be as much at home at the organ as at the piano. She was assisted by the choir.

The *News and Observer* said of the recital:

Miss Helen Wright's work in her certificate organ recital given in St. Mary's Chapel, Thursday evening, April 6th, was characterized by dignity and efficiency. The "Passacalia Theme et Fugatum," in C minor, by Bach, was given with remarkably good pedaling, with fluent technique, and clean phrasing.

The "Premiere Sonate," by Salome, a new work to most of the listeners, was played in stately rhythm and with full-chord effects. The "Introduction and Scherzo," by Bartlett, again called for skilled pedaling, for swift use of the stops, for advanced finger technique, and for considerable mentality. These demands were ably met by Miss Wright, who, indeed, played with such ease that the difficulties of the composition were not apparent. Miss Wright showed more temperament, and was probably at her best, in the lovely "Persian Suite," by Stoughton: (a) The Courts of Jamshyd, Alla Marcia; (b) The Garden of Irma, Lento; (c) Saki, Allegro Scherzando. In the rendering of this composition she succeeded in getting real orchestral effects.

Miss Wright has been for several years a pupil of Mr. R. Blinn Owen, Director of Voice and Organ at St. Mary's School. She was assisted in her recital by St. Mary's Choir; Miss Mildred Jerger, violin; Dr. George Summey, cello, who gave a beautiful rendering of Gounod's beautiful anthem "By Babylon's Wave," Psalm 137.

The program in full was as follows:

- I.  
Passacalia Theme et Fugatum, in C moll.....*Johann Sebastian Bach*
- II.  
Premiere Sonate, Op. 25.....*Theodore Salome*  
Andante Mæstoso
- III.  
Introduction and Scherzo, Op. 205.....*Homer N. Bartlett*
- IV.  
By Babylon's Wave—Psalm 137.....*Gounod*
- V.  
Persian Suite .....*Stoughton*
  - a. The Courts of Jamshyd, Alla Marcia
  - b. The Garden of Irma, Lento
  - c. Saki, Allegro Scherzando

## April 10—Field Day

The annual spring Athletic Meet went off with great success Monday afternoon, April 10th, at 2:45, on the athletic field. There were about forty contestants in all, very evenly matched. For the success we must thank Miss Barton and the two athletic presidents, Annie Robinson, Sigma, and Anne Brinley, Mu. The members themselves have never shown more spirit or enthusiasm, and as for the contestants, they surely make each club feel prouder than ever.

The program was as follows:

## Jump the Bean Bag:

- First—M. Wilson (Mu), 8.  
 Second—H. Brigham (Mu), 5.  
 Third—N. Woolford (Sigma), 3.  
 Fourth—R. Hill (Mu), 1.  
 Final score: Mu, 14; Sigma, 3.

## Three-legged Race:

- First—H. Barber and R. Hill (Mu), 8.  
 Second—M. Dougherty and M. Wilson (Mu), 5.  
 Third—N. Woolford and A. Robinson (Sigma), 3.  
 Fourth—R. Thorn and M. Kirtland (Sigma), 1.  
 Final score: Mu, 13; Sigma, 4.

## Running Broad Jump:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| E. Askew (Mu), 12 feet 9 inches.....      | 8 |
| R. Robbins (Sigma), 12 feet 3 inches..... | 5 |
| N. Woolford (Sigma), 12 feet 1 inch.....  | 3 |
| N. Burke (Mu), 12 feet.....               | 1 |
| Final score: Mu, 9; Sigma, 8.             |   |

Boundary Ball: Sigmas scored 20 points.

## Running High Jump:

- |           |                              |    |
|-----------|------------------------------|----|
| K. Drane  | } (Mu), 3 feet 9 inches..... | 17 |
| C. Holmes |                              |    |
| E. Askew  |                              |    |
| C. Paul   |                              |    |

## Goal Throwing:

- A. Taylor (Sigma), 10 throws out of 10 trials; Sigma, 20 points.

## Relay Race (Won by Mus):

- Final score: Mu, 73; Sigma, 55.

**April 12—First Team Basketball Game**

On Wednesday afternoon, April 12th, the final game of basketball between the first teams was played.

The line-up was:

<i>Sigma.</i>		<i>Mu.</i>
E. Ravenel	.....Jumping Center	H. Brigham
N. Woolford (Capt.)	.....Side Center	C. Holmes
M. Hoke	.....Forward	E. Walker
E. Waddell	.....Forward	A. Brinley
A. Robinson	.....Guard	N. Burke
M. Mullins	.....Guard	L. Beatty (Capt.)

It was one of the hardest fought games of the season. The Mu team work was wonderful, and Annie Robinson's and Laura Beatty's guarding should make their clubs proud of them. For alertness no one could beat Nancy Woolford, M. Mullins, N. Burke, and C. Holmes, and Helen Brigham seemed everywhere at once with E. Ravenel right behind her. Mary Hoke's first trial at a first team game proved quite a success, and very probably next year she will be a member instead of a substitute on the first team. E. Walker's, E. Waddell's, and A. Brinley's goals were most thrilling, as they always are. The final score was 24 to 14, in favor of the Mus.

**April 15—Second Team Basketball Game**

On Saturday night, April 15th, at 8 o'clock, in the Gym., there was a basketball game between the second teams of Mu and Sigma. The line-up was as follows:

<i>Mu.</i>		<i>Sigma.</i>
E. B. Lay (Capt.)	.....Jumping Center	C. Stewart
A. Lay	.....Forward	A. Taylor
E. Davis	.....Forward	J. Frohne
C. Gilmer	.....Guard	M. Kirtland
C. Paul	.....Guard	F. Tillotson (Capt.)

The game was a most exciting one. Nancy Lay, a substitute, did especially good work, and Josephine Frohne's basket from the center was "a beauty." The final score was 10 to 4, in favor of the Sigmas.

**April 24—Easter Egg Hunt**

On Monday evening, April 24th, immediately after Chapel the usual Easter Egg-hunt was held in the grove. There seemed to be an unusually large number of eggs to be found and there were several minutes of wild excitement while the searching was going on. In a short while, however, the discoveries became fewer and farther between and finally everyone gathered to see who had won the prize. This, in the form of a large white rabbit, was presented to Henry Lay, who had found the goodly number of twenty-one eggs.

**April 27—Expression Recital. Miss Jane Norman**

On Thursday evening, April 27th, a delightful Certificate Recital was given in the auditorium by Miss Jane Norman, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Corbitt, whose singing added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. The program was well chosen and pleasantly varied and Miss Norman proved herself a worthy representative of Miss Davis's training, and showed that she well merits her certificate.

The *News and Observer* said of the recital:

The expression recital at St. Mary's, Thursday evening, given by Miss Jane Norman, certificate pupil of Miss Florence C. Davis, was a most successful and interesting one, her program showing her versatility and admirable range of tone.

"The Mallet's Masterpiece," an unusual type of dramatic reading, was given with real power and excellent voice control.

The three Kipling poems—all so different—the philosophic "If," the ringing "Mandalay," and the organ-like "Recessional," were each accorded their full values.

The most popular number of the evening was the Beatrice Herford monologue, "The Frivolous Side." This Miss Norman rendered with real charm and a delicious girlish appreciation of its comedy.

The quiet humor of the last number, "The Absent Guest," rounded out a program that showed Miss Norman's talent and Miss Davis's excellent method.

Assisting Miss Norman was Miss Elizabeth Corbitt, soprano, pupil of Miss Zona Shull. She sang with artistic finish.

The accompaniments were played by Miss Louise Seymour of the Faculty.



This was the program :

	I.	
The Mallett's Masterpiece .....		<i>Edward Peple</i>
	II.	
Tosca: "Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amore".....		<i>Puccini</i>
	III.	
The Frivolous Side (monologue).....		<i>Beatrice Herford</i>
If	IV.	
Mandalay } .....		<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>
Recessional } .....	V.	
Song of the Shepherd Lehl.....		<i>Rimsky-Korsakon</i>
The Cry of Rachael .....		<i>Salter</i>
	Miss Corbitt	
	VI.	
The Absent Guest.....		<i>Roy Rolf Gilson</i>

#### April 29—St. Cecilia Concert

On Saturday evening, April 29th, the annual concert of the St. Cecilia Club was given in St. Mary's Auditorium, under the direction of Mr. Owen. This was one of the several occasions when the Club has afforded a delightful evening to a large and appreciative audience. The concert on Saturday evening was especially enjoyed. St. Mary's was well represented in the recital, for not only was it under the direction of Mr. Owen, but Miss Abbott and Miss Shull took part in the program.

The *News and Observer* said of the concert:

On Saturday evening the St. Cecilia Club, under the direction of Mr. Owen, gave a most delightful recital in St. Mary's auditorium. The club, maintaining the high standard of musicianship which it has held since its organization with Mr. Owen two seasons ago, gave a concert that will stand out with especial prominence in the season's musical offerings. The entire program was beautifully rendered. The Viennese Serenade was possibly the most artistic number. The lovely chorus, upheld by the appreciative accompaniment of their assistants, gave an artistic and exquisite rendition of the Stevenson Serenade.

Mr. James Bonner showed, in his understanding, sympathetic and temperamental singing, the beginnings of a great artistic future.

Miss Shull, always the artist, was at her best in Sherwood Forest obligatos. Her rendition was charming and tone beautiful.

Miss Abbott played with her usual artistic excellence and finish. Dr. Summey gave charming and efficient support. Mrs. Frederick Staudt showed excellent pianism and gave that sympathetic and intellectual help that adds so much to the success of a concert.

**April 29—Junior-Senior Banquet**

The Seniors have never enjoyed any entertainment more than the "banquet" given them by the Juniors Saturday evening, April 29th. The decorations were of dogwood, the Senior colors being green and white, while lavender and purple, the Junior colors, were brought in effectively. Kewpie cards with tiny diplomas were used as place cards.

The banquet opened with a song of greeting by Frances Tillotson. After a six-course luncheon, artistically served, reflectoscope pictures of school happenings were shown, to the enjoyment of all.

But the great event of the evening was the presentation of "The Mad Tea-Party Revised," with Elizabeth Corbitt as the March Hare, Dolores Holt as the Hatter, Annabelle Converse as the Dormouse, Lois Pugh as the Mock Turtle, and Violet Bray as Alice. This served as a delightful reminder of the two chief entertainments before Christmas: the Faculty production of "Alice in Wonderland," and Mr. Owen's production of "The Mikado." The little play was an ingenious adaptation of these two and delighted its audience with amusing incidents and pointed songs.

The Seniors received as souvenirs, dolls representing their future calling in life, and also copies of "The Mad Tea-Party Revised." The most delightful evening ended with expressions of appreciation by the Senior, Sophomore, Freshman, and "Prep." Presidents, best wishes to the Class of 1916 from Alice Latham, President of the Junior Class; also with toasts to the Seniors by Miss Katie and Miss Thomas. The guests were delighted with the evening, and thought the party the prettiest thing given at St. Mary's in a long time.

The whole entertainment showed a wonderful amount of efficiency, originality, and interest on the part of the Junior Class, and spoke well for the success of next year's entertainments. F. R. G., '16.

**May 3—Certificate Recital. Miss Martha Wright**

On Wednesday evening, May 3d, Miss Martha Wright, certificate pupil of Mr. R. B. Owen, gave a charming voice recital, assisted by Miss Frances Hillman. Miss Wright's selections and the skill with which she rendered them delighted the audience. The "Song From

'Sea Pieces,' by MacDowell, Miss Hillman played especially well.

The *News and Observer* says of the recital:

Miss Martha Wright gave her certificate voice recital Thursday evening in St. Mary's auditorium. The program was delightfully performed throughout, and consisted of concert numbers and arias, old English and Italian songs, modern French and Italian, and concluding with a charming modern group. The reception given Miss Wright was very warm, and a wave of applause swept the audience at the conclusion of the aria from "Mignon," "Je Suis Titania," a part of which was repeated.

Miss Wright's voice is a remarkably smooth soprano, and she sings with much expressiveness as well as beautiful quality of tone. Her manner of singing has a delightful simplicity and sincerity, and she made last evening an exceedingly attractive girlish picture. Her diction and breath control were exceptionally good.

Miss Wright is a pupil of Mr. R. Blinn Owen, Director of Voice and Organ at St. Mary's School.

Assisting Miss Wright in her recital was Miss Frances Hillman, pianist, who played a group number charmingly with true musicianship and taste, winning an encore and making her audience look with interest for further performances from her.

The program in full was as follows:

#### I.

- (a) Spring ..... *Carey*
- (b) Love's Isle ..... *Purcell*
- (c) Bergère Legère ..... *Old French*
- (d) Le Violette ..... *Scarlatti*

#### II.

- "Je Suis Titania" ..... *Scarlatti*

#### III.

- Crescendo ..... *Per Lasson*
- Song from "Sea Pieces" ..... *MacDowell*
- March Wind ..... *MacDowell*

MISS HILLMAN

#### IV.

- (a) Ritournelle ..... *Chaminade*
- (b) Mandoline ..... *Debussy*
- (c) In Quelle Trine Morbide ..... *Puccini*
- From "Manor Lescaut"

#### V.

- (a) Love is a Bubble ..... *Allitsen*
- (b) One Morning Very Early ..... *Sanderson*
- (c) Lullaby ..... *Scott*
- (d) Spring's Awakening ..... *Sanderson*

### May 6—The "School Party"

The annual "School Party" has come to be regarded as one of *the* events of the year, and it was entered into this year no less heartily than in the past.

The parlor was artistically decorated in the different class colors. Promptly at 8:15 the girls assembled in the schoolroom and marched into the parlor, led by the Juniors. All were dressed in white, with the addition of their class colors. The Juniors wore dainty little lavender aprons and bows on their hair. Dutch caps of gold and black pointed out the wise Sophomores, the Freshmen wore jaunty little caps of red and gray, while the Preps., as befitted their tender age, were dressed in short white dresses, socks, pink sashes, and saucy pink bows perched on their hair. After the classes had assembled there was a hush and the dignified Seniors filed slowly in, wearing caps and gowns and carrying diplomas tied with green ribbon.

All standing, "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees" was sung, and then Mary Floyd, the Senior President, spoke briefly in explanation of the occasion. She said:

This evening is the occasion of the Fifth School Party. Started five years ago by the Class of 1916 as Freshmen, it was given under the direction of that Class each year until its graduation, when it was handed over to the care of each succeeding Senior Class. It has been the pleasure of the Class of 1916 to arrange for it tonight, *but—*

We want you all to remember that it is your School Party, and not that of the Senior Class. It is the party of the whole school, to be entered into by the whole school, from Faculty to Preps., and the heartiness of the coöperation will be the measure of its success.

We have not tried for any novelties tonight. The School Party is intended to strengthen our school spirit, to make us all love St. Mary's just a little more dearly. And the program is based on the school songs, which are intended for the same purpose.

We hope you will all enter into the program, and that we shall all enjoy the evening together.

We will have first the greetings and the songs from the classes, beginning with the Juniors. We Seniors are glad to be here; we hope that the Faculty and the classes feel likewise.

The program was then carried out as follows:

1. Chorus: "Hail St. Mary's!"

2. Class Greetings:

(a) Introduction ..... Mary Floyd, President 1916

(b) Junior Greeting ..... Alice Latham

Junior Song: "Funiculi, Funiculæ."

- (c) Sophomore Greeting .....Katharine Drane  
Sophomore Song: "Come, Be a Learned Sophomore."
  - (d) Freshman Greeting .....Josephine Myers  
Freshman Song: "Hear the Freshmen Coming in."
  - (e) "Prep." Greeting .....Jacq Smith  
"Prep." Song: "We Are the Preplets, Sad to Say."
  - (f) Senior Song: "Now We've Come to this Fairest Month of May."
3. Glee Club Songs:
- (a) "Units."
  - (b) "Senior Hall."
  - (c) "Wonder Why the Seniors Are Looking so Forlorn."  
(This was the initial appearance of the Mandolin and Glee Club, which, under the direction of Josephine Wilson, '16, added much to the entertainment. The three songs were written by Annie Cameron, '16.)
4. Toasts:
- (a) To the Rector.....Annie Cameron, '16
  - (b) To the Faculty.....Katharine Bourne, '16
  - (c) To the School.....Frances Geitner, '16  
(After the giving of these toasts, the class, under the lead of Josephine Wilson, united in singing the toast
  - (d) To Miss Thomas,  
to which Miss Thomas very graciously responded.)
5. Presentation of the Gift.....Mary Floyd, '16  
Acceptance .....The Rector
6. Farewell Songs:
- (a) "Good-bye, 1916".....Frances Tillotson and the Seniors
  - (b) "Good-bye, School".....Martha Wright and the Seniors
  - (c) "Here's to the Seniors".....Frances Tillotson and the Juniors
7. "Alma Mater."
8. Refreshments.

Of the gift, Mary Floyd said:

Another of the customs inaugurated at the first party is the presentation of a small gift by the girls to the school as a souvenir of the year and a reminder of their loyalty and love. The size of the gift is not to be taken as a measure of their feelings, some day their means may be greater, but their spirit will never be better.

This year we take pleasure in presenting to the school an electric lantern of late model for use in illustrated lectures, and we trust that on the many occasions on which we hope it will be found of use that it will serve as a reminder of the girls of 1916, not only the Seniors of 1916, but all the girls of 1916.



**May 8—Volleyball Game**

The last Junior volleyball game was played on Monday afternoon, May 8th, in the "gym." The line-up was as follows:

*Sigma.*

Jensen (Captain).  
Lynah.  
Hoke.  
Royster.  
Frohne.  
Taylor.

*Mu.*

Burke ( Captain).  
Shepherd.  
Arbogast, K.  
Barber, H.  
Hill.  
Lay, N.

The Juniors are almost up to the first team in volleyball. The work of all was exceedingly quick and sure, and we must say that the work of the two captains can almost equal that of any girl of the first teams.

**May 8—Diploma Recital. Mary Floyd**

On Monday evening, May 8th, Mary Floyd gave her Diploma Piano Recital, in the Auditorium. Those who heard Miss Floyd's Certificate Recital last year were looking forward to the evening with much interest and were by no means disappointed. Miss Floyd not only played with great feeling and expression, but showed a remarkable skill and mastery of technique. She was assisted by Miss Frances Tillotson, whose singing was, as usual, delightful.

The *New and Observer* said of the recital:

Miss Mary Floyd's diploma piano recital at St. Mary's last night was rendered with pianistic assurance and style and was much enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience.

The program opened with the Bach Prelude XXI and two charming Sgambati numbers, "Dolci Confidenze" and "Marche," followed by the brilliant Chopin Polonaise, op. 53. The rest of the program was wholly from modern composers. The Sonata, in A major, by Charles Wakefield Cadman, is a beautiful work and was evidently a favorite with the young pianist. The concluding group number, "Morning," by Templeton Strong, "Le Fee de la lot," by Mrs. Beach, and "Ballet," by DeBussy, were rendered with taste and spirit. Miss Floyd is an intellectual player with brilliant technique and perfectly at ease.

She was assisted by Miss Frances Tillotson, soprano, who sang "Villanelle," by Del 'Acqua, and received a hearty encore, to which she graciously responded.

Both Miss Floyd and Miss Tillotson are pupils of Mr. R. Blinn Owen.

## May 11—Certificate Recital by Miss Lois Pugh

On Thursday, May 11th, a delightful evening was spent at the Certificate Expression Recital given by Miss Lois Pugh, assisted by Miss Frances Tillotson. Miss Pugh well maintained the reputation she has won in her part in Dramatic Club plays, and Miss Tillotson was received with enthusiasm, as usual. Altogether the recital was one of the most enjoyable ones given this year.

The *News and Observer* said of the recital:

Miss Lois Pugh, certificate pupil in expression of Miss Florence C. Davis, gave a most enjoyable recital to an appreciative audience Thursday evening at St. Mary's.

She showed genuine dramatic talent, filling well a variety of parts.

In the scene from "The School for Scandal" she was an irascible but interesting Sir Peter at one moment and the next his provoking but attractive lady.

The monologue, "In a Restaurant," was given with spirit and liveliness.

She was assisted by Miss Frances Tillotson, always a favorite with St. Mary's audiences.

The program:

## I.

A Victory Unforeseen.....*Ralph D. Paine*

## II.

(a) Have You Seen But a Whyte Lillie Grow?.....*Old English*

(b) Quel ruscetto.....*Pietro Domenico Paradies*

## III.

The Pink Pig

## IV.

Scene from "The School for Scandal".....*Richard Sheridan*

## V.

Her Love Song.....*Mary Turner Salter*

## VI.

When the Green Gits Back in the Trees

Old-fashioned Roses

I Ain't a-Goin' to Cry no More

Afterwhiles

} .....*James Whitcomb Riley*

## VII.

In a Restaurant (monologue).....*Beatrice Herford*

**May 12—Alumnæ Day**

Friday, May 12th, was, as usual, observed as Alumnæ Day. It was the 74th anniversary of the opening of the school on May 12, 1842, by the late revered founder and first rector, the Rev. Dr. Aldert Smedes.

The regular school exercises were suspended at 12 o'clock so that all might enter into the observance of the day. All the alumnæ of Raleigh and many other friends of the school were invited. A large number of these joined with the Faculty and students, including the day students, in the exercises. These began with lunch at 1:30 p. m. in the school diningroom.

At the close of the lunch the Rector spoke a few cordial words of welcome in behalf of the School to the Alumnæ and invited guests. Miss Mary Floyd, President of the Senior Class, followed with some well-chosen words of greeting on behalf of the student body. The reply to these greetings was made by Mrs. Elizabeth McC. Snow, Chairman of the Raleigh Chapter of the Alumnæ, who concluded her graceful speech by asking all the alumnæ present to express their appreciation by a rising vote.

After the lunch all adjourned to the School Parlor, where the students entertained the visitors with school songs. This was followed by the regular meeting of the Raleigh Chapter of the Alumnæ Association and many of the students availed themselves of the invitation to be present at the meeting.

Miss Sally Dortch was elected chairman for the coming year in succession to Mrs. Snow, and the other officers were reelected as follows: Miss Louise Busbee, Secretary; Miss Lizzie H. Lee, Treasurer; Mrs. A. M. Hanff and Mrs. LeRoy Thiem members of the council.

The meeting closed with a few words from Miss Katie McKimmon in memory of two members, Mrs. John H. Winder and Mrs. A. B. Andrews, who had died since the last meeting.

After the Alumnæ meeting, at four o'clock, there were given on the lawn in front of Main Building, under the spreading oak trees, several of the beautiful dances which were enjoyed by so many at the recent Shakespeare Pageant. These were the "Bacca Pipes," the "Morris Jig," the solo dance "Helen," by Julia Bryan, and the "Shepherdess Dance." The Chorus Class also sang "Mowing the Barley."

The dances were followed by a volleyball game in the "Gym.," which served as an interesting close to a very pleasant day.

It is with great pleasure that those at St. Mary's welcomed back those of former days, and it was very pleasant and gratifying to see so many of the Alumnæ present. It is hoped that even more will come next year to celebrate the 75th birthday of their Alma Mater.

### May 13—The Chorus Concert

On Saturday evening, May 13th, the annual Chorus Concert was given in the Auditorium. The productions of Mr. Owen's Chorus Class are always creditable, but the concert this year was especially enjoyed. Not only were the soloists delightful but the whole chorus was splendidly trained. The audience was a large one and was enthusiastic over the really beautiful program.

The *News and Observer* said of the concert:

The annual concert of the chorus class and voice pupils of St. Mary's School was given before a large and genuinely impressed audience in St. Mary's auditorium last evening. A program somewhat unusual in character and of real merit in the manner of its interpretation was presented. It was indeed an interesting and inspiring sight when the curtain rose upon the fifty young girls, chosen from the student-body of the school, seated in tiers upon the stage, while below sat the string orchestra, composed also of young musicians from Miss Abbott's class, reinforced by Dr. George Summey, Jr., cello, and Mr. W. S. Thomas, bass viol.

A chorus like this must have careful training of a special sort, and this Mr. R. Blinn Owen, conductor, has provided with so much thoroughness and such insight and sympathy that the young band of singers under his direction have reached a high plane of efficiency.

It is a happy commentary on the results which have been achieved by the musical instruction that a chorus should participate so enthusiastically and understandingly in compositions of merit such as those offered last evening. The best tonal works with effects of light and shade was done in Woodman's setting of "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" and in the concluding chorus of the cantata, "Garden of Flowers," which formed Part II of the program. Other numbers of the cantata which were specially pleasing and effective were "The Lark and the Nightingale" (duet), by Miss Tillotson and Miss Anderson; "White Butterfly" (trio), by Miss Hughes, Miss Jerger, and Miss Thorn; "Lovely Rosebuds" (alto solo), by Miss Lois Pugh, and "The Bees," by Miss Martha Wright, soprano solo and chorus; "Oh! Happy Streamlet," by Miss Corbitt, and the "Good-night" (quartette), by Misses Wright, Bray, Thorn, and Anderson.

The soloists assisting the chorus and adding much to the artistic success of

the program were Miss Annie Lee Beck, Miss Martha Wright, Miss Frances Tillotson, Miss Dolores Holt, Miss Mildred Jerger, and Mr. James Bonner.

Miss Martha Roberts contributed valuable aid and support with her excellent accompaniments, and the strings added much to the beauty of effect.

The program was:

#### PART I.

- I. (a) The First Smile of May.....*César Frank*  
 (b) Morning .....*Hawley*
- CHORUS
- II. *Gia il sole dal Gange*.....*Scarlatti*  
 Miss A. Beck
- III. *Qui est Homo, from "Stabat Mater"*.....*Rossini*  
 Misses Martha Wright and Frances Tillotson
- IV. *Elegie* .....*Massenet*  
 Miss Dolores Holt  
 Violin obbligato, Miss Mildred Jerger
- V. *The King* .....*Fay Foster*  
 Miss Frances Tillotson
- VI. *Era la notte, from "Otello"*.....*Verdi*  
 Mr. James Bonner
- VII. (a) *Night in the Desert* } .....*Gertrude Ross*  
 (b) *Dawn in the Desert* }  
 Miss Mildred Jerger
- VIII. *Spring's Awakening* .....*Sanderson*  
 Miss Martha Wright
- IX. *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*.....*Woodman*  
 CHORUS

#### PART II.

Cantata—"The Garden of Flowers".....*L. Denza*

##### SOLOISTS

Misses Elizabeth Corbitt  
 Martha Wright  
 Mildred Jerger  
 Frances Tillotson  
 Lucile Anderson  
 Lois Pugh  
 Rubie Thorn  
 Violet Bray  
 Aline Hughes

First Violin—Miss Muriel Abbott, Miss Mildred Jerger

Second Violin—Miss Frances Sears, Miss Helen Snyder

Viola—Mr. Wilbur Royster

'Cello—Dr. George Summey, Jr.

Piano—Miss Martha Roberts

##### CHORUS



## May 15—Diploma Recital by Helen Wright

Everyone had looked forward to Helen Wright's Diploma Piano Recital, remembering her charming Certificate Recital in 1914, and they were not disappointed. Her mentality, technique, and musicianship proved equal to the difficult and varied program, including numbers from Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, Sinding, Schütt, Glinka-Balikirew, and Hiller. She was at her best in the Schumann "Romance," the Schütt "Serenade," and "The Lark," by the Russian composer. The brilliant Miller Concerto in A minor was played with clean technique, faultless rhythm and much spirit. Helen is a pupil of Miss Dowd, having studied with her for the last five years.

She was assisted by Mildred Jerger, violinist, pupil of Miss Abbott, who played the "Legende" of Wieniawski with beautiful tone and true musicianship, responding to an encore with "The Swan," by Saint-Saëns.

The program follows:

I.	
Sonata, F minor .....	<i>Brahms</i>
Allegro Mæstoso	
II.	
Romance, F sharp, major.....	<i>Schumann</i>
Romance, B major .....	<i>Schumann</i>
Fantaisie—Impromptu .....	<i>Chopin</i>
III.	
Legende .....	<i>Wieniawski</i>
IV.	
Fantaisie, No. I, Op. 118.....	<i>Sinding</i>
Serenade from the "Carnaval".....	<i>Schütt</i>
The Lark .....	<i>Glinka-Balikirew</i>
V.	
Concerto, A minor .....	<i>Hiller</i>
Second Piano, Miss Dowd	

### School Notes

Emma Badham had a very short visit from her father on Thursday, May 11th.

Miss Mary Jones, from Atlanta, the aunt of Mrs. Cruikshank, has been spending a few days at the School as Mrs. Cruikshank's guest.

Mrs. Pugh was here for Lois's recital Thursday night, May 11th.

Helen Laughinghouse had a very short visit on Saturday, May 11th, from her friend, Ernestine Forbes, who was on her way to her home in Greenville.

On Saturday evening, May 13th, the Seniors had the pleasure of attending the annual reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Hill for the Seniors of A. and M. College to the Seniors of Meredith, Peace, and St. Mary's.

Mr. Allen Jones, of San Francisco, and Miss Mary Pride Jones, of New York, the brother and sister of Mrs. Cruikshank, have recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank.

Virginia Lassiter's father, mother, and sister Margaret, and Helen Mason's aunt were here April 9th, to be with them at their Confirmation on Passion Sunday.

Miss Thomas was away a few days attending a meeting of the Federation of College Women's Clubs, in Montgomery, Ala., where she went as a delegate from the Raleigh Branch.

Mr. Charles Knox, long an important member of the faculty of St. Paul's School, N. H., where Dr. Lay taught for many years, recently spent several days as a guest at the Rectory.

On Sunday night, April 16th, a very interesting lecture was given in the Parlor by the Rev. A. B. Hunter, of St. Augustine's School. The subject was "Japan," and the lecture was illustrated by lantern slides. The evening proved enjoyable as well as very instructive.

On Tuesday evening, April 18th, Miss Abbott and Miss Roberts gave for the pupils and faculty of the School for the Blind a charming

violin recital, with organ and piano accompaniment. The recital was held in the Auditorium of the School for the Blind and afforded a great deal of pleasure to all who were present.

On the afternoon of Monday, April 24th, Mr. Cruikshank gave his table and a few other guests a delightful party in honor of Virginia Allen's birthday. The scene of festivities was the slope back of the Auditorium and the table was very prettily arranged. The chief feature of the entertainment was the arrival of the beautiful white birthday cake, decorated with little yellow candles and surrounded by a brood of tiny yellow chickens. Everyone had a lovely time and hoped that Virginia would have many happy returns of the day.

Alice Hughes, Matilda Lamb, and Josephine Rose paid short visits to their sisters to attend the Shakespearian Festival.

Ernestine Forbes, of Greenville, N. C., has spent several days at the School, visiting Helen Laughinghouse.

Margaret Gold, Margaret Marston, and Hattie Copeland have recently had visits from Eugenia Griffith, Corinne Barrack of Kinston, N. C., and Laura Gold, of Greensboro, N. C.

Everyone enjoyed the visit on Easter from Pencie Warren, of Edenton, N. C., a graduate of 1915. She was Business Manager of the MUSE, and took a prominent part in school life.

Miss Sully Heyward, a former teacher at St. Mary's, paid a short visit at Easter to Miss Urquhart in the School.

Virginia Staten had a very pleasant visit from her mother and father, who were in town several days.

Among those who were guests at the School to attend the May Festival in Raleigh, were Louise Badham, of Edenton, N. C., a former student at St. Mary's, and Maude Stewart, sister of Katherine Stewart, of New Bern, N. C.

An unusually large number from St. Mary's attended the Music Festival, which was held at the City Auditorium May 4th and 5th. More than a hundred and twenty-five teachers and girls in all attended

the various concerts. St. Mary's was also well represented in the chorus, as Miss Abbott, Miss Shull, Miss Seymour, Mr. Stone, and Miss Florence Stone were all members of it.

All of her friends at St. Mary's were glad to see Jennie Woodruff on Saturday, May 6th.

From May 6th to 8th "Miss Katie," Miss Dowd, and Miss Clara Fenner spent a very pleasant week-end in Chapel Hill, as the guests of Mrs. J. S. Holmes, who was Emily Smedes, of the Class of '84. Miss Fenner remained to see the Shakespearian Pageant, which was given at the University on Tuesday, April 9th. Miss Dowd had also been in Chapel Hill the week before, when she spent a week-end as the guest of Mrs. Archibald Henderson.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB. Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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## EDITORIAL

### The Shakespearian Tercentenary Festival

One of the prettiest things ever held at St. Mary's was the Shakespearian Tercentenary Festival which took place on the night of May 1st. The audience was an unusually large one, and everybody agreed that the Festival was a wonderful success. And the one thing above all others that made it such a success was the interest and enthusiasm with which everybody in School entered into it and the honest whole-hearted work they did to make it go.

Every department contributed something. The sight singing class learned the merry songs and jingles; the "gym." classes were "nimble with their heels," and acquired skill and grace in the many dances; the studio furnished shields and posters; the violin pupils prepared themselves to be the "fiddlers" (and very fine fiddlers they were, too); and everybody in general made costumes and joined in all preparations for the great event. Miss Barton, Miss Abbott, Miss Shull, Miss Roberts, Miss Davis, and Mr. Owen are especially to be thanked, for it was their faithful work and their interest and enthusiasm that were largely responsible for the wonderful results. But in spite of all these forces to bring about success we feel that there could have been no



festival at all without Miss Thomas herself, for she was the mainspring which set everything else in motion. It was she who made it possible to have the festival, and worked out the plan of events. Her interest never lagged; her enthusiasm never wavered. She inspired others to work and was never too tired or too busy to help and advise. She was appealed to on all occasions, from the training of "Her Majestie's Players" to the question of how to puff sleeves and cut out jerkins, and never failed of advice and help when called upon. We feel that it is chiefly to her that we owe the great success of the festival and the pleasure we have had in taking part in it, and we quite agree with the words of the Wassail Song:

"Here's a wassail to our Lady dear!  
She has no equal on this sphere,  
And he who will not drink her health  
We'll wish him neither wit nor wealth,  
Nor yet a rope to hang himself."

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### The Session of 1916-1917

From all appearances the session of 1916-1917 promises to be a most interesting and successful one. The applications filed have already doubled the number reached at the same time last year, and many indications point to a full school. The year being also the School's seventy-fifth anniversary, Miss Katie's fiftieth anniversary, and Dr. Lay's tenth anniversary, the session will be marked by many interesting and unusual events. Many plans are already in progress and from all accounts Alumnæ Day, 1917, promises to be a most delightful occasion. The class of 1916 intends to assemble "en masse," and it is hoped that many others will do the same.

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### With the Rector

From March 27th to April 6th Dr. Lay was in New York on business for the School, especially in connection with plans for raising the proposed fund to pay the debt on the School and to provide for new buildings and equipment and an endowment.

While in New York Dr. Lay had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the New York Chapter of the St. Mary's Alumnæ. Twenty members were present and it was a very enjoyable occasion. The Rector addressed the Chapter on the condition of the School and the present plans for its advancement, after which tea was served and there was opportunity for those present to meet each other in a social way. The meeting was held at the apartment of Mrs. Fanueil S. Weisse, the President of the New York Alumnæ. It is of interest to note that Mrs. Weisse was a Sunday School scholar of the Rector many years ago at Calvary Church, New York. Dr. Lay while in New York also attended a dinner of the Alumni of St. Paul's School.

The results of the Rector's trip were encouraging, but the success of the plans for the School will ultimately depend on what is first done by the friends of the Church and of education in the Carolinas.

From May 2d to 6th Dr. Lay attended the Church Congress at Norfolk.

Dr. Lay also delivered the opening sermon at the Diocesan Convention at Henderson on May 16th. Mrs. Lay accompanied him as a delegate from the St. Mary's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. Dr. and Mrs. Lay were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Corbitt during the Convention.

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### The Year in Athletics

It is a pleasure to be able to record the fact that the past year has been without question the best in athletics and physical training that St. Mary's has enjoyed in recent years. To the enthusiastic directorship of Miss Barton and the leadership of the association presidents and captains—Annie Robinson, President of Sigma; Anne Brinley, President of Mu; Nancy Woolford, Captain of Sigma, and Laura Beatty, Captain of Mu—the members of both Associations, including practically all the School, have responded with genuine interest and enthusiasm, and not only has much skill been shown in the various contests but the School spirit developed has been a distinct asset.

The season continued from early in October through to the middle of May without interruption, and in each branch of athletics the

various teams did good, effective work. The regular work of the "Gym." classes led up to the excellent "annual exhibit" in April; the "æsthetic dancing," in which Julia Bryan starred, had its first public presentation at this "exhibit" and was again effectively used in the Shakespearian Festival; and the various dances of the Festival further attested the ability of Miss Barton and the skill and interest of the girls. But the "exhibit" and dancing were more or less a part of the regular School work, while the "athletics" were purely voluntary and in track events basketball, tennis, and volleyball more enthusiasm was displayed than ever before.

There were two track meets during the session, the first on October 25th, the second on April 10th. The Sigmas won the fall meet, 117 points to 81; while the Mus were successful in the spring, 73 to 55. In the fall Mu won the hurl ball and obstacle race, while Sigma won the relay race; Askew, Mu, starred in the broad jump; Brinley, Mu, and Waddell, Sigma, in the basketball throw, and Jensen, Sigma, won the dash. In the Spring, Mu won the high jump, broad jump, and relay race, while Sigma won the boundary ball contest; M. Wilson, Mu, won in jumping the bean bag; H. Barber and R. Hill, Mu, won the three-legged race, and A. Taylor, Sigma, won in goal throwing.

More attention was given to basketball than to any other one branch and each association kept up four teams. The first teams met four times: November 1, December 6, March 8, and April 12, and Mu won all but the first contest and the year's championship. The scores were 6-19, 20-18, 10-6, and 24-14, showing that the teams were, however, pretty evenly matched.

The tennis tournament was played from November 8 to December 8, the finals being decided on the latter date. The Mus were victorious in all three of the final contests, Anne Brinley defeating Bertha Albertson, 6-2, 6-0; Helen Brigham defeating Gladys Gentry, 6-0, 6-0; and Josephine Wilson winning over Annie Roberson, 6-4, 6-2.

The volleyball season began in the Gymnasium on February 14th, and other games between the first teams were played March 18 and May 12, Alumnæ Day. The Mus won the first game, but the Sigmas triumphed in the other two.

### Appreciation

We all appreciate the saying of nice things when the words have the right to ring, and St. Mary's has always had its share of such proper appreciation, but extracts from two letters which have recently been brought to our attention are repeated here so that more of those who love St. Mary's may enjoy them.

Most of those at St. Mary's this year remember with much pleasure the Concert given by the Fuller Sisters in the Peace-St. Mary's concert series and the attractive and quaint charm of the Misses Fuller. The concert here was one of the series they were giving on their continental tour and weeks after they left Raleigh their trip took them out to Minnesota, where at a luncheon Miss Breck, the chaperone of the Misses Fuller, chanced to meet the mother of a present-day St. Mary's girl, and this is what she said: "We all agreed, after touring the South and singing at so many Southern schools, that we liked St. Mary's best, and thought them the sweetest, dearest lot of girls we ever saw."

And again a graduate of recent years, but not too recent to have had time to go on through a big college and win high honors there, in a private letter to her mother took occasion to say: "A nice St. Mary's MUSE came to me this week. It makes me realize how little the School spirit has changed since I knew it. The School is a wonderfully fine one—better than any I know up North. I love it perhaps better because I was younger there. At any rate, St. Mary's will always be a part of me—of my mental make-up, I mean."

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### Baptisms in the Chapel

April 22d: MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK. At a special service on Saturday afternoon, April 22d, the Rector baptised little Mary Pride Cruikshank, the five-weeks-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank. Miss Mary Pride Jones, the baby's aunt, after whom she is named, and Mrs. Joe Davis acted as godmothers.

April 20th: DEBORAH VICTORIA HITCHCOCK. At a special service after the 11 o'clock service on Sunday morning, April 30th, the Rec-

tor baptized Deborah Victoria Hitchcock. This was the sixth baptism held in the Chapel during the present school year and the third from among the students. Miss Sutton, Miss Lee, and Mr. Stone were the sponsors.

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### **Confirmation Services in the Chapel**

On Passion Sunday, April 9th, Bishop Cheshire made his official visitation to the School. At the morning service Lola Paul and Helen Mason were baptized, and at the evening service the Rite of Confirmation was administered. The Confirmation Class consisted of Miss Shull, Jewel Register, Catherine Gilmer, Lucy Lay, Clara Paul, Lola Paul, Muriel Dougherty, Virginia Lassiter, Helen Mason, Mildred Jerger, and Frances Waters.

The services were very beautiful and impressive. At the Baptismal Service there was used for the first time the beautiful brass ewer which was given by Miss McKimmon, Miss Dowd, and several other members of the Faculty, in memory of little Thomas Lay.

The number of those who have been confirmed this year has been usually large. The Class Confirmed at the official visit of the Bishop on Passion Sunday consisted of eleven people, and on Wednesday night, May 10th, Bishop Cheshire made a special visitation to the Chapel in order to confirm seven more. This second Confirmation Class consisted of Misses Helen Urquhart, Virginia Bonner, Deborah Hitchcock, Eliza Knight, Fannie Stallings, May Tredwell, and Martha Wright.



# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

---

## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{ Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.		
		{ Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.		
PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Mrs. Alice D. Grimes, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	Miss Lucile Murchison, Wilmington.
SECRETARY	-	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

## Alumnae News

News has just reached the School of the recent promotion of Miss Jessie Degen, '94, to be Associate Principal of Miss May's School, 339 Marlboro Street, Boston, Mass.

Of great interest to all at St. Mary's, as well as to her many friends everywhere, is the announcement of the acceptance by Miss Emilie W. McVea, '84, of the Presidency of Sweetbrier College, Va. Miss McVea has been for a number of years Dean of Women and Assistant Professor of English in the University of Cincinnati.

Miss Julia Washington Allen, '14, of Goldsboro, is graduating this June from Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, where she receives the B.A. degree. She has completed the course in two years, with credit to herself and to St. Mary's, and St. Mary's is proud of her.

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## Alumnae Marriages

BROWN-YATES.—On Saturday, April 29th, at Raleigh, Mr. Frances Burkhead Brown and Miss Mildred Johns Yates (1913-'15). At home, Atlanta, Ga.

COOPER-JOHNS.—On Thursday, June 1st, at Raleigh, Mr. Everett Hanson Cooper and Miss Lucile Eccles Johns (1908-'10).

CHEATHAM-DAVIS.—On Wednesday, June 14th, at Henderson, N. C., Miss Elvira Belle Davis (1909-'11) and Mr. Joel Thomas Cheatham, both of Henderson.

### Music at St. Mary's

As a part of the publicity program of the recent Raleigh Music Festival, which brought the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra and five of the Metropolitan artists to Raleigh for a series of three concerts and was decidedly the most ambitious musical event that has yet been carried to success in Raleigh, there was issued a special section of the *News and Observer* on Sunday, April 30th, treating of the Festival and of the music interest of the city.

One of the articles published in this connection dealt with "Music at St. Mary's" and with the idea that some of the historical information given in it may not be as familiar as it should be to the St. Mary's girls of the present we reproduce it here:

From the foundation of the School in 1842, St. Mary's has stood for the highest ideals in musical education. One of the early musical directors was Professor Mendelssohn, a first cousin of Bartholdy Mendelssohn, and the first instructor of that great composer. He one day pointed to a picture of his famous cousin, which he valued very highly, and remarked with pride: "There is an instance where the pupil excels the teacher." Professor Mendelssohn was not only master of the piano and the violin, but was also proficient with the flute, harp, and guitar.

Among well-known musicians who have contributed to the development of this art at St. Mary's have been Dr. August Kuersteiner of Leipzig Conservatory, whose son, Paul Kuersteiner, is a well-known composer and teacher of the present day in New York; Sophus Wiig, a favorite pupil of the great Niels W. Gade, of Denmark; Albert Mack, of Stuttgart Conservatory, who went from St. Mary's to Syracuse University, where he died, and who is well known as a composer for piano and voice; Will H. Sanborn, of the Leipzig Conservatory, a pupil of Moas, Kellner, and Richter, especially known as an organist; and J. W. Jeudwine, of Bath, England.

In connection with the work of Mr. Jeudwine, who was Director of Music at St. Mary's from 1900 to 1902, it is remembered that it was he who standardized the course of music at St. Mary's and secured for it academic recognition, making it a definite part of the curriculum with academic credit instead of allowing it to be considered a "mere accomplishment." In this movement of such widespread interest in the State Music Teachers' Associations of today, Mr. Jeudwine was distinctly a pioneer, and St. Mary's was one of the first schools to take this important stand.

St. Mary's has tried for years to do her share in promoting musical interest in Raleigh, and many artists of high rank have appeared under her auspices, chief of whom stands out David Bispham. In 1906 the Eliza Battle Pittman Memorial Auditorium, with its excellent acoustic properties and seating arrangements, greatly increased the facilities for an artist's course,

and in this building St. Mary's, in conjunction with her sister school, Peace Institute, has presented to the public during the past four years such artists as Madame Rider-Kelsey, Kathleen Parlow, Laura Coombs, the Zoellner Quartet, Paul Kefer, Hans Kronold, Jennie Dufay, and Frances Ingraham.

The present Faculty are ably supporting the traditions of the Music Department of the School both in their teaching and in the musical activities of the State. Miss Martha A. Dowd, the present director, herself a daughter of St. Mary's, a pupil of the celebrated Kuersteiner, Wiig, and Mack, is widely known for her interest in all things musical. While on leave of absence she spent the season of 1915 in New York in pursuing her musical studies with one of the leading teachers, Edwin Farmer, of Carnegie Hall. She is the president of the North Carolina State Music Teachers' Association, of which organization she has been serving the past three years as secretary.

Mr. R. Blinn Owen, the Director of Voice and Organ at St. Mary's is a Master of Music from the Detroit School of Music, is a versatile and well-known musician. He is a member of the American Guild of Organists, the founder and conductor of the St. Cecilia Club of Raleigh, one of the most finished musical organizations of the State, and is chairman of the Committee on Standardization of Voice Teaching of the State Association. He has recently received the honor of appointment of the Chorus Conductor for Raleigh at the National Music Festival of America to be held at Black Mountain next August. Perhaps Mr. Owen is best known in the capacity of professional accompanist, in which he excels.

Among other members of the Faculty might be mentioned Miss Muriel Abbott, violinist, a pupil of the famous Sevcik in Prague, who on numerous occasions has shown her rare musicianship; and Miss Louise Seymour, graduate of the New England Conservatory, the accompanist of the Raleigh Chorus in the present Festival.

The serious interest of the students of today is music is shown by the size of the department, for of the 250 students of St. Mary's more than 150 include Music in their subjects, and for the present session of 1916-16 there are graduates in Piano, Voice, and Organ, with advanced students in Violin.

Within the past year two St. Mary's music graduates have appeared in Raleigh as professional artists—Miss Emilie Rose Knox, violinist, and Miss Josephine Gilmer, soprano.

Among other honored musical daughters, St. Mary's also claims Mrs. Alice D. Grimes, the manager and moving spirit of the present Festival.

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### A Message from the New York Alumnae

The New York Chapter holds two meetings, spring and fall, and is anxious to welcome any St. Mary's girl as member or guest. Send your address to the Secretary, *Mrs. Charles Baskerville, 611 West 110th Street, New York City*, and she will let you know the time and place of meetings.

## *Read! Mark! Act!*

---

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

---

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### THE ALUMNÆ ARE REMINDED

that a complete *Alumnæ Register*, which should include  
information about *all* past students of St. Mary's, is  
now in course of preparation for publication.

Information for this Register is solicited.

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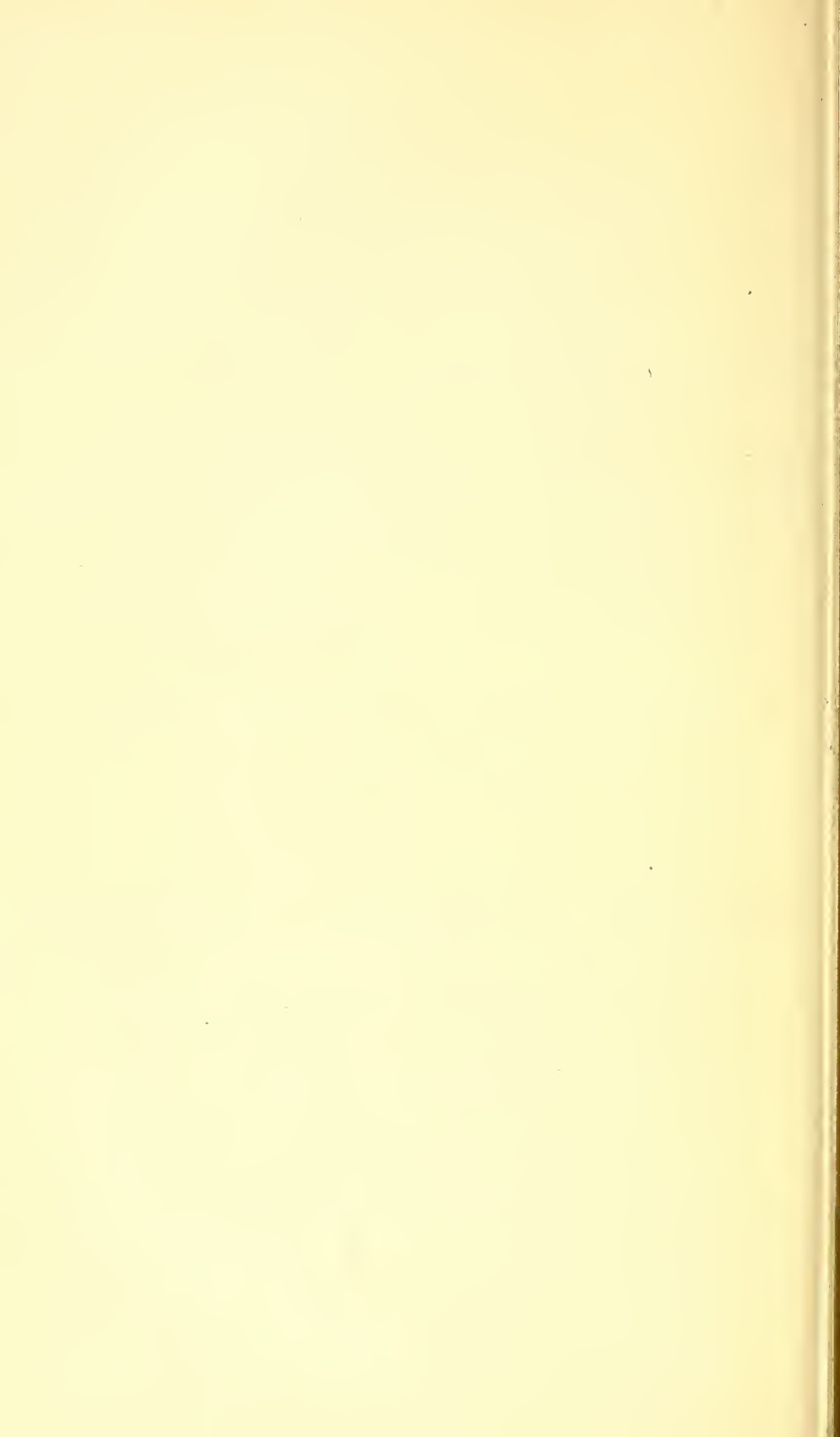
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The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Commencement Number

July, 1916

The next number of THE MUSE—the VACATION NUMBER—will be ready July 15th.

It will contain among other interesting matter:

(1) Authorized Announcements with Regard to the CAMPAIGN FOR THE \$250,000 FUND.

(2) Announcement of the NEW TEACHERS.

(3) Much interesting ALUMNÆ NEWS.

If any of the subscribers to THE MUSE wish this VACATION NUMBER sent to a summer address, we shall be pleased to have them so notify us at once.

## THE COMMENCEMENT MUSE

With this number *The Muse* says Good-bye to its friends for the summer, and the Editors and Business Managers turn over the magazine to their successors.

The support of our friends has been much appreciated and we hope they have enjoyed their and our magazine. We trust that they will aid in increasing the subscription list of *The Muse* that it may constantly interest more and be of greater value.

The next number will appear in September. A happy summer to you. May the next session of St. Mary's—her 75th session—be her best.

---

(TUNE: "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms.")

St. Mary's! wherever thy daughters may be  
They love thy high praises to sing,  
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree,  
Around which sweet memories cling;  
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name,  
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,  
But the thought of St. Mary's aye kindles a flame  
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!  
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;  
They can never thy happy instructions forget,  
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.  
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;  
An experience wholesome and sweet.  
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;  
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

May the future unite all the good of thy past  
With the best that new knowledge can bring.  
Ever onward and upward thy course! To the last  
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.  
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still  
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove  
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—  
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love.

H. E. H., 1905.



It will contain something like the following:

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# The St. Mary's Muse

## COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

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VOL. XX

JULY, 1916

No. 10

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Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, O Lord, to prosper with Thy blessing the work of this School, and all other works designed to promote Thy Glory and the good of souls. Grant that all who serve Thee here, whether as teachers or learners, may set Thy Holy will ever before them and do such things as are pleasing in Thy sight, that so both the Church and Commonwealth of this land may be bettered by their studies, and they themselves may finally be made partakers of everlasting life through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

---

### Alma Mater

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(TUNE: "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms.")

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And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—  
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love.

H. E. H., 1905.

## THE 1916 COMMENCEMENT

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### The Commencement Program

- Saturday, May 20, 8:15 p. m., Annual Recital of the Elocution Department in the Auditorium, "As You Like It."
- Sunday, May 21, 11:00 a. m., Commencement Sermon in the Chapel, by the Rev. Mercer P. Logan, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Charleston, S. C.
- 5:00 p. m., Alumnæ Service in the Chapel.
- Monday, May 22, 11:00 a. m., Class Day Exercises in the Grove.
- 3:00 p. m., Annual Exhibit of the Art Department in the Studio.
- 4:30 p. m., Annual Alumnæ meeting in the Parlor.
- 8:30 p. m., Annual Concert in the Auditorium.
- 9:30 p. m., Rector's Reception in the Parlor.
- Tuesday, May 23, 11:00 a. m., Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium.
- Annual Address by Mr. James H. Dillard, D.C.L., LL.D. Closing Exercises in the Chapel.

### SATURDAY

#### The Dramatic Club Play

The Commencement festivities began, as usual, with the Dramatic Club play, "As You Like It," given in the Auditorium on Saturday evening, May 20th, before an unusually large audience. Aside from the fact that the Commencement play is one of the chief events of the year, it was, on this occasion, of especial interest, as it marked the completion of the third and last part of the Shakespearian Tercentenary Celebration. A pleasant reminder of the Shakespearian Festival itself was the "Shepherdess Dance," which added greatly to the color and brightness of the last act.

Of the excellent performance the *News and Observer* said:

The St. Mary's Commencement season opened most auspiciously last night with the presentation, before an audience that filled the auditorium, of Shakespeare's always delightful romantic comedy of "As You Like It."

The play was presented by the Elocution pupils of Miss Florence Davis, and bore most effective witness to her careful training.

The players, although they make no pretensions of being professionals, made the play alive and interesting and recalled for the audience that Shakespeare wrote for actors and playgoers, not for commentators.

They also gave an admirable demonstration of the fact that Shakespeare's comedies do not need an elaborate stage setting, but depend mainly upon intelligent and spirited acting.

Where all did their parts well, it will not be thought invidious to select a few parts for special mention. The vivacious charm of Rosalind was well interpreted by Miss Lois Pugh. Miss Jane Norman made a dignified and attractive Orlando. The comic parts were ably interpreted by the jesting of Miss Dolores Holt as Touchstone, while Miss Annabelle Converse made a most natural country wench.

A much appreciated feature of the evening's entertainment was the music furnished by a string orchestra led by Miss Muriel Abbott.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Duke, living in banishment.....Anne Brinley  
Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominion,

Katherine Stewart

Lords attending on the banished Duke:

Amiens .....Frances Tillotson

Jaques .....Aline Hughes

First Lord .....Velma Jutkins

Second Lord .....Gertrude Merrimon

LeBeau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.....Agnes Pratt

Charles, wrestler to Frederick.....Carobell Stewart

Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys:

Oliver .....Alice Latham

Jaques .....Josephine Frohne

Orlando .....Jane Norman

Adam, servant to Oliver.....Nancy Woolford

Touchstone, a clown .....Dolores Holt

Shepherds:

Corin .....Rubie Thorn

Silvius .....Helen Laughinghouse

William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey..Lucile Anderson

Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke.....Lois Pugh

Celia, daughter to Frederick.....Elizabeth Corbitt

Phebe, a shepherdess .....Julia Bryan

Audrey, a country wench.....Annabelle Converse

Attendants..... { Ethel Yates  
May Tredwell

Shepherdesses:

Virginia Williams

Emma Badham

Eleanor Sublett

Sarah Wood

Eleanor Relyea

Ellen Lay

Virginia Allen

Elizabeth Lay

Frances Hillman

Virginia Pottle

**SUNDAY****Dr. Logan's Sermon**

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered this year by the Rev. Mercer P. Logan, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Charleston, S. C.

The account of Dr. Logan's address, as it appeared in the *News and Observer*, was as follows:

Placing God first, seizing the opportunities which will constantly open to them, carrying always an abundant cargo of hope and its counterpart, faith, cherishing the highest ideals, and to be not unmindful of the little deeds of mercy, kindness and good cheer to others, were the salient features of the message of Rev. Dr. Mercer P. Logan, of Charleston, S. C., in his sermon to the graduating class of St. Mary's School in the chapel of the institution yesterday morning.

Life is full of surprises, and the difficulties at times appear insurmountable, he said, but as each surprise is met and overcome, the others that follow are more easily dealt with. The way that looks long, after it has been traveled, he said, seems short. He urged the young ladies to be prepared to seize the opportunities and surprises when they came.

**TAKES WORDS OF JOSHUA.**

His sermon was predicated on the words of Joshua, taken from the fourth verse of the third chapter of the book of the great leader of the Children of Israel: "Ye have not passed this way before."

Upon assuming the leadership, Joshua's first consideration was the relationship with God, he said, realizing that nothing could be done in his ultimate plans without divine guidance. That this factor was absolutely essential for success in life, even for sustained material prosperity. Picturing the dark way and the difficulties that loomed before them, the great leader told them not to move one step until the ark went before them. With these words those appointed took the ark on their shoulders and went before the people. When they reached the Jordan the waters rolled back, the way seemed shorter than they thought, and the difficulties divided, and they passed on to the land of surprises, hopes and opportunities.

The new way always appears longer than it really is, and the difficulties appear greater than they really are, he said.

Telling his hearers that they were passing along a new way, he said that there were some things about the new way that were actually real.

**LIFE FULL OF SURPRISES.**

First, the new way is a way of surprises. Life at its best is full of surprises, he said, but these surprises are beneficial and they broaden the vision. That many would come that were never expected. That the future was hidden he considered a wise provision; that it would be a calamity to know too much. In this connection he cited the example of Christ, who held back things from the disciples in order that they might be surprised and profit thereby. He



declared that there was a philosophy down at the bottom of these surprises, for when one receives one surprise he is better able to stand another. If all were known at the start, he said, the mind would be paralyzed and hope would vanish altogether.

The second point was that it was a way of opportunities. That as one looked down the vista of life it was laden with opportunities. That today there were opportunities at the door of all undreamed of by the past generation, made so by discoveries and invention. That opportunities for women were nigh at hand, if they were not already at hand, undreamed of not so many years ago. He urged the young ladies as they passed along this new way to take advantage of the opportunities and to use them.

#### IT IS A WAY OF HOPE.

Another feature, he said, was that it was a way of hope. Those who have passed along the way could tell you many things, but you would not believe them, he said. You want to try for yourself. There is such a thing as curiosity of nature. This urges all to try for one's self, and he was of the opinion that it was well that this was so. That it was by this trying for one's self that progress was made in the world. "Yes, the new way means hope; it is actually filled with hope, and oh! may your hopes be so bright as to actually be wild in the creation of a gorgeous imagination; build air castles; hope for the highest and best, for the highest ideals that can be born in any imagination. I trust the day will never come when you will sit by the wayside without hope, in tears, and your soul filled with sorrow, inveighing against God and the world and the subtlety of mankind."

He pictured hope as the counterpart of faith, and said that faith was hope in operation. What could the world do without hope? he asked.

#### SHOULD BE PREPARED.

There are also other things about the new way, he said.

He said he believed in preparedness. That the preparation in school was not all. Preparedness must continue all through life. The man or woman who ceased to prepare, he said, would soon be left behind.

Today, instead of the ark leading the way, it is Christ. Whereas the children of Israel dared not touch the ark, we can draw near and actually put our hands on Christ. Be conscious of your relations with God, he said. Be true to yourself; put your hands on the ark of God; be loyal to the church; do that which is right at all times and in all places.

He then emphasized the little things in life. He said they may mean so much, may travel so far, may help others traveling the same way, and, after all, the cost is so little.

### MONDAY

#### The Class Day Exercises

Monday morning the Juniors were up bright and early working on the daisy chain, as so many Junior classes have done before them, and at eleven o'clock promptly the Class Day procession appeared

from behind West Rock. With the Marshals leading and all joining in singing "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees," the classes marched to their several places, the only departure from former years being that the Seniors, with the daisy chain, brought up the rear, instead of coming, as heretofore, in a separate procession from East Rock. And the change was an improvement, making a better picture.

Mary Floyd, the Class President, presided, with the other nine members of the class grouped about her on either side. Martha Wright was at the piano. The chief features of the Class Day were the court scene arranged by Jo Wilson, in which were incorporated the class poem by Frances Geitner, the class prophecy by Katharine Bourne, and the class knocks; the appearance in the program of the sister class of 1912, headed by Miss Patsy Smith—the first case at St. Mary's of the participation of a graduate class in the Class Day exercises; and the announcement of the dedication of the Annual MUSE, an announcement always fraught with much interest to St. Mary's girls, the dedication this year being to Bishop Cheshire.

The class exercises in full, being of special interest to the present day St. Mary's girls, are given at length further over in this MUSE.

### The Alumnae Meeting

The Alumnae meeting on Tuesday afternoon was well attended. The Alumnae met in the parlor at 4:30, and the meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Alice Grimes of Raleigh, after which prayer was offered by the Rector.

The Treasurer's report was read, showing that as a result of special effort \$895 has been added to the Iredell-McKimmon Fund during the year, and the present total of the fund is \$4,375. In view of the decision of the trustees to inaugurate the all-important campaign for an endowment fund, it was decided to suspend efforts on the Alumnae Fund when the fund should amount to \$4,500, to invest the uninvested portion to the best advantage and to pay the interest on the whole fund, as it has heretofore been paid on the \$3,000 invested, to Mrs. Iredell and Miss McKimmon in equal parts.

The Rector made a brief talk calling the attention of the Alumnae to the enrollment in the several years of his Rectorship, and invoking their earnest coöperation in all the work of the School.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mrs. W. E. Lindsay (Ella Tew, '79), of Glendale, S. C.; Vice-President, Mrs. Ashby Baker (Minnie Tucker), of Raleigh; Secretary, Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's (reëlected); Treasurer, Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank (Margaret Jones, '96), St. Mary's (reëlected); members of the Alumnae Council—to succeed Mrs. Charles Baskerville, of New York City, and Mrs. David Elias, of Columbia, S. C.—Mrs. J. J. Bernard, of Raleigh, and Miss Florence W. Slater, '84, of New York City. Mrs. Bernard and Miss Slater, who will serve until 1919, with the hold-over members, Miss Susan Iden, of Raleigh; Mrs. Elizabeth Snow, of Raleigh; Miss Emilie W. McVea, '84, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Miss Minnie Leary, '09, of Elizabeth City, and the officers *ex officio*, will constitute the Alumnae Council for the next year.

### The Annual Report of the Alumnae Treasurer

#### *Receipts.*

Balance in Bank May 31, 1915.....	\$ 479.20
Dues to General Association.....	5.00
Chapter Dues.....	
Raleigh .....	46.00
Asheville .....	11.50
Wilson .....	2.00
Hickory .....	3.00
Scotland Neck .....	4.00
Wilmington .....	51.00
New York .....	8.00
Charlotte .....	19.25
Scholarship Fund: October Appeal.....	719.32
Interest on Bonds .....	180.00
Interest on Deposit.....	26.65
Total .....	\$1,554.92

#### *Expenditures.*

Interest on Bonds, paid to beneficiaries.....	\$ 180.00
For expenses of Treasurer.....	1.00
Balance in Bank this date, May 20.....	1,373.92
	\$1,554.92

#### McKIMMON-IREDELL FUND.

Added during 1915-'16.....	\$ 894.72
Total resources .....	4,373.92
Needed to complete the Fund.....	1,626.08

Respectfully submitted,

M. CRUIKSHANK.

### The Art Exhibit

In spite of the fact that there were, this year, no certificate pupils, the art exhibit showed as usual the skillful and diligent work of the art pupils and the splendid training of Miss Fenner. There was an unusually large display of water-color paintings, among which Helen Bennett seemed to have an unusually large share. The pen and ink work of Deborah Hitchcock and Elizabeth Lay added greatly to the exhibit, and among the pencil work the sketches of Nancy Lay deserve especial mention. The one oil pupil was Annie Cameron, and the one figure, a splendid copy of the Venus de Milo, was done by Elizabeth Lay. A unique and interesting feature of the art exhibit were the drawings and stenciling done by the Preparatory Department, who have a half-hour of drawing a week, and the curtains stenciled with an original design by Nettie Daniels were greatly admired. As usual, the studio was beautifully decorated with vines and boughs, and with its walls covered with well-done work, it presented a very pleasant and attractive sight.

### The Annual Concert

The annual concert was given in the auditorium on Monday evening, May 22d, and was an unusually brilliant affair. The building was crowded by a very large audience and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

The *News and Observer* gave the following account of the concert:

The concert last evening was an unusually brilliant one, a fitting crown to a year of successful work in the Music Department. Piano, Voice, and Violin were all represented. The program was a varied one and so arranged that there was no monotony, each number being received with fresh interest by an enthusiastic audience.

Miss Katharine Drane opened the concert with a "Novelette" by Schumann, which she played with firm technique and good full tone. This was followed by an (a) and (b) number, sung by Miss Annie Lee Beck, lyric soprano rich in quality, capable also of dramatic effects, as shown in her rendering of "The Realm of Love" by Ronald. "The Blackbird," by Weatherly, was a dainty fantasy particularly pleasing and bringing out Miss Beck's sweetest tones. "La Fee de la Fontaine," by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, was played by Miss Mary Floyd in graceful, clear, crystalline style. The violin trio, "Ballata," was played by Misses Mildred Jerger, Frances Sears, and Helen Snyder with excellent ensemble, good phrasing and tone.

Miss Martha Wright, coloratura soprano, sang "Je suis Titania" with much spirit, revealing a voice pure, flexible and brilliant.

Miss Frances Hillman gave a musicianly interpretation of two beautiful MacDonald selections.

Part two of the program began with the "Legende" of Wieniawski given by Miss Mildred Jerger, a young violinist of promising ability.

## The Program

### PART ONE.

#### I

Novelette.....*Schumann*  
MISS KATHARINE DRANE

#### II

(a) The Realm of Love.....*Ronald*  
(b) The Blackbird .....*Weatherly*  
MISS ANNIE LEE BECK

#### III

La Fée de la Fontaine.....*Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*  
MISS MARY FLOYD

#### IV

Ballata .....*Papini*  
Trio for three violins and piano, MISSES MILDRED JERGER,  
FRANCES SEARS, and HELEN SNYDER  
MISS HELEN WRIGHT at the piano

#### V

"Je Suis Titania".....*Thomas*  
Polonaise from "Mignon"  
MISS MARTHA WRIGHT

#### VI

(a) Song from "Sea Pieces".....*MacDowell*  
(b) March Wind .....*MacDowell*  
MISS FRANCES HILLMAN

### PART TWO.

#### I

Legende .....*Wieniawski*  
MISS MILDRED JERGER  
MISS SEYMOUR at the piano

#### II

(a) Serenade .....*Schütt*  
(b) The Lark .....*Glinka-Balikirew*  
MISS HELEN WRIGHT



## III

"L'Estasi," Waltz Song.....*Arditi*

MISS FRANCES TILLOTSON

## IV

Tarantelle in G flat.....*Moszkowski*

MISS MARTHA WRIGHT

## V

"Good-night"—Quartette .....*Denza*

MISSSES MARTHA WRIGHT, VIOLET BRAY, RUBIE THORN, and

LUCILE ANDERSON, with string accompaniment

First Violin—MISS MURIEL ABBOTT, MISS MILDRED JERGER

Second Violin—MISS FRANCES SEARS, MISS HELEN SNYDER

'Cello—DR. GEORGE SUMMEY, JR.

Bass—MR. W. S. THOMAS

Piano—MISS MARTHA ROBERTS

### The Rector's Reception

Immediately after the annual concert, the Rector's reception was held in the parlor. The large number of guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Lay, Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire, "Miss Katie" and the ten graduates. It was a very pleasant gathering of commencement visitors, friends and relatives of the graduates, old St. Mary's girls, and other friends of the school. The evening was a delightful one and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.

## TUESDAY

### The Commencement Day Exercises

*The News and Observer* said:

A few minutes after Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, in a few words, had delivered the final message to the graduates and bade them a fond farewell, the 1915-1916 session of St. Mary's School was brought to a close, following the last of the Commencement program, which included a strong address to the graduates by Dr. James H. Dillard, of Charlottesville, Va., and the presentation of diplomas and certificates to the graduates. Although disagreeable weather prevailed, the auditorium was filled with friends of the school.

The exercises in the auditorium opened with a selection, "The Morn," by a semichorus composed of Misses Tillotson, Corbitt, Pugh, Hughes, D. Holt, V. Jones, Martha Wright, Helen Wright, Violet Bray, Hillman, Anderson, and E. B. Lay. Miss Mary Auning Floyd, of St. Stephens, S. C., then delivered the class salutatory. Miss Katherine Wimberly Bourne, of Tarboro, read the class essay, the subject being "Our Mountains." Miss Julia Bryan then gave a delightful piano solo, and the address by Dr. Dillard followed.

The speaker was introduced by Rector George W. Lay, who spoke of him as a man who, although born in Virginia, loved dear old North Carolina and always had a warm spot in his heart for the Tar Heel State.

"Reading" was the subject Dr. Dillard selected to talk about to the young ladies, who received their diplomas only a short time after the address; but before launching upon his subject he paid a beautiful tribute to North Carolina and the people who have united to make the State what it is today. "North Carolina," he said, "is one of the most forward of all our Southern States and a leader showing the others the way. I know of no other towns showing such civic pride and public spirit as those in North Carolina."

In presenting thoughts to the young ladies on the verge of returning to their homes after years of hard study and constant work over books, Dr. Dillard made a forceful address in which he advocated not only to the young ladies, but to all, pure, wholesome reading as the keynote of education and an essential to the best type of life.

"Reading is the keynote to education," he began, "and, above every other thing, it is a compliment to one who is able to read in a manner that is enjoyable. It is a pity that the teachers now do not lay as much stress upon reading as in years past. In school now the subjects are more varied, new ones being introduced year after year, and reading has decreased far more than teachers should have permitted."

He then stated that he would answer three important questions about reading: why, how, and what to read.

One of the reasons why one should read, he stated, is curiosity. "We ought to have curiosity about reading, and we ought to read newspapers, not for the mere sake of reading a paper, but for certain things in view. How many are there of you who read the editorials of a newspaper and then compare the thought of the editorial with your thoughts? Another reason why we should read is amusement."

Dr. Dillard classed novel reading as a form of reading for amusement. In talking about novels he warned his hearers not to read novels that are not over one year old. "It is almost impossible for the best seller to be a great book," he said.

Reading as a tonic was still another reason he gave why one should read. "When one is tired mentally and run down intellectually, good, wholesome books are needed."

In explaining how one ought to read, he emphasized the necessity for reading intelligently. "I have known persons who have graduated and they could not read the English language. We must have some cue to follow in reading intelligently. I mean that we should be able to think back of the words and read with a sense of remembrance. We should read with insight and then try to think about what the author is talking about.

"In order to have insight there must be a living with the subject just as when we first see a picture, and finally only realize its art the longer we look at it. Do you get tired of looking at a great picture or a pretty house? No. Then you must have an acquaintance of what you are reading before you can grasp the subject and fully understand it."

In mentioning different books one should read, Dr. Dillard gave two books in the Bible—Job and Psalms. Others he said should be read are Homer, the *Æneid*, Shakespeare, Wordsworth's, Sidney Lanier's, and Browning's poems.

The address was followed by a piano solo by Miss Sarah Littlejohn Rawlings, after which Miss Annie Sutton Cameron, of Hillsboro, gave the class valedictory.

Rector George W. Lay concluded the exercises in the auditorium by announcing the honors and presenting the certificates and distinctions.

Following the presentation of the certificates the remainder of the exercises took place in the chapel, where Bishop Cheshire made his address to the graduates and also presented the diplomas.

The members of the graduating class were: Katharine Wimberly Bourne, Tarboro; Annie Sutton Cameron, Hillsboro; Mary Auning Floyd, St. Stephens, S. C.; Frances Royer Geitner, Hickory; Selena Emma Galbraith, Waverly Mills, S. C.; Rena Brickell Hoyt Harding, Washington; Susan Elizabeth Lamb, Henderson; Fannie Marie Stallings, Suffolk; Josephine Savilla Wilson, San Luis Potosi, Mexico; Helen Cherry Wright, Boardman.

## THE 1916 COMMENCEMENT AWARDS

### HONORS IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

#### *For Attendance:*

Phyllis Halstead

(Who has been present at all recitations during the Session 1915-16.)

#### *For Deportment:*

Mary Elisabeth Yates.

Elizabeth Lee.

#### *For Having Passed All Examinations:*

Isabel Hay Jones.

Elizabeth Crow Mahler.

Eugenia Riddick.

Susie May Robbins.

#### *To be Specially Commended for Good Work:*

(The members of Class A, who were in February promoted to Class B.)

Rebecca Bowen.

Elizabeth Crow Mahler.

Eugenia Riddick.

Susie May Robbins.

#### Roll of Honor

Sylbert Pendleton .....	95.6
Virginia Harrison Lay .....	94.7
Dorothy Howard .....	90.7

### HONORS IN THE LOWER PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

#### Roll of Honor

(Arranged in order of standing.)

1. Mary Wilson.
2. Elizabeth Baker.
3. Margaret Raney.
4. Elizabeth Woolcott.
5. Mary Strange Morgan.
6. Adelaide Boylston.
7. Sallie Cameron.
8. Josephine Ellington.

## CLASS PROMOTIONS (IN THE COLLEGE) FOR THE SESSION OF 1916-'17

## TO BE SENIORS.

Virginia Caroline Allen.  
Emma Hudgins Badham.  
Frances Howe Cheatham.  
Jeanet Fairley.  
Elmyra Jenkins.  
Golda Judd.  
Alice Cohn Latham.  
Eva Irene Peele.  
Eleanor Relyea.  
Annie Huske Robinson.  
Nellie Cooper Rose.

## TO BE JUNIORS.

Sarah Elizabeth Borden.  
Violet Marie Bray.  
Elizabeth Mae Corbitt.  
Katharine Parker Drane.  
Elizabeth McMorine Folk.  
Caroline White Holmes.  
Katharine Dorothy Hughes.  
Henrietta Marshall Morgan.  
Leah Marion Smith.  
Rubie Logan Thorn.

## TO BE SOPHOMORES.

Bertha Sears Albertson.  
Edith Kinsley Blodgett.  
Julia Bryan.  
Nina Hine Burke.  
Florence Cooper Busbee.  
Mildred Collins.  
Flora Virginia Denham.  
Georgia Foster.  
Josephine Hannah Frohne.  
Ruth Ward Gebert.  
Deborah Victoria Hitchcock.  
Dolores Stevens Holt.  
Aline Edmonds Hughes.  
Loula Grogan Jones.  
Helen Laughinghouse.  
Ellen Booth Lay.  
Marie Dorothea Linehan.  
Helen Carhart Mason.



Novella Higgs Moye.  
 Mary Mullins.  
 Josephine Macon Myers.  
 Jane Howard Norman.  
 Agnes Theresa Pratt.  
 Sarah Littlejohn Rawlings.  
 Frances Harriet Waters.  
 Helen Weakley.  
 Sarah Louise Wood.  
 Ethel Caroline Yates.  
 Minnie Exum Sugg.

#### TO BE CONDITIONED FRESHMEN.

Mary McBee Hoke.  
 Anna Rogers Lay.  
 Minerva Virginia Pottle.  
 Lillias McDonald Shepherd.  
 Virginia Page Royster.

#### THE HONOR ROLL OF 1915-'16

The highest general award of merit, open to all members of the School, is the Honor Roll announced at Commencement. The requirements are:

(1) The student must have been in attendance the entire session and have been absent from no duty at any time during the session without the full consent of the Rector, and without lawful excuse.

(2) She must have had during the year a full regular course of study, or its equivalent, and must have carried this work to successful completion, taking all required examinations and obtaining a mark for the year in each subject of at least 75 per cent.

(3) She must have maintained an average of "Very Good" (90 per cent) or better in her studies.

(4) She must have made a record of "Excellent" (less than two demerits) in Deportment, in Industry, and in Punctuality.

(5) She must have maintained a generally satisfactory bearing in the affairs of her school life during the year.

#### THE HONOR ROLL OF 1915-'16

1. Annie Sutton Cameron, '16 .....	95.6
2. Katherine Crichton Alston, Prep. ....	94.2
3. Elizabeth McMorine Folk, '18 .....	93.5
4. Deborah Victoria Hitchcock, '19 .....	93.2
5. Katherine Wimberly Bourne, '16 .....	93.0
6. Katharine Parker Drane, '18 .....	92.7

7. Rena Hoyt Harding, '16 .....	92.5
8. Mary Auning Floyd, '16.....	92.4
9. Josephine Savilla Wilson, '16 .....	92.4
10. Eva Irene Peel, '17.....	91.6
11. Henrietta Marshall Morgan, '18.....	91.4
12. Aline Edmonds Hughes, '19.....	91.3
13. Emma Hudgins Badham, '17.....	91.2
14. Eleanor Relyea, '17 .....	90.8
15. Agnes Theresa Pratt, '19 .....	90.1

### THE NILES MEDAL

The *Niles Medal for General Excellence* was instituted by the Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., in 1906. It is awarded to the student who has made the best record in scholarship and deportment during the session. The medal is awarded to the same student only once.

The requirements for eligibility are:

(1) The student must have taken throughout the year at least 15 points of regular work; and have satisfactorily completed this work, passing all required examinations.

(2) She must have been "Excellent" in deportment.

(3) She must have taken all regular general courses assigned and have done satisfactory work in them.

(4) She must be a regular student of the College Department.

### THE NILES MEDAL FOR 1916.

In accordance with these conditions, the eleventh award of the Niles Medal is made this year to

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, of Hillsboro,  
of the graduating class, whose average for the year is 95.6, and whose record in Deportment, Punctuality, and Industry for the four years has been practically perfect.

### CERTIFICATES IN THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### *Certificate in Bookkeeping.*

Nancy Polk Woolford .....Suffolk, Va.

#### *Certificate in Bookkeeping and Typewriting.*

Roberta McElhannon .....Washington, D. C.

#### *Certificates in Stenography and Typewriting.*

Virginia Lucile Bonner.....Raleigh, N. C.

Katherine Lassiter Crews .....Raleigh, N. C.

Sarah Edna Edwards.....Raleigh, N. C.

Edna Matilda Mann.....Middletown, N. C.

Margaret Emma Mann .....Middletown, N. C.

Gladys Williamson .....Raleigh, N. C.

*Full Certificate.*

(Stenography, Typewriting, and Bookkeeping.)

Mattie Sinclair.....*Rockingham, N. C.*

## CERTIFICATE IN THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT.

Lois Pugh .....*Savannah, Ga.*

## AWARDS IN THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

*Teacher's Certificate in Piano.*Violet Marie Bray.....*Tryon, N. C.**Certificate in Organ.*Helen Cherry Wright .....*Boardman, N. C.**Certificate in Piano**and**Certificate in Voice.*Martha Boardman Wright.....*Boardman, N. C.**Diplomas in Piano.*Mary Auning Floyd.....*St. Stephens, S. C.*Helen Cherry Wright .....*Boardman, N. C.***THE GRADUATES**

## THE COLLEGE CLASS OF 1916.

Katherine Wimberly Bourne.....*Tarboro, N. C.*Annie Sutton Cameron.....*Hillsboro, N. C.*Mary Auning Floyd.....*St. Stephens, S. C.*Frances Royer Geitner.....*Hickory, N. C.*Selena Emma Galbraith.....*Waverly Mills, S. C.*Rena Brickell Hoyt Harding.....*Washington, N. C.*Susan Elizabeth Lamb.....*Henderson, N. C.*Fannie Marie Stallings.....*Suffolk, Va.*Josephine Savilla Wilson.....*San Luis Potosi, Mexico.*Helen Cherry Wright .....*Boardman, N. C.*

## THE COLLEGE HONORS OF 1916

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### The Salutatory

MARY AUNING FLOYD.

Some events owe their very reason for being to participation in them by those who are genuinely interested, by those who are bound to the main performers by ties of coöperation towards the same ends and affection for the same idea, and so we are glad to have here with us at our graduation those with whom we have been working and playing for our four years. It is a pleasant privilege to welcome here today our Rector, whom we are glad to have known and to have been with; the Trustees, our Faculty and students, and the visitors, particularly the "old girls" whom we have enjoyed being with again. We cannot fail to feel the absence of our Lady Principal, the counsellor and friend of each St. Mary's girl, our dear Miss Thomas. The Class of 1916 welcomes you all.

### The Class Essay: Our Mountains

KATHERINE WIMBERLY BOURNE.

A crisp fresh breeze sweeps up the valley and shakes the glistening dew from the bright green leaves; the songster of the South thrills from an armored pine hard by; the air is fragrant with balsam and arbutus; a rich glow of light streaks the sky and touches into gold the topmost boughs of the trees. It is sunrise in our mountains.

As the sun rises higher, the golden clouds break apart, the shadows and mists of the night disappear, and a vast sea of mountains lies spread out before us. The glory, the wonder of the mountains! Have you not visited them? Have you not stood in a valley and seen the towering peaks rise around you, mountain behind mountain until it verily seems a world of mountains; or climbed to the top of one and felt the glory, the spirit of the mountains? The picture fascinates and appeals to the imagination, but until you have climbed them, walked and lived in them, do you understand the spirit, and receive the gift that our mountains have for every one who will journey to those highlands?

Our mountains! Look at the towering wooded mountains of our old North State, and you will see among others three great ranges, the Black Mountains, the Sapphire Mountains, and the Smoky Mountains, which stand for three steep mountains of our life. Each has its own characteristics, each its own charm.

The Black Mountains, great, majestic, and inspiring, standing with their rugged formidable peaks, bald and grand—must we climb them? Their rocks cut our feet, their tangled briars and undergrowth impede our progress, and their heights in the distance seem unachievable as we go wearily up. Why these sharp rocks and tangled brambles—the cruel cutting words, the little hidden unpleasantnesses of our daily life? We gain from them patience and endurance, strength and love; so when we finally reach the top, we are rewarded with a wide far-seeing view of life, and we have an understanding sympathy for our struggling companions still on the climb. We learn a secret from these mountains which prepares us for our others.

Our Sapphire Mountains—no other name could so rightly express these beautiful heights, with their lakes and their sparkling gems. Here, indeed, we find treasures, for these are pleasant places, and because of their very pleasantness, because of their very charm, they are a necessary part of our lives. There are gems of many varied colors, rare and beautiful, and, finding one, we guard it with our life. So we learn to treasure the rare, the beautiful thing which makes life not only worth living, but sweet to live, so that we too may say, "How good is Man's life, the mere living."

And, lastly, the Smoky Mountains, the wild, ghost-like summits of mystery which rise against the western sky. They have a subtle, charming personality. They have dream-like slopes broken by rushing streams over dangerous cliffs, deep ravines, all sweet with freshness and with fragrance. These mountains fascinate and interest live men, men with plans and dreams, men with life and energy. In one of these misty dreamy valleys "you can dream, and not make dreams your master," for "up the pinnacle glory reaches, and the pride of your soul is in sight." These wild, towering, challenging peaks, with the strong, fresh, life-giving breeze, make the man rise



above the dreamer, and he goes with all his might to attain unto and to receive the gift of his mountains.

These mountains, the mountains in every man's life, of obstacles, of rare jewels, and of mysterious dreams and achievements—what do they give men? They appear as obstacles to impede progress, but they are pathways to points of unobstructed vision. Little may we realize this when climbing, when one difficult peak after another rises above and beyond, and the goal is still in the far, far distance. Then, as the sun grows hotter and the breeze lags, can we but summon courage to go on, not resting too long when weary, for then the muscles grow stiff, and the will weak, but ever advancing to the top, then will we see the glory, there will we catch the vision, and can return to the level earth, to the common crowd, but with a remembrance of a gleam so intense, a vision so real, that our thoughts, our influence, and our lives will be transmuted into a wondrous virtue that stimulates others to the heights where we were led.

What is this vision, what change is wrought by it, and who catches it? The scholars of the world, the artists of the ages and the leaders of all time, were but men as you and I who have toiled up the mountains of experience, through the valleys on to clear light of the hill-top, and their great works which they have left as beacons for us are the products of a dream, the completion of an ideal, and the realization of a vision.

Then there is the crowd, the common people, whose lives are mostly made up of seemingly trivial things, of the daily round of common tasks, who can never lead men. Yet our mountains are free to all who will make the pilgrimage, our great towering, rain-washed, wind-swept, but sun-bathed mountains. There humanity learns to "Look up, not down." There the band of laborers with the greater men see the vision, and work for greater purposes. "Their aim is perfection, their ideal God." They have dreamed in the valley of the mountains and awakened to go to the top, for the foothills are on the earth, but the peaks are in the very heavens themselves.

This glory and wonder changes with the changing seasons, and with each change we see the vision in a different light, and understand and love our mountains the better. The spring comes slowly. You

feel it in the air, then you find your first arbutus, which is followed by iris and purple violets. Suddenly the peach blossoms burst forth, and the trees become alive with singing birds, and summer is here with "a sea of bloom and sweet perfume." But before long the pink and white blossoms of azalea, rhododendron and mountain laurel give place to the vivid red, brown, and gold of the autumn trees. Even winter has her charm. The snow piles high, and through the clear, cold air, the mountains themselves stand more rugged, more real and more grand. So in our lives the change brings wonderful things. The arbutus of spring whispers sweet secrets of promise, and we long to climb straight up the steep sides, unheeding the advice of the wise who say, "Follow the path around the bend, and you will find a better place to make the steep ascent." In summer comes all the sweetness of entering the battle in full array. There is a joy, an overflowing energy which scoffs at briars and sees only the blooms. Then in the fall comes a steady, more substantial fight, for the blooms have fallen and we find what is underneath. Through the pure cold air of winter we get a clearer, grander picture of our mountains, and realize the true value which lies in overcoming the greatest obstacles.

So we find that the wealth of our mountains is not in the grand age-old trees, nor the minerals in their earth, but in the strong health-giving air, in the beauty of the flowers and the birds, but most of all in the great hope and inspiration that they give. Out of this solitude have come revelations.

Once more let us ascend to their height. The sun is sinking. His last glorious rays spread a halo around. We have climbed to the top, and seen the glory of great things. It has inspired us, strengthened us, spurred us on. We wish to make others strive, seek and find the great ideal. But wait: the gift of the mountains is not complete. Look closely; there it is at your feet, or you passed it on your ascent—a tiny, delicate ghost flower, or a dainty, fragrant arbutus. Pick it gently, and examine it closely. There you have it, the secret of the great inspiring eternal mountains. Go on, go up, wherever the vision may lead you; but always remember, there is a sweetness in little things, a beauty and a joy that should go with you. Then echo the cry for ever and ever that the prophets of old sounded, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength."

### **The Valedictory**

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON.

At last the day has come to which for four years we have looked forward, half with longing, half with dread—with eagerness at first, but with an ever-growing reluctance, until, as we stand here today, we feel deep down in our hearts that we would give anything, anything we possess, to turn back again, to be the least little Prep in school, and have the chance to live over once more those happy, golden years. But, full of sorrow and grief, as we are, over the coming partings, yet our hearts are filled with joy and thankfulness for the great gift that has been given to us, the wonderful heritage that we have received, for we feel that as we go forth, the love and the ideals of St. Mary's we shall carry with us in our hearts. So, as we sorrowfully bid farewell to our kind Rector, our beloved Lady Principal, and all our dear teachers and schoolmates, it is with a greater realization of what St. Mary's has meant to us and with a deeper love and reverence that we pray, may God bless St. Mary's, and that we say to each of you, good-bye, and may it be our lot in the coming years often to meet again.

## THE CLASS DAY EXERCISES

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Of course, Class Day is the nicest, dearest day of all Commencement, very close to the hearts of every one in School and especially to the Seniors, whose special day it is. In spite of the clouds, preparations went forward as usual and eleven o'clock of Monday saw a large company of visitors assembled in the grove and the long white line of underclassmen winding around West Rock singing "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees," and followed by the ten Seniors bearing the Daisy Chain. As soon as every one was seated Mary Floyd, president of the Senior Class, welcomed students and guests, after which Helen Wright, class secretary, called the roll. There followed the singing of their own particular songs by the various classes, ending with the Senior Class song. Then Mary Floyd, the class president, announced that the Senior Class was now on trial for various offenses, at which Katharine Bourne, as judge, donned a black robe and took the platform, with Josephine Wilson as clerk of the court, Rena Harding as foreman of the jury, and Alice Latham as sheriff, seated on one side and the seven prisoners on the other. The trial, which ingeniously combined the class history, last will and testament, the class prophecy, and the class poem, was as follows:

### THE VERDICT.

KATHARINE BOURNE.....	<i>Prophet</i> .....	<i>Judge</i>
JO WILSON.....	<i>Historian</i> .....	<i>Clerk</i>
RENA HARDING.....	<i>Last Will and Testament</i> .....	<i>Foreman</i>

(Judge enters, preceded by the Sheriff and followed by the criminals.)

*Judge:* "Mr. Sheriff, open the court."

*Sheriff:* O yez, O yez, this honourable court is now convened for the dispatch of business. May wisdom save the State and this honourable court."

*Judge:* "Mr. Clerk, what is in your pocket?"

*Clerk:* "Your Honor, judgment is to be pronounced on the verdict of the jury, based upon an indictment against the members of the Senior Class of St. Mary's School, of 1916."

*Judge:* "Mr. Clerk, read the indictment against said members of the Senior Class."

*Clerk:* "The jurors for the school, upon their affidavits, present that the members of the class of 1916, late of St. Mary's School, with force and noise, permissionless, willfully and feloniously, at and in said school, being thereunto contaminated by the instigations of the Preps and crushes, and not having the fear of the Faculty before their eyes, at various times and in divers manners, within the last four years did commit the following offenses:

"HELEN WRIGHT, after having for six years most worthy examples set before her, has in this her final year been found guilty of a most heinous offense: namely, she is lacking in Senior dignity.

"SELENA GALBRAITH, despite a deceptive countenance where we see only humane ideals, is accused by the student body as a whole of inflicting most cruel punishment on the dumb animals inhabiting the Practice Halls.

"SUE LAMB'S offense cries out from the housetops—'tis a lack of faith in humanity.

"FRANCES GEITNER has been found guilty of flooding the universe with her abominable verse and attempts at rhyme.

"RENA HARDING must suffer for inflicting sweet smiles upon Dr. Lay.

"JO WILSON is convicted for timidity and bashfulness.

"KATHARINE BOURNE has had judgment pronounced upon her as a sentimentalist turned sour.

"MARY FLOYD is sentenced for disturbing the peace with a persistent insistence on speaking in public.

"ANNIE CAMERON, after having led the public on to believe that she was an earnest and ardent student, hot on the pursuit of knowledge, has proved herself a double-dyed deceiver, and is with one accord convicted for missing a question on 'N English.'

"FANNY STALLINGS is in custody for Highway Robbery of the Student Body.

"All of which is contrary to the claims and good manners of this said class and against the peace and dignity of said school.

(Signed) JO WILSON,  
*Clerk of this Court."*



Judge: "Have the prisoners at the Bar been duly convicted by the jury?"

Clerk: "Yes, your Honor."

Judge: "Mr. Foreman of the jury, read your verdict."

Foreman: "The jury of the court, after having risen early and after having duly considered and consulted all the evidence, bring forth the verdict, as follows:"

Judge: "Let the prisoners at the Bar duly stand forth."

Foreman: "HELEN WRIGHT, the court imposes judgment upon you in accordance with the verdict to the effect that after having been found *lacking in Senior dignity* you are herewith fined one *figure of equanimity and poise*, to be given to JANET FAIRLY.

"SELENA GALBRAITH, the court imposes judgment upon you in accordance with the verdict to the effect that after having been found guilty of *cruelty in the Practice Halls*, you are fined and required to give one theme entitled 'Kindness to Dumb Animals' to RUBY THORN.

"SUE LAMB, the court imposes judgment upon you in accordance with the verdict to the effect that having been convicted of *lack of faith in humanity* you are straightway fined one book, 'Heroes of the Faith,' to be presented to ELMIRA JENKINS.

"RENA HARDING, the court imposes judgment upon you for *disturbing Dr. Lay with your sweet smiles*, and for this you are *fined a grave countenance*, to be duly presented to NELLIE ROSE for the benefit of said gentleman.

"KATHARINE BOURNE, the court imposes judgment upon you to the effect that, being a *sentimentalist turned sour*, you are fined one *full moon and some love songs*, to be duly presented to FRANCES CHEATHAM.

"MARY FLOYD, the court imposes judgment upon you that for your *persistent insistence on speaking in public* you are here fined one book entitled '*The Ready Speaker*,' to be given to ALICE LATHAM.

"FRANCES GEITNER, the court imposes judgment upon you that having committed the terrible crime of *writing the class poem of 1916*, you are herewith required in the presence of this assembly to read said poem.

## THE CLASS POEM.

Tomorrow, when the sun's  
First brilliant rays  
Have put to flight the lingering  
Stars of dawn,  
Our lives shall turn and seek  
In unknown ways  
The new life, leave with sadness  
That now gone.

Together, for the last time,  
We shall hear  
The pealing of the bells  
So clear, so strong,  
Then shall we bid adieu  
To friends held dear,  
And turn aside to paths  
Now broad, now long.

Now the portals of tomorrow  
Stand so close,  
And still within them spreads out  
Far, alone,  
What mortal man ne'er sees,  
Nor ever knows—  
The glowing, silent future,  
Vast unknown.

Then, dawn of near tomorrow,  
Hasten on,  
And with your golden rays  
So dazzling bright,  
Oh, cast upon our separate  
Paths at dawn  
Your clear, your ever faithful  
Guiding light.

“JO WILSON, the court imposes judgment upon you to the effect that, having been found guilty of *timidity and bashfulness*, you are on this day fined one *Essay on Self-Reliance*, to be forthwith given to VIRGINIA ALLEN.

“ANNIE CAMERON, the court imposes judgment upon you in accordance with the verdict to the effect that having committed the criminal offense of *missing a question in English*, you are fined one *Alarm Clock*, to be given to ELEANOR RELYEA for early rising.

"FANNY STALLINGS, the court imposes judgment upon you in accordance with the verdict to the effect that having been found guilty of the terrible offense of *Highway Robbery of the Students of St. Mary's*, you are here fined and called upon to give *one check for \$50,000* to EMMA BADHAM.

"The Class as a whole having been found guilty, are fined the following:

"To DR. LAY: We give our *Senior Privileges*, that he may bestow them upon the CLASS OF 1917.

"*One bag of nickels* to be herewith presented to MISS ELEANOR W. THOMAS for next year's Senior English (to be given as rewards for perfect lessons).

"This *Book of Statistics* we gladly give to MR. STONE to enjoy during the summer months, while he has no classes to look them up for him.

"This *pound* we present to MISS CLARA FENNER to be divided into ounces, which she may give to her *Art Students* to be used by them, that they may not be so stupid.

"To MISS BARTON we leave this certificate assuring her of good weather, so that she can have an athletic event every single Monday during next year.

"To MR. CRUIKSHANK we leave this *box of brand new ideas* for the benefit of the *Muse Club* in next year's entertainments.

"To the JUNIORS we leave *this rubber ring*, hoping that next year they will cut their wisdom teeth with more ease than we have done.

"To the LITTLE PREPS we leave these our *Senior Colors, The Green and White*, to be worn by them until the good year 1920.

"To our dear MISS LIZZIE LEE we leave the *love and best wishes* of the SENIOR CLASS."

Judge: "The court will now pronounce final judgment upon all the members of the SENIOR CLASS OF 1916, and will then dismiss them on parole."

## THE CLASS PROPHECY OF 1916.

The year of 1926 had dawned for us at last  
And I started to attend  
A big reunion of my class,  
And so I'll tell you briefly  
All the things that came to pass.

\* \* \* \* \*

There at Selma, just the same,  
I met two girls whom I shall name,  
For they were also on their way  
To meet with us on our Class Day.

Mary Floyd I first did see,  
And she was fat as fat could be,  
For she'd become a farmer's wife  
And lived upon the cream of life.

Helen Wright was the other one  
Waiting there to join the fun;  
She'd become a fine trained nurse—  
Her fate indeed might have been worse.

Raleigh then we reached at last,  
And, forgetting ten years had passed,  
To Brantley's, of course, we straightway went,  
And there found others with like intent.

Jo was eating cherries and cream  
To drown her cares, so it would seem,  
For matron she was of the deaf and dumb,  
And loved the children every one.

There was Rena by her side,  
Smiling, for she was a bride,  
The very latest in our class,  
But still we hope not quite the last.

Soon we started for the school  
And feared lest we should break a rule  
And as of old again be late,  
So for the car we did not wait.

And there was Annie, of all most famed  
Among great writers she was named,  
And we're still watching eagerly  
To see her rising destiny.

Then, after hunting the school around,  
We at last our Fannie found;  
In a growing bank business  
She's become a great success.

The roll was called—but where was "Geit"?  
Working away with all her might  
In heathen lands so far away,  
Turning darkness into day.

Selena answered to her name;  
She loves her music just the same,  
And on the stage she has been seen  
Playing for a king and queen.

Our gentle Sue came in that night,  
Telling us of Women's Rights,  
For she's a leader in the cause,  
And everywhere wins great applause.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Class of 1916, who ever would have thought  
That such funny combinations  
With your members could be wrought?  
And yet we dare to hope success  
To your ventures may be brought.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the Court to meet again at the same time and place on May 22, 1936."

*Sheriff:* "O yez, O yez, O yez, this honourable court now stands adjourned until May 22, 1936 A. D. Save this school and this supposedly honourable court and this would-be pretentious Class of 1916."

At the end of the trial of the Senior Class an accusation was brought against the Class of 1912 as follows:

"The so-called 'Classy Class' of 1912, notorious for their frivolous tendencies, are hereby accused of having left in St. Mary's a germ of their frivolity. Let the accused stand forth." At this the four members of the Class of 1912 who were present came forward, bearing before them a large pasteboard butterfly. Then Patsy Smith, the Class President, explained that four years ago, on their own Class Day, they had attempted to destroy this emblem of frivolity and



had failed, but that now they were determined to destroy the last vestige of it. Then all four—Patsy Smith, Elizabeth Hughes, Nellie Hendricks and Frances Bottum—gathered around the butterfly and each recited a verse declaring that they had laid aside all frivolity and had settled down to a grave and dignified existence. Then Patsy Smith made a charming, characteristic speech, in which she expressed the pleasure of the Class of 1912 at being present and the delight that they felt in being able to present to the school a new light for the Library. After this the Class of 1915, of whom sixteen were present, sang a parody of their class song.

Then followed the dedication of the *Annual Muse* to Bishop Cheshire and presentation of copies to Dr. Logan, Mrs. Iredell, Dr. and Mrs. Lay, and Miss Frances Bottum. Then Frances Tillotson sang "Good-bye, School," with the Seniors joining in the chorus, and the Class Day exercises closed with the singing of "Alma Mater."

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price  
Single Copies

One Dollar.  
Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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} Business Managers

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## EDITORIAL

### Farewell

With this issue, the 20th volume of the MONTHLY MUSE is brought to a close and the present board of editors wish to take this last chance to thank not only the girls and the members of the faculty, but all the subscribers for their hearty coöperation. Especially do we appreciate the interest taken by the old St. Mary's girls and the ready way in which they have rendered whatever help they could. We particularly wish to thank Jennie Woodruff, '13, Laura Clark, '14, and Margaret Bottum, '15, for their faithfulness in furnishing Class News whenever called upon. But most of all we feel that our thanks and appreciation are due to Mr. Cruikshank, without whom we can truthfully say there would have been no MUSE. His patient forbearance, his wise advice, his ready help and never-flagging interest are well known to any St. Mary's girl, especially to any MUSE girl; but only the editors can fully appreciate just what this means in connection with the MUSE. We are looking forward to next year's MUSE with a great deal of interest and expectancy, for we feel assured that under the guidance of Virginia Allen it will be a wonderful success. It is with reluctant regret that we, the present board, lay aside the pleasant work that we have so thoroughly enjoyed, and we wish the MUSE Board of 1916-17 all sorts of good luck, and hope that they will have as pleasant a year as we have had.

### The Reunions

Perhaps one of the very nicest things about the 1916 commencement was the pleasure we all got out of the two reunions of 1912 and 1915 that were held at that time. The Class of 1915 was well represented, having during commencement sixteen of its members present. These were Margaret Bottum, Elizabeth Lay, Carol Collier, Gyp Barton, Matilda Hancock, Elizabeth Carrison, Mattie Moye Adams, Florence Stone, Margaret, Edna and Edith Mann, Virginia Bonner, Anna Belle King, Maude Hotchkiss, Allene Thornburgh, and Gladys Yates. It was a very pleasant sight to see our last year's Seniors taking lunch once more together in Clement Hall on Class Day, their table very attractively decorated with red crepe paper and beautiful bunches of scarlet poppies, the class flower. It is unnecessary to say how glad we were to see them back again, and we only hope that they enjoyed their visit half as much as we did.

It was an especial delight to the Seniors to welcome back their sister Class of 1912. The four members who were present were Misses Patsy Smith, Elizabeth Hughes, Nellie Hendricks, and Frances Bottum, and we regretted that the other four could not be here with them. A very pleasant hour was spent by the two classes in the Muse Room on Class Day afternoon from five-thirty to six-thirty, when the Seniors gave their sister class a small "Green Party" as a slight token of their pleasure at welcoming them back to their commencement. The only people present at the party were the members of the two classes and Mr. Cruikshank, the 1916 Class Adviser. It was a great regret to all that Miss Thomas, the 1912 Class Adviser, was unable through illness to be present. Both the Class of 1912 and the Class of 1916 hope to be present at the commencement of 1920, when their colors, the Green and White, will graduate again.

The two reunions were the greatest success and added wonderfully to the pleasure of commencement. We hope this is the good beginning of a regular custom at St. Mary's and that each succeeding year larger and larger numbers of graduates will gather at the School, thus adding immeasurably to the pleasure of the students. The Class of 1916 will have its first reunion on Alumnae Day, 1917, and it is hoped that many other classes will do the same.

## *Read! Mark! Act!*

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The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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DON'T FORGET

# TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

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### THE ALUMNÆ ARE REMINDED

that a complete *Alumnæ Register*, which should include  
information about *all* past students of St. Mary's, is  
now in course of preparation for publication.

Information for this Register is solicited.

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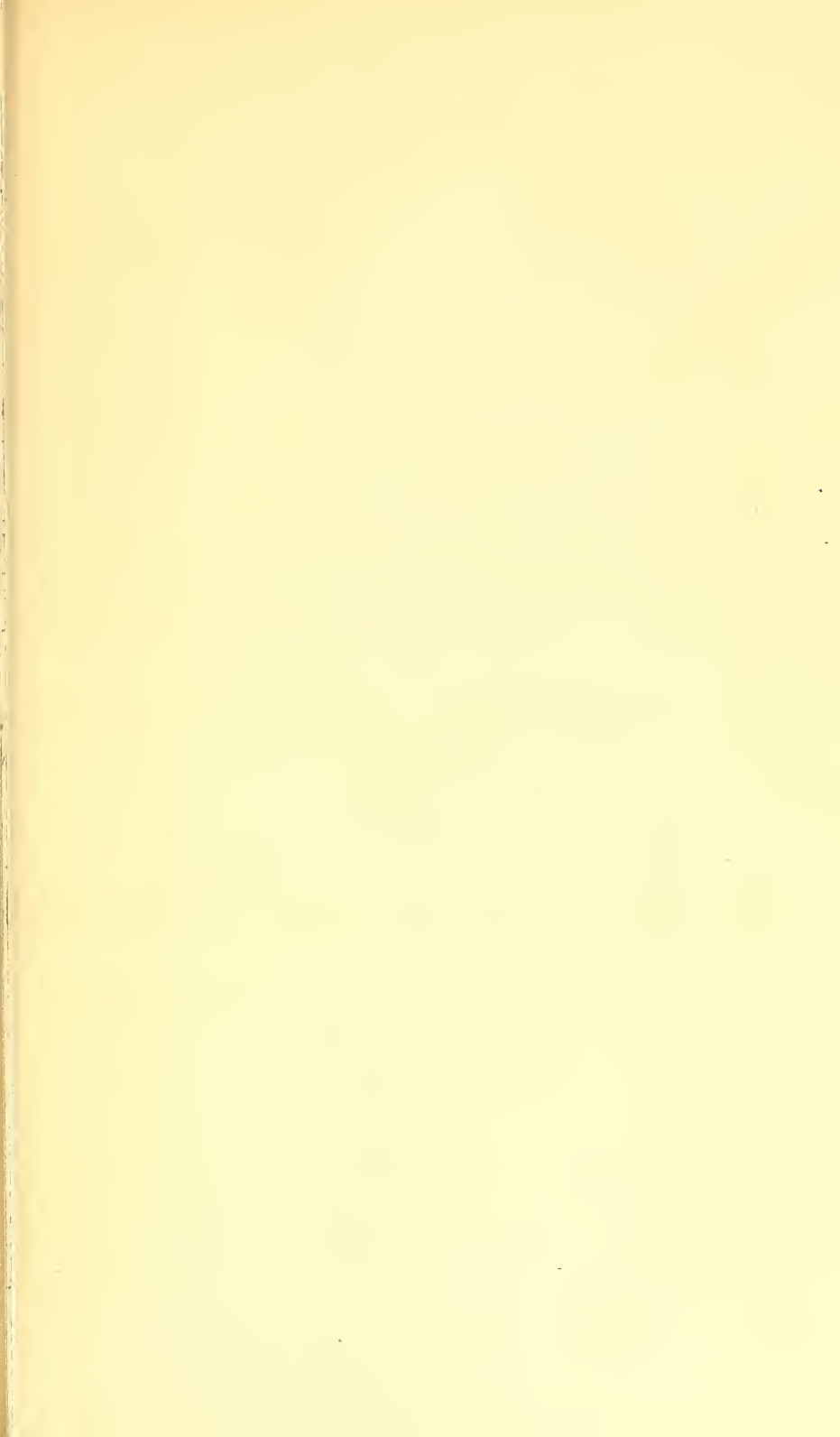
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